

THIS MOVIE-MADE WORLD

By Dana Burnet

Silver Screen

May

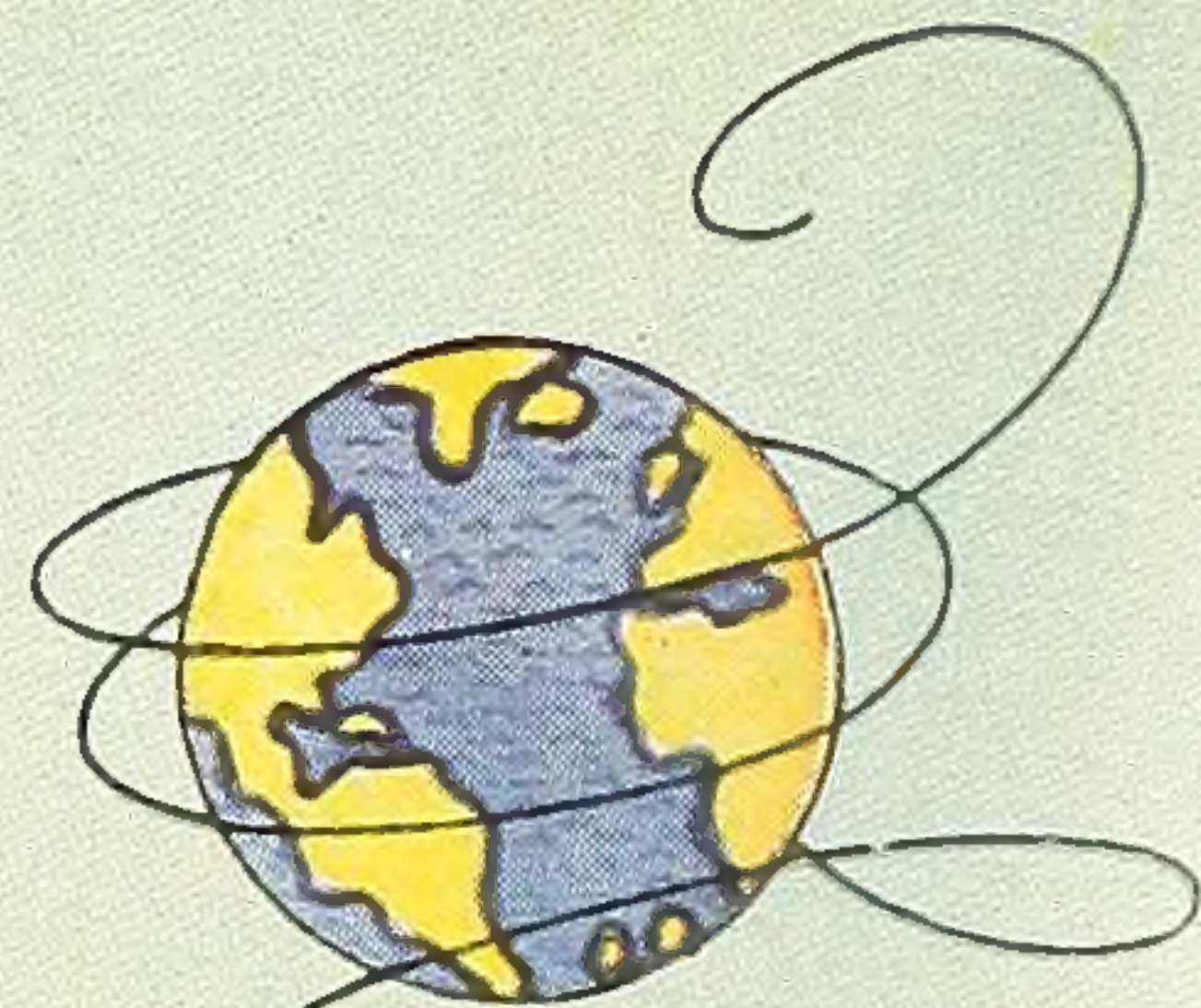


Madge Evans

UNDERWORLD vs. HOLLYWOOD

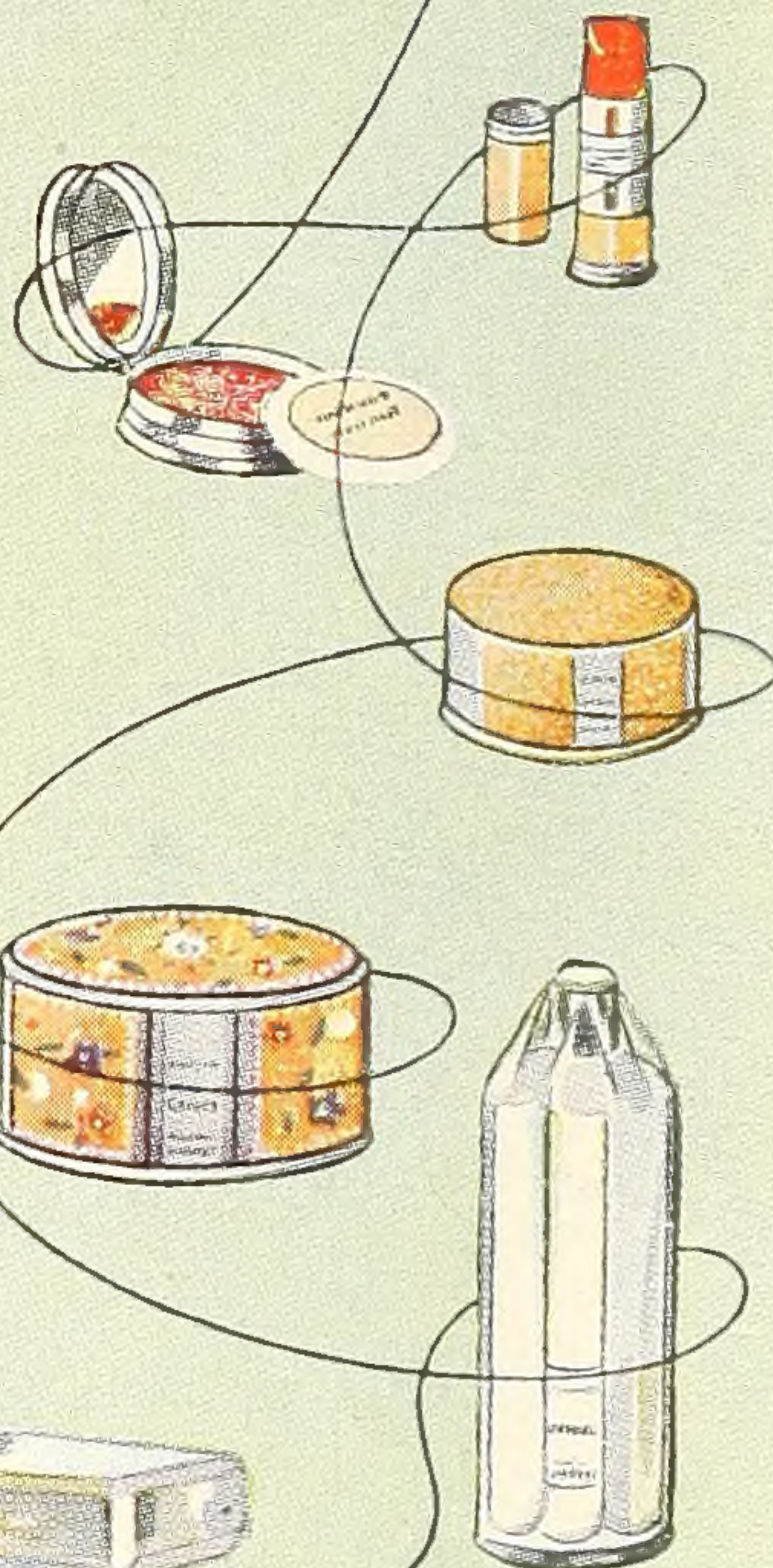


"INCANTEVOLE!"
Enchanting! It's the word for it in Venice —where music and moonlight and the fragrance Gemey blend in a magic spell!



WORLD
PREFERRED

*in a single
thread of
Fragrance*
Gemey



The Glamour Ensemble in fragrance Gemey: Lipstick 75¢ • Tablet Rouge 75¢
Face Powder \$1 • Dusting Powder \$1 • Cucumber Lotion \$1

Look in tonight with the moonlight on Singapore or Samarkand, on the rippling waters of the Grand Canal or the dusky Vale of Kashmir. Find romance and youth and beauty in any land. And you find, too, the magic that is fragrance Gemey.

What is the secret of this perfume that has charmed its way around the world? Why is it high in the favor of lovely women everywhere? Now in

America you may know! For Richard Hudnut presents, at your favorite perfume counter, a complete glamour ensemble in fragrance Gemey. There are powders and scents, rouges and lipsticks, eau de cologne and enchantments for the skin and hair. Through them all is woven this single thread of fragrance . . . one young and joyous perfume in all your beauty essentials . . . that the world may know as you!



Fragrance Gemey (Jem-may') in crystal clear dressing table flacons, \$2.50, \$4.50 and \$15.

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MAY 1957

Lovely lashes demand her attention but not a second for her tender gums

— ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING



**How often such neglect leads
to real dental tragedies . . .
give your gums the benefit
of Ipana and Massage.**

LET her labor over her lashes until she is late for the show...let her spend time and money on her favorite brands of cosmetics and cold cream. But will someone please tell her about her *dull, dingy* smile—a smile that distorts a face even as beautiful as hers?

Yet she *could* have—*can* have—teeth that sparkle with brilliant whiteness...

a smile both good-looking and lovely to look at. But not until she knows the meaning of that tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush—knows it and *does something about it!*

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

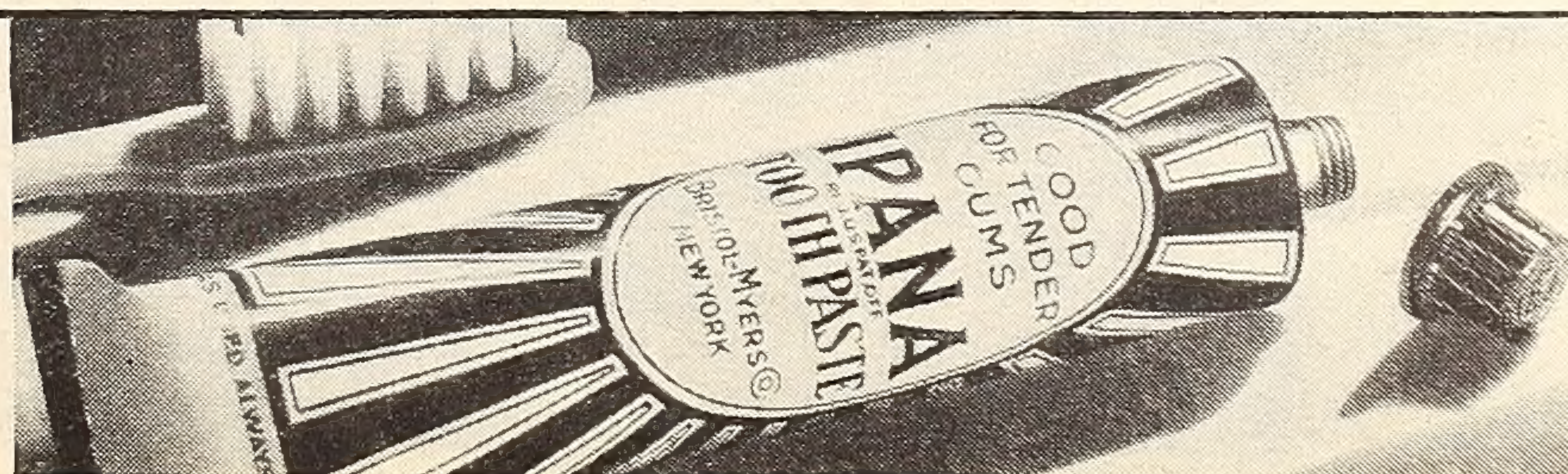
"Pink tooth brush" is a distress signal. When you see it—*see your dentist*. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender because of our modern soft foods—gums that need more work—and, as your dentist will so often advise, gums that need the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana with massage is designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Those lazy gums quicken as new circulation wakens in the tissues. The gum walls themselves gain new health, new firmness.

Play safe. Even before you see that tinge of "pink," schedule yourself for this modern dental health routine as one sensible and effective way to help the health of your teeth and gums. Your smile will be brighter, more attractive and appealing—*and safer!*

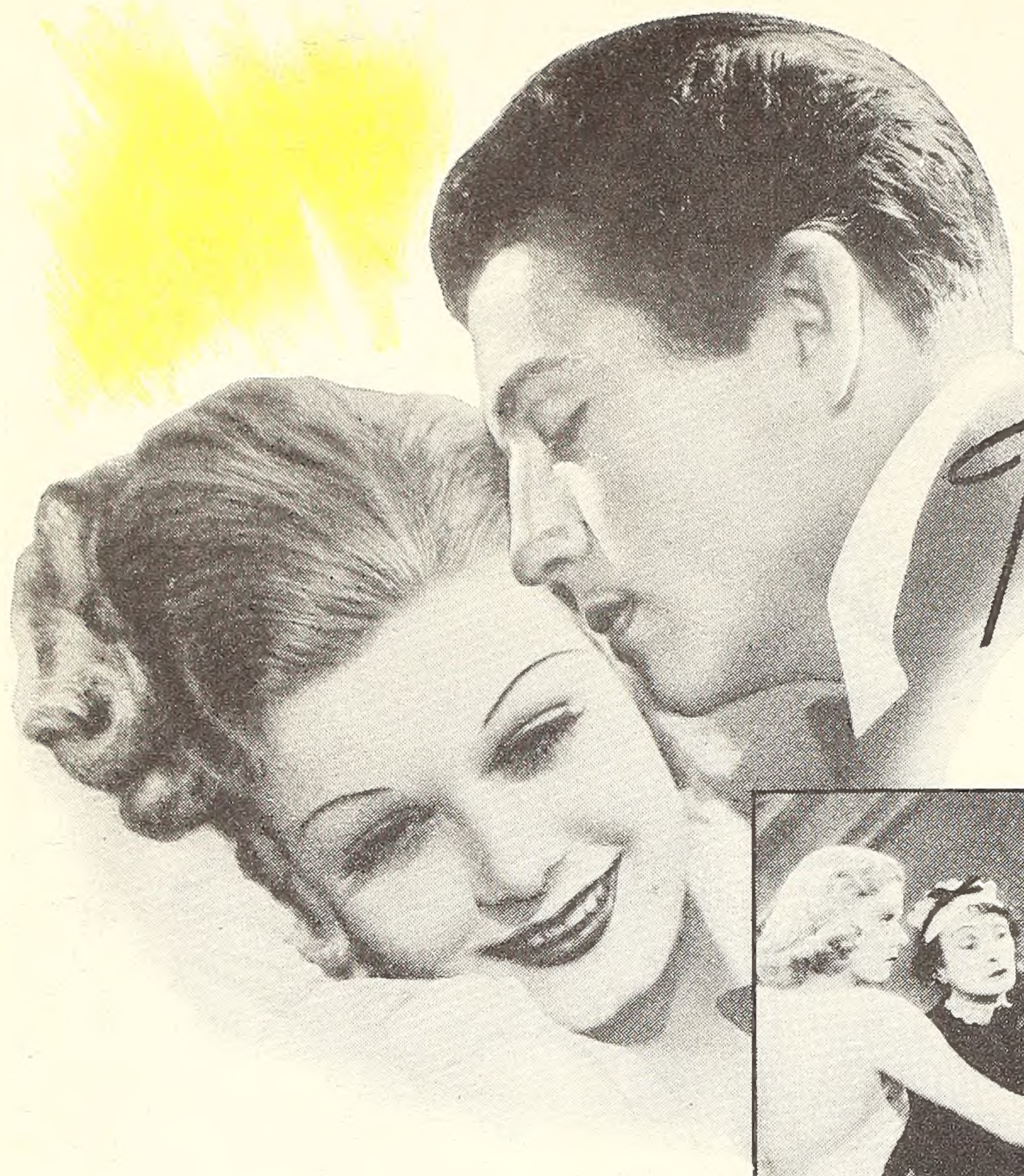
Remember

a good tooth paste,
like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.



IPANA

Tooth Paste



Preview of their first picture together!

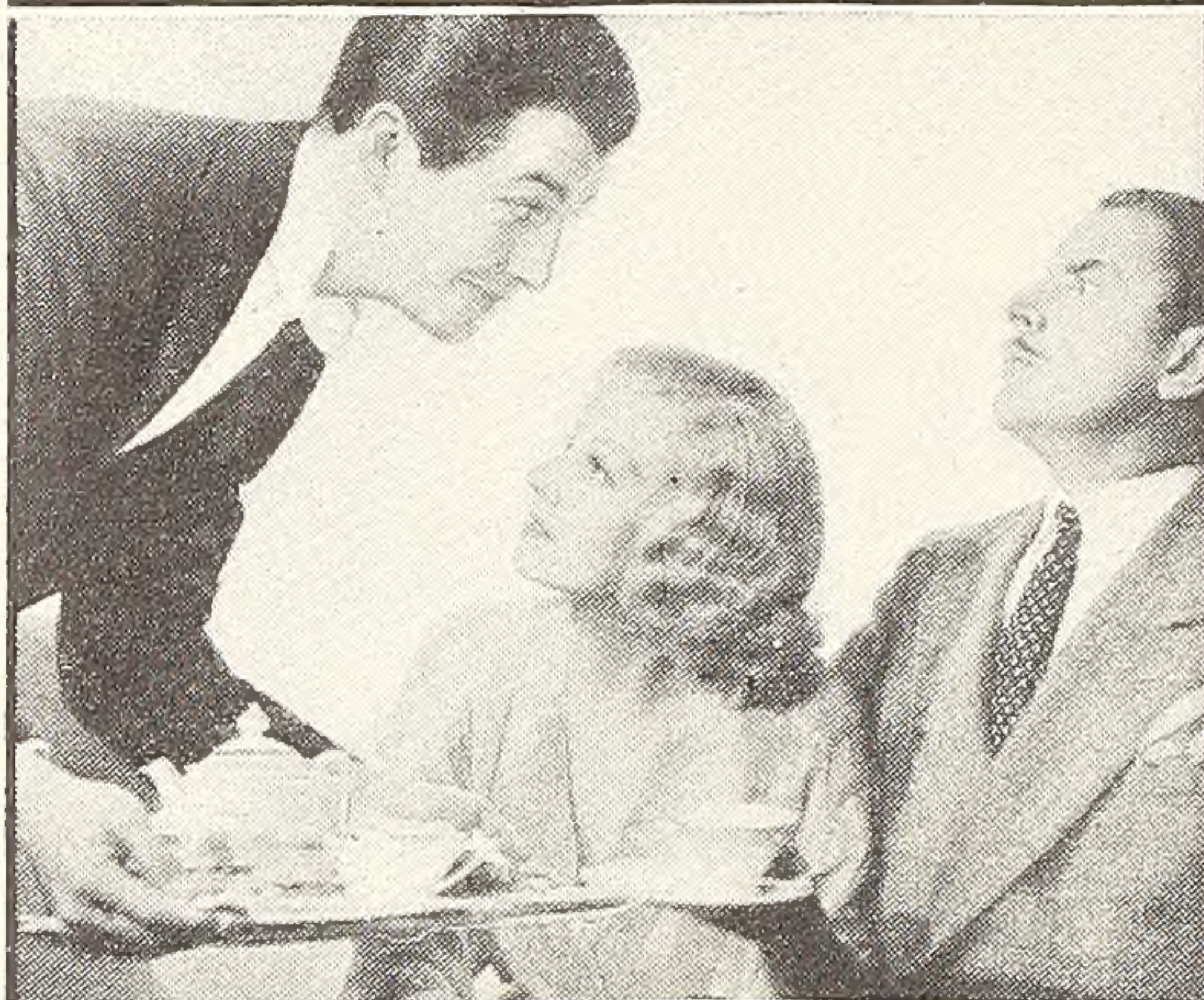
How Bob loves—and how Jean loves it!...It's a merry mad farce in the M-G-M "Libeled Lady" manner—which means high-powered romance mixed in with the laughs!...Here's the merriest of Springtime pictures!



Bob is assigned by the sheriff to guard Jean's personal property...that's when the fun begins!



He masquerades as her butler, so her high-toned society friends won't suspect she's flat broke...



Who should Jean's honor-guest be but Bob's fortune-hunting brother, who thinks Jean is an heiress!



Bob's the boy to clear up complications—so he becomes Jean's personal property, Item No. 1

JEAN

ROBERT

HARLOW • TAYLOR

in
"Personal Property"

with **Reginald Owen**

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.

Directed by **W. S. VAN DYKE**

The Hit-Director of "After the Thin Man"
"San Francisco" and others



Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
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ELIZABETH WILSON
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Assistant Editor

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Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF MADGE EVANS BY MARLAND STONE

The Opening Chorus



Garbo

A Letter From Liza

DEAR BOSS:
Garbo wants to romp. You'd think, wouldn't you, that anyone so ethereally beautiful as the delicate Camille would be quite content to spend the rest of her cinema days on a chaise longue pondering Life and Robert Taylor and Things. But no, Greta wants to cut loose. And you can be pretty sure that when a lump-in-the-larynx dramatic star cuts loose she goes the whole hog in acting up. (Didja hear Grace Moore tear into "Minnie the Moocher?" Minnie hasn't been that hot in years.)

So good old Metro, ever mindful of the happiness of its little Dream Children, gave Mr. Moss Hart (who is the best when it comes to mad, mad comedies; his "You Can't Take It With You" is now playing at the Booth Theatre if you live in New York—lucky you), a huge hunk of dough to whip up a little something in which Greta could sing and dance and cavort without much rhyme and no reason. Mr. Hart accepted the assignment and the dough one day but several days later gave back the assignment and the dough on account of he remembered a previous engagement with a play. And Greta was *that* disappointed.

Can't you just hear her saying to somebody—she must talk to somebody—"I tank I roll on the floor." Which all goes to prove that Greta's no fool. A good roll on the floor has helped many a movie star, and right now it's definitely the thing to do if you want to be terrifically popular with the fans. Look at Carole Lombard and Irene Dunne and Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow and Loretta Young. They've always been good actresses but the fans didn't go nuts over them until they let down their back hair and removed their dignity. Miriam Hopkins, I hear, is the latest to give up the oh-the-tragedy-of-it-all type of acting and is now going utterly screwy in her new picture, "Woman Chases Man." In fact she rolled on the floor so thoroughly the other day they had to send her home to bandage her bruises.

Garbo held up production on "Madame Walewska" (which might become "The Polish Countess" any minute now) until several of Metro's better writers could insert a bit of humor in the script. But no matter how you look at it, even cockeyed, it's rather dreary being Napoleon's girl friend. And Greta wants to romp. Wanted: A "My Man Godfrey," a "Theodora Goes Wild," a "Libeled Lady," a "Thin Man" for Garbo.

Liza

PICTURES ON THE FIRE

In The Privacy Of The Sound Stages The
Great Minds Are Producing Pictures.
Visit The Working Companies With

S. R. Mook

"THEY'RE off!" as we say at Santa Anita. The new pictures that are just starting, I mean. But when I look over the production schedules, it's one of the duller months I've ever encountered. Practically no big pictures shooting. So we might as well start the month right and begin at—

M-G-M

THERE'S plenty doing out here all right, darn it.

We have "The Old Soak" starring Wallace Beery. This was a sensationallly successful stage play some years ago and it is made to order for Beery. He's a shiftless, lovable, good-for-nothing.

J. Walter Rubin is directing this picture and whenever Mr. Rubin is in charge there is fun on the set. In addition, he has Walter Stroh for an assistant and Walter is one of the very few agreeable assistant directors in the business. He's a gent.

"Glad to see you," Mr. Rubin greets me. "You just missed a pretty decent shot. It's too bad, too, because this next one won't be anything to write home about."

If all directors were as affable my job would be a lot easier.

Anyhow, the next shot is in a combination saloon and poolroom. Beery and three of his cronies (Granville Bates, Bert Roach and Oscar O'Shea) are fooling around a quarter slot machine. Suddenly Beery hits the jackpot and quarters pour out all over the place. "Holy mackerell!" he ejaculates. "That thing must have poured out twenty dollars!"

Well, that's all there is to the scene. But what I would like to know is how the property man fixes that machine so Beery hits the jackpot. If I could find that out I could make a fortune.

The next picture is "Night Must Fall." Isn't that a marvelous title? This one stars Robert Montgomery and it's a stark drama. Bob is a bellboy at a country hotel near London. He has no assets but his dreams of power and a way with women. He is the gigolo of one of the guests and is also carrying on with one of the maids—Dora.

His benefactress' jealousy of Dora and her refusal to give him more money cause him to murder her. He cuts up the body and hides it near the cottage of Mrs. Bramson (Dame Mae Whitty).

His relations with Dora are discovered by Dame Whitty, who plans to compel Bob to marry the girl. They're in her sitting room now.

"Now, young man," she begins sternly, "what about Dora? I—"

"Excuse me, mum," Bob interrupts, anxious to change the subject, "but is that your cat?"

"Yes," she answers, puzzled.

"May I pick him up?" Bob goes on. "I didn't see him before."

"Do you like cats?" she inquires.



One picture that is eagerly awaited—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in "Shall We Dance?" (Left) In "Cafe Metropole," Loretta Young and Charles Winninger develop battle tactics.



"Oh, yes," Bob assures her. "I like all animals—especially cats. He's a beauty. I bet he's a good companion to you, isn't he?"

He's the only one in the house who is," she snaps.

"Oh, I'm sure," Bob agrees. "Would you mind if I asked what your ailments are?" noting she is in a wheel chair.

"I have the most terrible palpitations. I—"

"Palpitations!" he echoes. "Whew. The way you get about. It's a pretty bad thing to have you know. Did you know that nine women out of ten in your position would be lying down and giving way. I've known people with palpitations. Somebody very close to me." He pauses and then goes on soberly. "They're dead now."

"Oh!" she exclaims, startled.

"My mother, as a matter of fact," he whispers. "I can just remember her." He pauses again and looks at Dame Mae. "As a matter of fact—" hesitating.

"Yes?"

[Continued on page 18]

How Career Girls overcome the greatest handicap to success

BUSINESS . . . the stage . . . teaching . . . other professions . . . each is a field sizzling with fierce competition in which no quarter is asked and none given.

Who has the better chance of getting ahead — a girl whose breath is sweet and fresh or one whose breath is a continual offense to others?

* * *

Be Ever On Guard

Common sense gives you the answer. Today only the dull and stupid fail to recognize the threat of halitosis (bad breath) and the harm it can do. The fastidious, the intelligent appraise it for what it is—a constant menace that may be present one day and absent the next. They are continually on guard against it.

There has always been one *safe* product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use.

When you rinse your mouth with Listerine here is what happens.

Four Benefits

- (1) Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.
- (2) Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.
- (3) Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.
- (4) The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Imitations Fail

Many imitations of it have failed either because they could not do what Listerine does; because they did not meet standard requirements for an antiseptic; or because they were too strong, too harsh, or too bitter to be tolerated.

Of the imitations that remain, a very large number lack Listerine's speedy action and efficiency.

Don't Offend Others

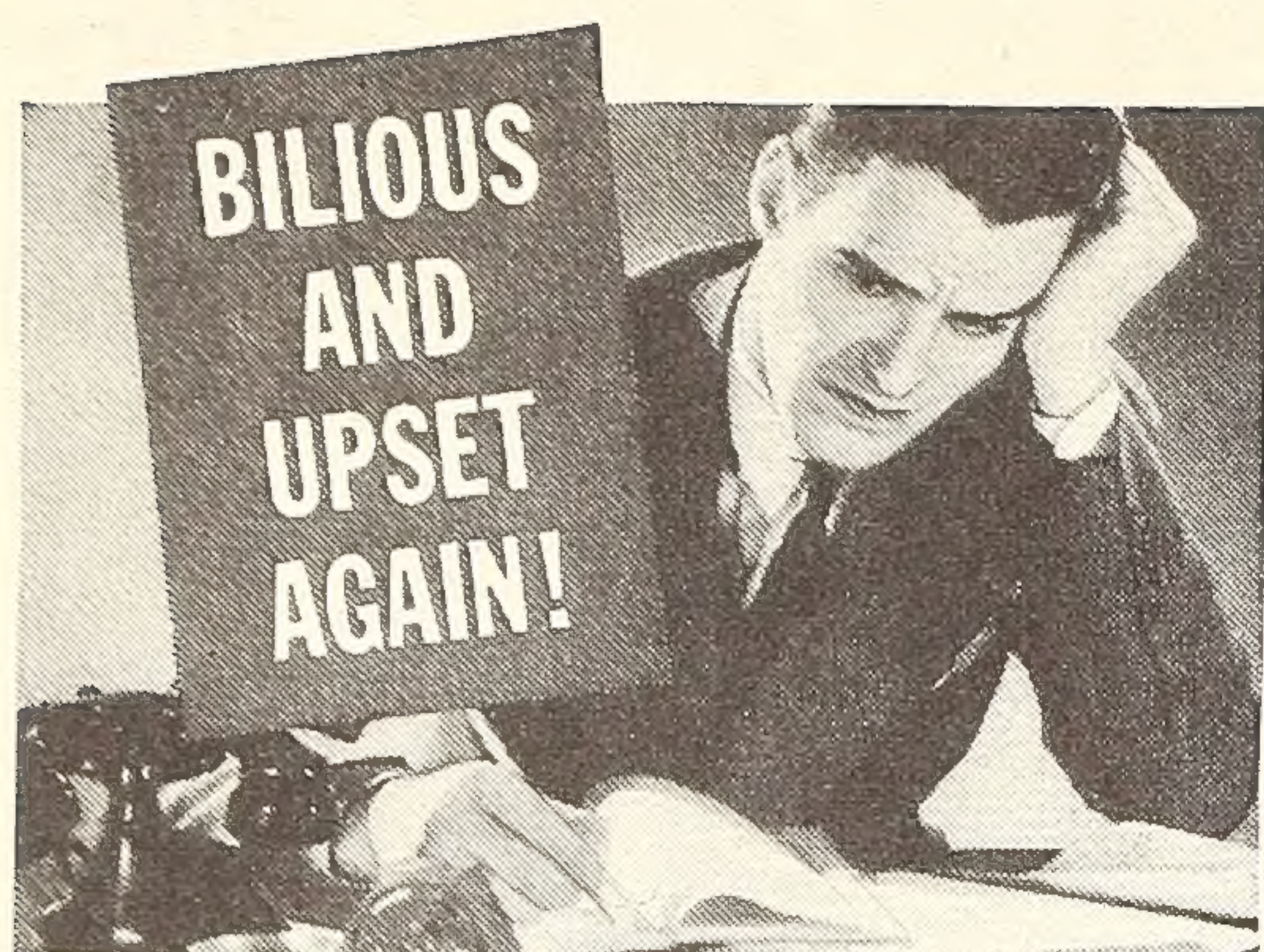
When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend. *Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

For HALITOSIS

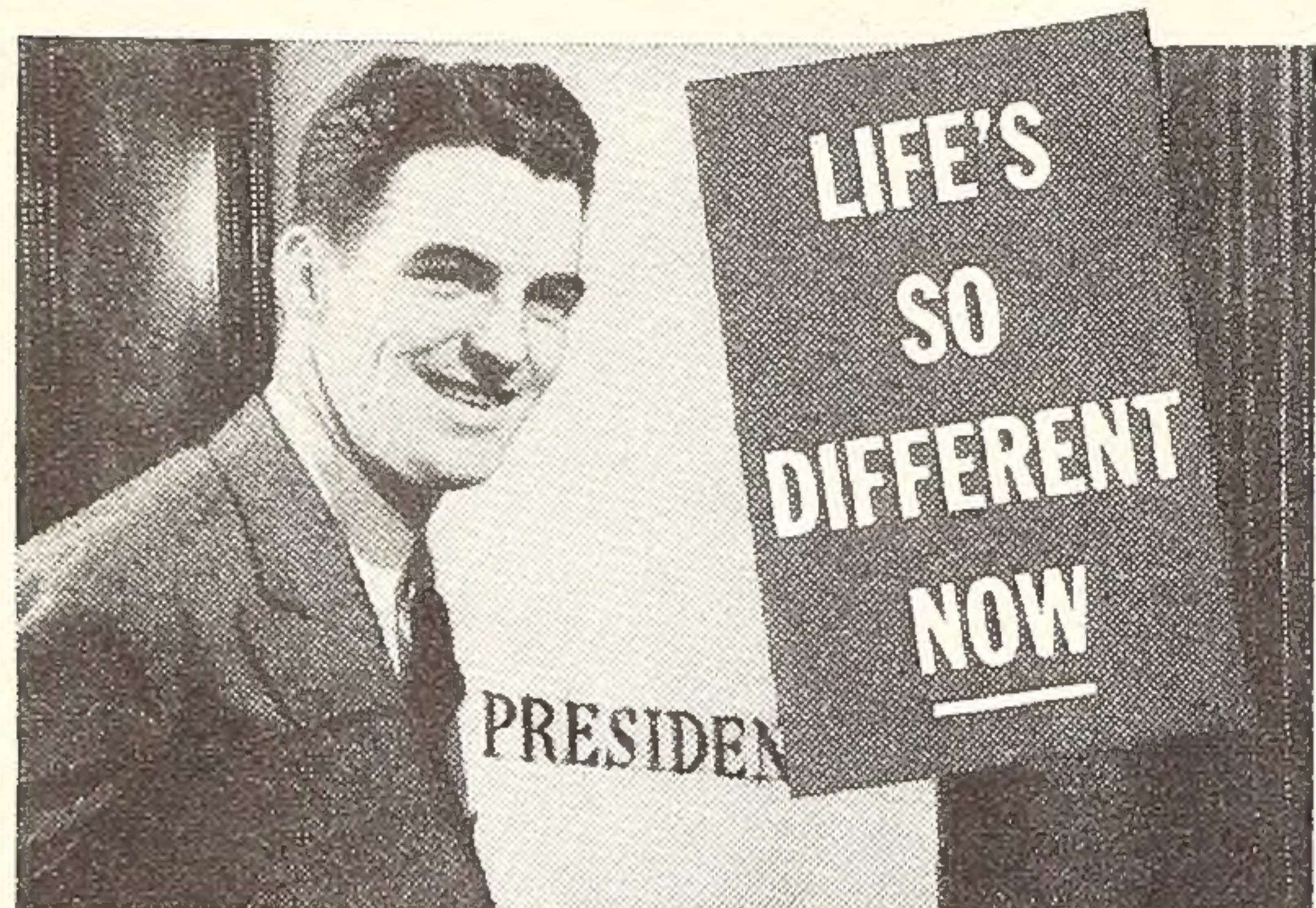


use LISTERINE





● One look at my coated tongue told me *why* I was headachy, desk-weary, out of sorts. I was constipated, bilious. But the laxatives I had always taken were so repulsive. Right there and then I decided to stop being a martyr to bad-tasting "doses." I got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, the popular chewing gum laxative my friends praised as *modern*, really different!



● FEEN-A-MINT worked like a charm. Next day I felt like a million. Headache gone. Stomach sweet as clover. Back came the old appetite and pep. I looked better, felt better, slept better. And believe me, FEEN-A-MINT is a pleasure to take. It really tastes good and it certainly acts smoothly! No wonder it's popular.



● According to scientists, one of the chief differences in FEEN-A-MINT is the 3 minutes of chewing. This is what helps make it so thorough and dependable. FEEN-A-MINT acts gently in lower bowel—not in the stomach. No griping. No upset digestion. Not habit-forming. Economical. Try FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious mint-flavored laxative used and praised by more than 16 million, young and old. Write for free sample. Dept. T-10, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N.J.



"You're Telling Me?"

Express Your Opinions—Improve The Movies—Write A Letter.

comes automatically a member of the D. R. S. Club. (Don't Repeat Scandal Club).
Where shall we send our dues?

MRS. E. H. ATKINS of Frewsburg, N. Y., writes: "Most of Hollywood's stars, male and female, are synthetically or authentically beautiful. While I don't contend that one must be plain-looking or downright ugly to be a fine actor, it does seem that the less beautiful ones have

to rely more on acting ability and consequently turn out better performances.

"A shining example is Victor McLaglen. After all the 'sez you, sez me' business they gave him the 'Lost

Patrol' and 'The Informer.' His superb performances caused mere beauty to become insignificant.

"I believe Isabel Jewell, Helen Hayes, Bette Davis, Ronald Colman, Victor McLaglen and Leslie Howard will be remembered long after the beautiful ones are faded and forgotten."

You have Ronald Colman among the goats. 'Tain't right.

"THERE IS a book that I feel would make a wonderful moving picture—it is a novel by E. P. Roe entitled 'Barriers Burned Away,' a story based on the Chicago fire. This is rather an old novel, but the story has plenty of life to it and would dramatize well," writes H. O. McCreight of Plymouth, Ill.

"I do not know whether this is the proper place to communicate such suggestions. I trust that you will call the matter to the attention of some one who will investigate this great story."

And the three running horses on the fire engines—Zowie!

THERE rarely comes a picture these days with a moral; a picture that lifts the spirits and makes one feel that things could be worse. 'Green Light' is such a picture," writes Brendon O'Connell, Durfey St., Norwich, Conn. "Errol Flynn as the young doctor teaches a great lesson in moral courage, one that we should profit by."

Read Dana Burnet's article in this issue.

"IN EVERY picture I have seen that takes place in the East or the North, in which there is a train or locomotive scene, the trains are in most cases Southern Pacific types," writes Amon G. Carter, Jr., of Culver, Ind. "Any person with any brain at all knows that the Southern Pacific doesn't go east of St. Louis. I am sure that all people who know anything about railroads notice the same thing."

P'raps producers do not know where Southern Pacific engines go.

"TO YOU people who delight in starting rumors concerning our excellent actors and actresses of Hollywood, I would like to ask—why in the name of common decency do you do it? Even if a wife or a husband feels they have to tell their best friend about a little argument, don't repeat it. Ten chances to one, it will blow over and everything will be lovely, but let everybody talk about it and the gossip gets doubled and doubled and then for some people it's just too bad," writes Severin Nelson, Grand Rapids, Mich.

"So what a grand and glorious thing it would be if everyone who starts false rumors, and everyone who repeats them, would make this resolution in their hearts.

"Henceforth, I will not say nor repeat anything I believe will injure the reputation or the well-being of any person.

"Having made this resolution, one be-

In "Wee Willie Winkie," Victor McLaglen and Shirley Temple join up with the kilties.

CHANGE OF TITLES

"Stepping Toes" (Rogers & Astaire) has been changed to

"Shall We Dance?"

"Hot Oil" (James Cagney) has been changed to

"Dynamite"

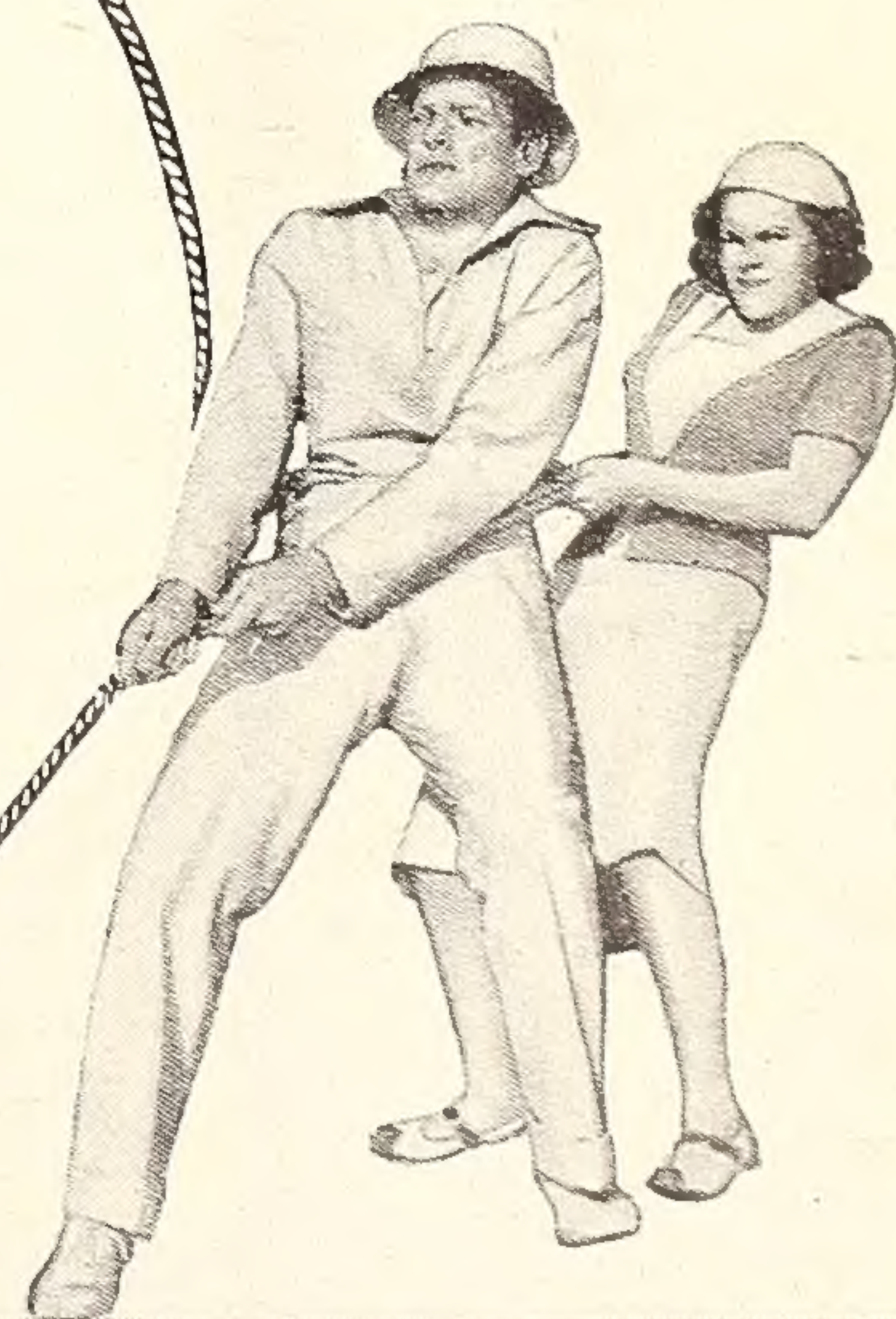
"Danger, Men Working" (Lew Ayres) has been changed to

"The Crime Nobody Saw"



**"YOU SAID A *Mouthful*,
'WAIKIKI WEDDING' IS SOME PARTY,"**
says ***Martha Raye***

"Girls, until you've seen Bing make love to Shirley the way they do on the beach at Waikiki, oh . . . boy . . . you ain't seen nothing. And Bob Burns is no slouch as a Hawaiian lover himself. Why he has me so excited I actually sing Hawaiian. And, speaking of singing . . . wait'll you hear Bing and Shirley croon those new Ringer and Robin ditties . . . 'Sweet Is the Word For You' . . . 'Blue Hawaii' . . . 'In A Little Hula Heaven' . . . 'Okleohao' and 'Sweet Leilani'. Yeah, man . . . 'Waikiki Wedding' is some party . . . and how!"



"WAIKIKI WEDDING" with BING CROSBY • BOB BURNS • MARTHA RAYE
SHIRLEY ROSS • George Barbier • A Paramount Picture directed by Frank Tuttle

*No wonder
we can make this amazing offer*

IF YOU DO NOT
Reduce
HIPS and WAIST
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
it will cost you nothing!



"My hips measured 43 inches. Now they are only 34½ inches!"

Miss Billie Brian,
La Grange, Ky.

"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."

Miss Ouida Browne,
Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.



"Lost 9 inches from my hips and never felt better in my life!"

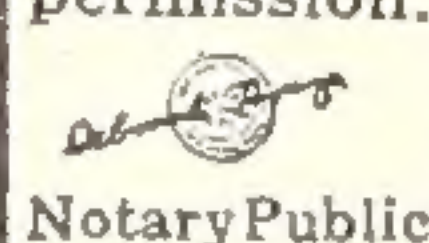
Miss Rose Grasmick
Scottsbluff, Neb.

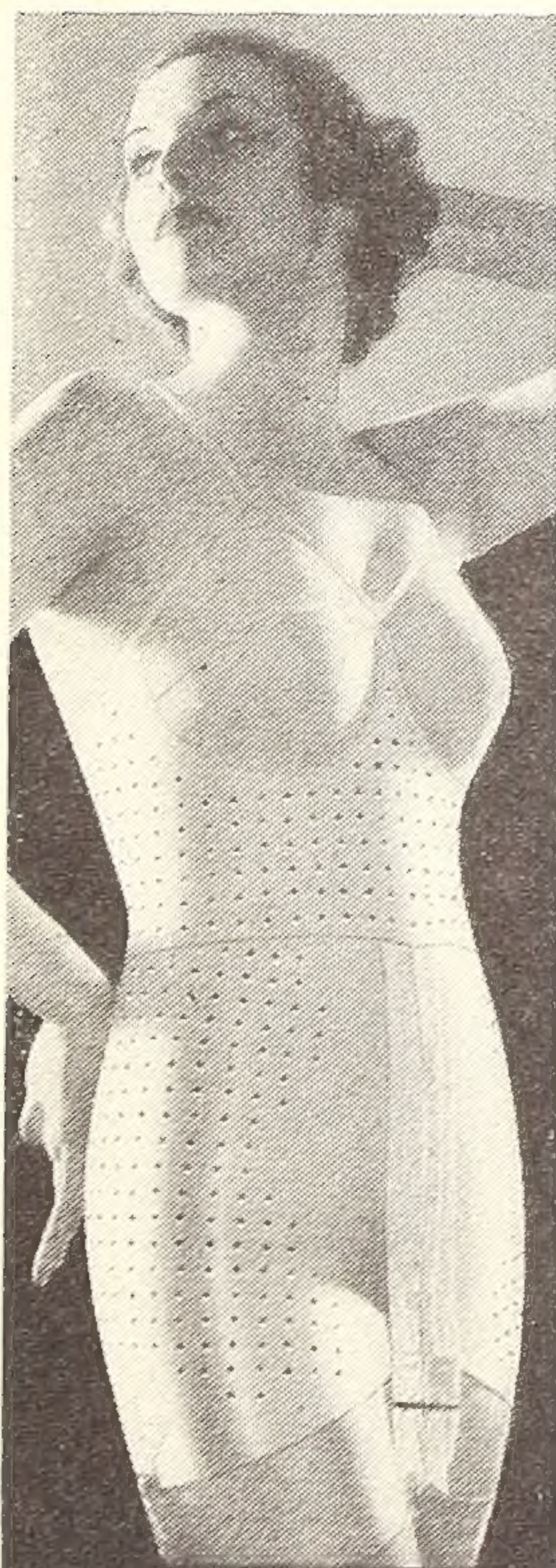
"I never owned a girdle I liked so much and I reduced 26 pounds."

Miss Esther Marshall
Vallejo, Calif.

"My hips have been reduced 9 inches without slightest diet."

Miss Jean Healy,
New York, N. Y.

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Notary Public



■ You need not diet or take dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. You will appear inches smaller at once, and will be so comfortable you can scarcely realize that the gentle pressure and massage-like action of your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere are actually reducing hips, thighs, waist and diaphragm . . . just those spots where the ugly fat first accumulates. Girdle or Brassiere may be worn separately.

SEND for 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER and sample of Material!

■ See for yourself the delightful quality of the material and the soft, silky lining! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women! Know the details of the 10-day FREE trial offer!

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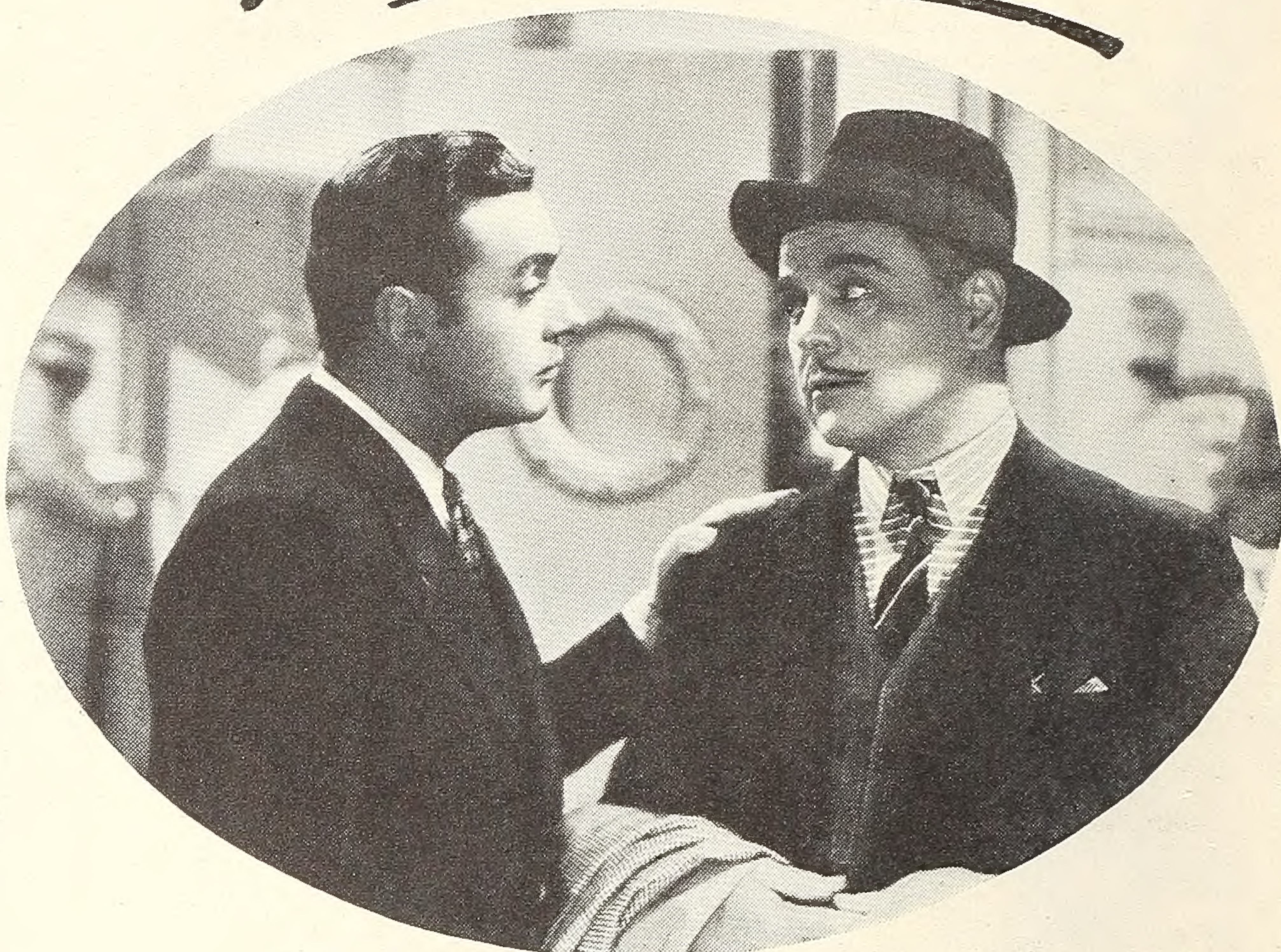
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Tips On Pictures



Charles Boyer and Leo Carrillo argue the matter out in "History Is Made At Night."

DANGEROUS NUMBER—Fair. A rather light little comedy, nicely produced however, about a rich but conventional young business man who finds himself marrying a glorified showgirl who isn't his type at all. (Ann Sothorn, Robert Young, Reginald Owen).

DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND—Fair. A hefty melodrama about two buddies in the submarine service (Richard Dix and Chester Morris) who come to blows over a Mexican dancer (Dolores del Rio) whom Dix marries. There's plenty of sparkling comedy, as well as a stirring climax.

ESPIONAGE—Fine. A spy film produced in the modern manner, meaning that in spite of its authentic chills and thrills, the characters refuse to take the melodramatic plot too seriously, which after all, isn't a bad idea. (Edmund Lowe, Madge Evans, Paul Lukas).

GENERAL SPANKY—Fair. Children will enjoy this full-length comedy featuring "Our Gang"—of short reel fame. The locale is a Southern plantation during the Civil War and our old friend Spanky rounds up his gang in order to help the Cause. It's all very simply told—too simply indeed for adult consumption. (Phillips Holmes, Irving Pichel).

GREAT O'MALLEY, THE—Fair. This is a tear-jerker for fair. But the kids will eat it up. Pat O'Brien is cast as a hard-boiled cop whose better nature is asserted when he allows Sybil Jason, a crippled slum child, to creep into his heart. Her father, Humphrey Bogart, who had formerly been hounded by Pat, profits by Pat going softy.

HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT—Splendid. One of those smartly mounted films which you recognize as a "class" production from the start. Magnetic Charles Boyer plays a headwaiter who masquerades as a burglar, but the climax of the story is a shipwreck similar to the Titanic disaster. (Jean Arthur, Colin Clive, Leo Carrillo).

LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY. Good. This is an exquisitely produced society film with the characters so highly polished that you feel sure they couldn't make any errors—yet make errors they apparently do, so much so that Joan Crawford and Bill Powell, a neat pair of crooks, take them like Grant took Richmond. (Frank Morgan, Bob Montgomery).

LOVE IS NEWS—Excellent. A really charming yarn, breezily told, with crisp, bright dialogue, starring Loretta Young, Tyrone Power and Don Ameche. The plot concerns a newspaper reporter who is "scooped" by the heiress whom he bulldozed into telling him the secrets of her smashed engagement.

MAN OF THE PEOPLE—Fair. For the first time Joseph Calleia doesn't play a villain and acquits himself quite nobly on the other side of the fence. Cast as an Italian immigrant who studies law, he finds himself the victim of corrupt politics which it takes some effort to oust. (Florence Rice, Catharine Doucet).

MIDNIGHT COURT—Good. An exciting melodrama revolving around the sometimes desperate cases tried so carelessly in night courts. Racketeering is the theme, and the hero a disbarred lawyer who temporarily goes "gangster." John Litel is splendidly cast in the leading role, with Ann Dvorak playing opposite.

NANCY STEELE IS MISSING—Good. Victor McLaglen is excellent as the pacifist who, at the outbreak of the World War, kidnaps the baby daughter of a munitions manufacturer and farms her out. The fact that he is later imprisoned for life causes much suspense and melodrama. (Peter Lorre, June Lang, Walter Connolly).

THAT I MAY LIVE—Good. Even though this is a carbon copy of several earlier "wrongly accused convict" yarns, the last of which was "You Live Only Once," it commands your undivided sympathy and attention nevertheless, and you're delighted to find the hero (Robert Kent) and the heroine (Rochelle Hudson) in a happy fadeout.

WEDDING OF PALO, THE—Interesting. If you enjoyed the film called "Eskimo," you will find this just as absorbing. Produced by the explorer, the late Knud Rasmussen, it is a novel study of the manners and customs of the Eskimos, with a delicate, natural love story interwoven.

WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE—Excellent. A Grace Moore musical is always a treat. And especially is this true when the story connected with it has plenty of dash and romance, without any cloying moments at all. Grace sings divinely and Cary Grant expertly handles a marvellous comedy role.

WHEN'S YOUR BIRTHDAY—Amusing. All devotees of astrology will be intrigued by this film concerning a very earnest young man (Joe E. Brown) who consults his horoscope daily before carrying out his plans. Others come to rely upon his charts of their horoscopes, also, with hilarious results. (Marian Marsh, Fred Keating).

WHIRLPOOL, THE—Fine. A French picture, with super-imposed English titles, which you may catch in the "arty" film theatre of your town. The plot was adapted from T. E. Lawrence's novel, "Lady Chatterly's Lover," and the English titles make it very simple to follow.

WOMAN ALONE, THE—Interesting. An English spy picture minus a war background and starring our own Sylvia Sydney. This has many eerie moments and plenty of suspense, but we can't hold back the fact that the film has its dull moments, too. However, an excellent cast makes up for this discrepancy. (Oscar Homolka, Desmond Tester, John Loder).

WOMEN OF GLAMOUR—Fair. It's too bad to have to tell you that in spite of the presence of two such likeable players as Virginia Bruce and Melvyn Douglas, this film just doesn't go to town. It concerns an artist who eventually falls in love with his dim-wit model, in spite of class-difference,



All through the night



ALEXANDER KORDA *Present*

MARLENE

ROBERT

DIETRICH·DONAT

IN

KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR

All through the night—hand in hand—heart to heart—together...Facing danger—sharing adventure—together...Pursued by hatreds and passions—lost amid perils too great

to face alone... Looking into each other's heart—to find each other...All through the night—arm in arm—escaping together...Tomorrow held their destiny...Tonight held their love

Directed by JACQUES FEYDER • By James Hilton, famous Author of "Lost Horizon" • Released thru United Artists

SILVER SCREEN

13

Swinging high!

GLAZO'S "Misty" Tints are party colors



*Flattering shades of Fashion
in Glazo's non-thickening nail
polish that wears and wears!*

WHEN it's Swingtime and dance time...when hearts beat higher than a cover charge...when you're looking glamorous enough to dazzle even a head waiter...of course, you'll be wearing Glazo nail polish in one of the exciting new "Misty" colors.

For your most Witching Hours, Glazo offers this enchanting array of polishes, styled for young so-

phisticates, blended for new nail beauty. Cherry Red and Russet, Suntan, Bisque and Misty Rose—here are shades to complement every costume, to glorify every hand. Glazo's attentions are always flattering...that's why sought-after girls, girls who know the secrets of good grooming, sparkle up with Glazo's misty, smoky shades, or with one of the fashion-approved "clear" colors.

Good company on any party is Glazo...smooth as satin on the nail...with conscientious objections to peeling, fading, or thickening in the bottle. And, at 20¢—or 25¢ for the new large size—so kind to the budget!



GLAZO

The Smart Manicure

SHRIMPS AND PEAS MORNAV

- 1/2 can of shrimp
- 3 tbsp. Gold Medal flour
- 1/2 cup grated cheese
- Salt—Pepper
- 3 tbsp. butter
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 cup cooked peas
- Dash of Cayenne

Remove black vein from shrimps. Blend flour and seasonings into melted butter. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add cheese and stir until melted. Add shrimps and peas; heat in top double boiler. Pour into croustades, made by cutting unsliced bread into about 2 inch slices, scooping out center portion to form a box about 1/2 inch thick, brushing generously with butter and browning in oven. Chicken à la King, creamed oysters and celery, turkey hash, creamed eggs and olives may be substituted for shrimps and peas.

TOMATO CUSTARD

- 1 1/4 cups canned tomatoes
- 1 tsp. butter
- 1 egg
- Salt
- 1/2 tsp. minced onion
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 cup soft bread crumbs
- Pepper

Heat tomatoes, onion, butter, salt, sugar, and pepper together. Add bread crumbs and mix well. Add to beaten egg. Pour into buttered Pyrex baking dish, set in pan of hot water, bake about 40 minutes in moderate oven—375 F.

BANANA TAPIOCA PUDDING

Combine about 2 scant tablespoons Minute Tapioca with 1 egg yolk, 1/4 cup sugar, pinch of salt and 1 cup of milk in top of double boiler. Stir enough to break egg. Place over rapidly boiling water, bring to scalding point (5 to 7 min.) and cook 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove and fold a small amount into stiffly beaten egg white; add this to remaining tapioca mixture and blend. Add vanilla and sliced bananas and chill—mixture thickens as it cools. Serve plain or with whipped cream.

HOT BOUILLON

Dissolve 1/2 package Royal Salad Gelatin in 1 1/2 cups boiling water and serve. Simple and easy to make, and so good. Here is a grand substitute, which may be used for either luncheon or dinner.

CELERY CHOWDER

- 2 tsp. butter
- 1 medium sized potato, diced
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. flour
- 1 tsp. cold water
- 2 hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine
- 2 cups chopped celery
- 1/2 of a medium sized onion, chopped fine
- Tiny bit of pepper
- 1 qt. sweet milk, scalded
- Dash of Paprika

Melt butter in saucepan, add onions, celery and diced potato. Stir a minute over heat. Cover with boiling water and cook vegetables until tender (about 15 min.). Season with salt and pepper. Mix flour with cold water. Stir into mixture. When thickened add scalded milk. Taste and add any needed seasonings. At serving time pour into bowls and add finely chopped egg and paprika.

VEAL STEAK CREOLE

- 1 veal cutlet, 1/2 inch thick
- Salt, pepper
- Milk
- 2 tbsp. butter
- Bread crumbs
- 1 onion, minced
- 1 #2 can tomatoes
- 1 green pepper, chopped

Cut cutlet in two pieces for serving, season with salt and pepper, dip into milk

and then into seasoned bread crumbs. Let dry for 30 minutes. Melt butter in skillet, cook onion 2 or 3 minutes. Brown steaks slowly on both sides. Add tomatoes and green pepper, cook slowly for 45 minutes.

BROILED CHICKEN, BARBECUE

Get a young chicken and have it split for broiling. Place halves of chicken on broiling rack, skin side down, and cook under moderate flame until well browned and almost tender. Baste frequently with following mixture:

1/2 tsp. dry mustard 1 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce
1/4 cup melted butter
1 1/2 tbs. vinegar 1/2 tsp. salt

Serve on a large platter or chop plate with mounds of hot well-seasoned vegetables as peas, carrots, lima beans and corn. All of these may come out of a can.

MAGIC LEMON PIE

Blend together 1 can Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, 1/2 cup lemon juice, grated rind of one lemon or 1/4 teaspoon lemon extract, yolks 2 eggs. Pour into baked pie shell. Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding 2 level tablespoons sugar for each white. Bake in moderate oven (350 F.) 10 minutes, or until brown.

FRIED CELERY HEARTS OR ASPARAGUS TIPS

Wash celery hearts and separate into quarters. Cook in chicken broth or water 10 minutes. Dip celery in a batter made by blending 3 tablespoons flour, 1 slightly beaten egg and a cup of milk, then in bread crumbs, and fry in deep fat (370 F.) 3 to 6 minutes until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper and sprinkle with salt. For the asparagus use Del Monte Mammoth and dip them in an egg, lightly beaten, then in fine bread crumbs, again in egg and bread crumbs and fry. You'll love these.

WINNERS OF THE ADJECTIVE CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE—\$10.00

Mrs. Alys Wiesenauer, 15 Radnor Road, Great Neck, N. Y.

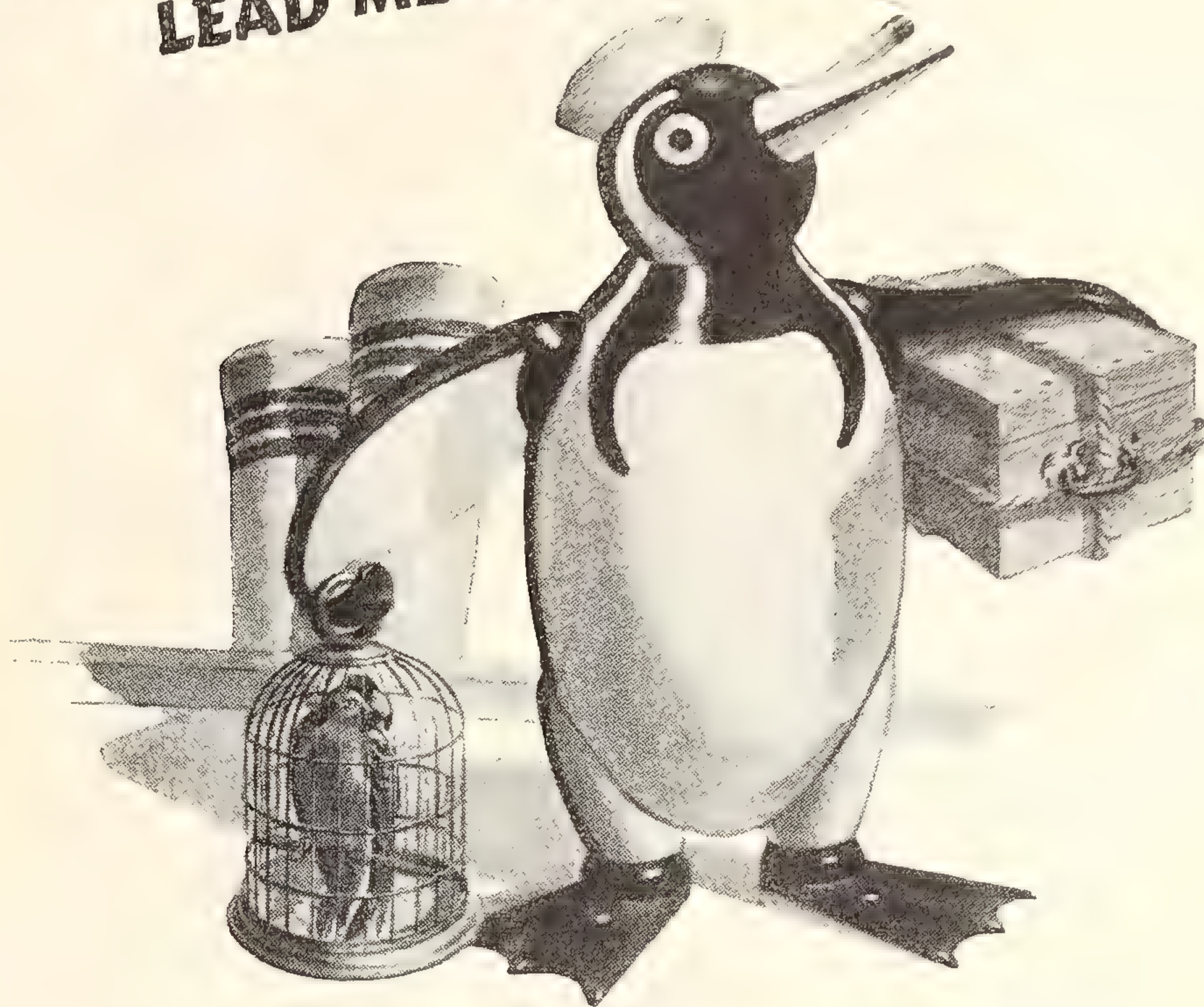
SECOND PRIZE—\$5.00

Stephen Ensner, 923 So. 6th St., Evansville, Ind.

THIRD PRIZES—(25) \$1. each

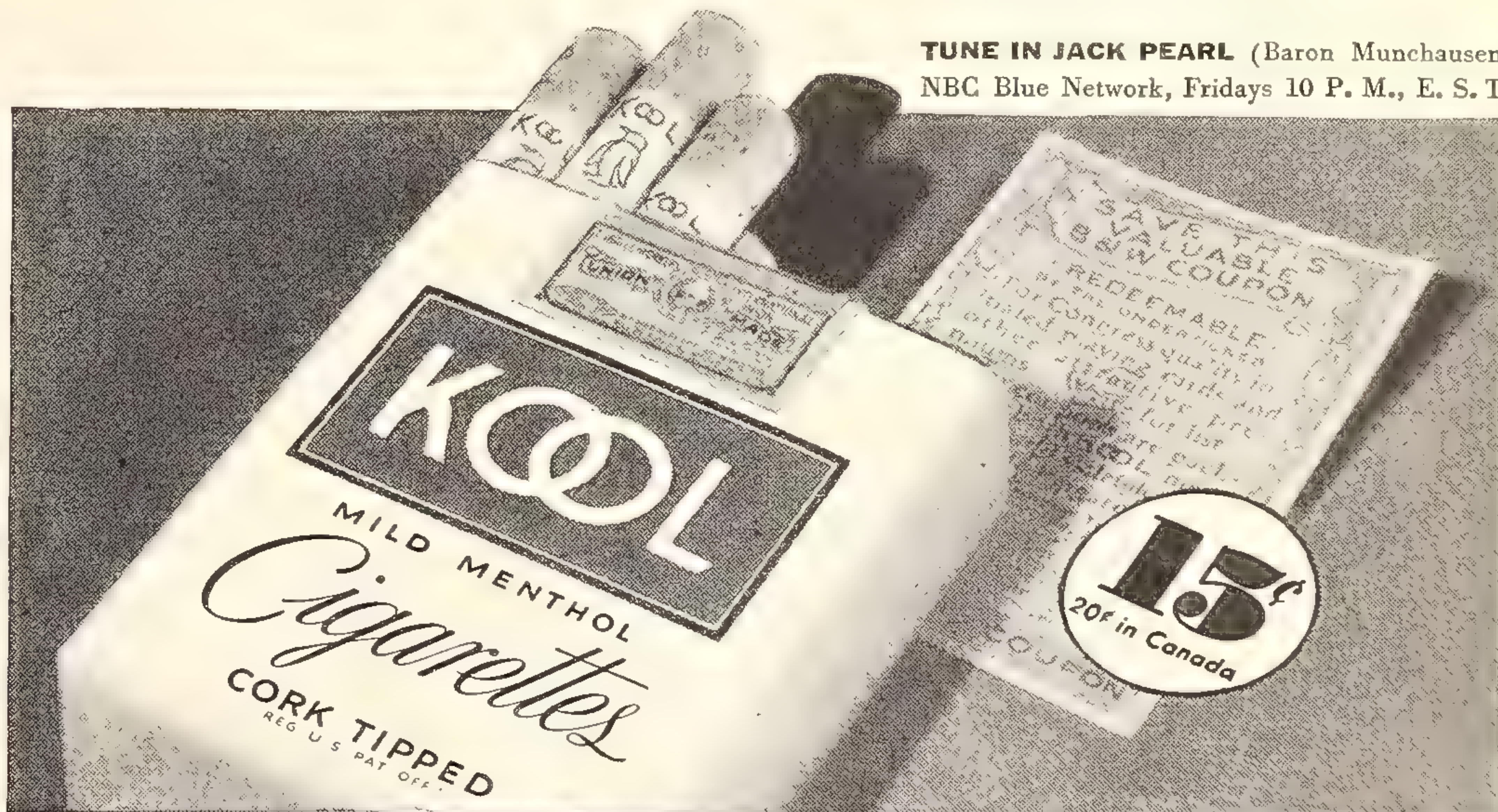
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Mrs. Robert Fox, 2 Park Lane, Mount Vernon, N. Y.
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Frances Neese, Box 523, Keystone, W. Va.
Bette Hitchman, 709 Washington St., Oregon City, Ore.
Miss P. Brodman, 320 N. Easton Road, Glenside, Pa.
Mabel S. Purnell, Federal St., Snow Hill, Md.
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Harold Kay, 1112 E. Grand Ave., Decatur, Ill.
Bette Warner, 218 W. 16th St., New York, N. Y.
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LEAD ME TO KOOLS!**

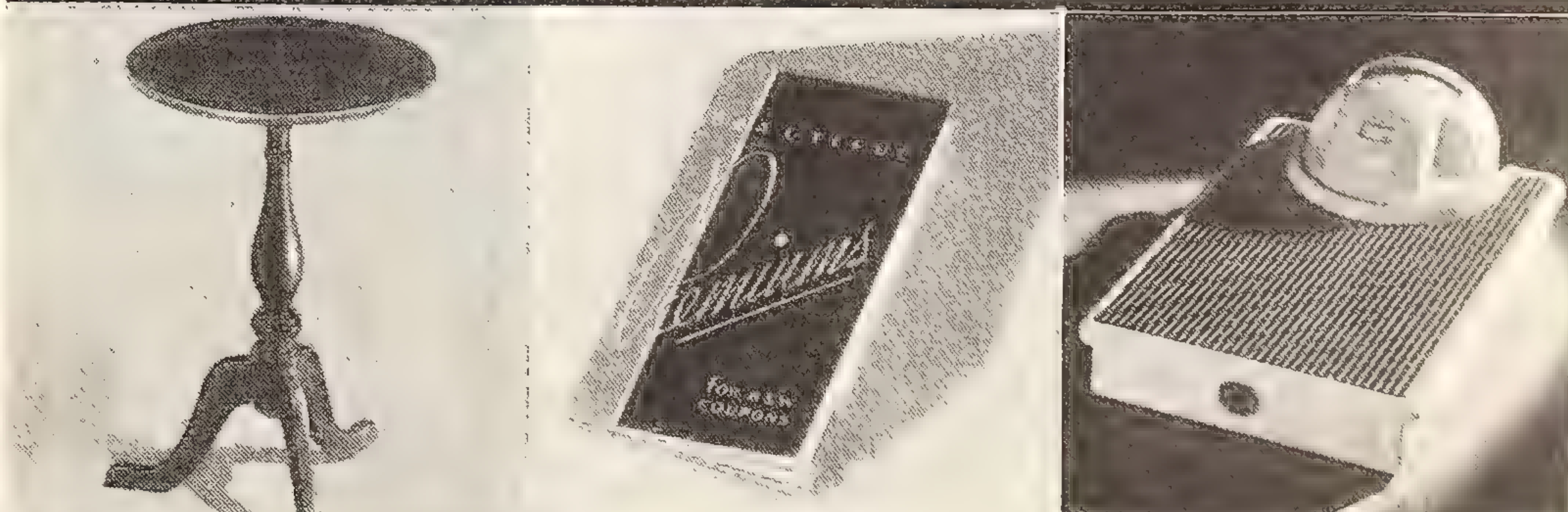


Tired of hot smokes, mate? Throat all fogged up? Keep your throat shipshape—switch to KOOLS. Their touch of mild menthol adds refreshing flavor—like mint in chewing gum, it makes 'em cool as ocean spray. Yet you enjoy *all* the full-bodied Turkish-Domestic blend. Try 'em. And stow away the coupons for handsome, useful premiums. Carton buyers find *extra* coupons. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

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No longer need you deny yourself the use of make-up for your most important beauty feature—your eyes. You can avoid that hard, "made-up" look that ordinary mascaras give by using either the new Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, or the popular Maybelline Solid-form Mascara—both give the soft *natural* appearance of long, dark, curling lashes. At cosmetic counters everywhere.

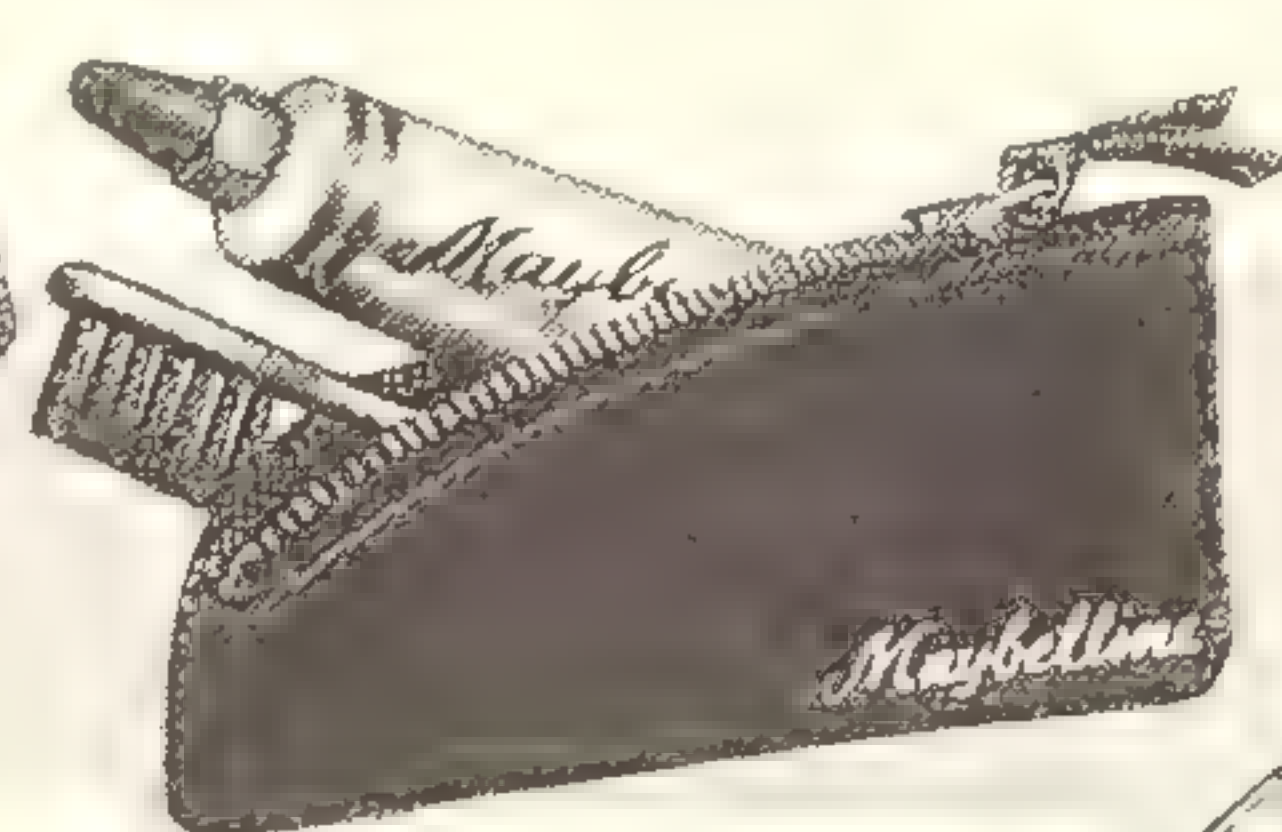
Loveliness demands—eyebrows softly, gracefully, expressively formed. For this, use the largest-selling, smoothest-marking Eyebrow Pencil in the world—by Maybelline.

Complete loveliness demands—the final, exquisite touch of eyelids softly shaded with a subtle, harmonizing tint of Maybelline Eye Shadow—it means so much to the color and sparkle of your eyes.

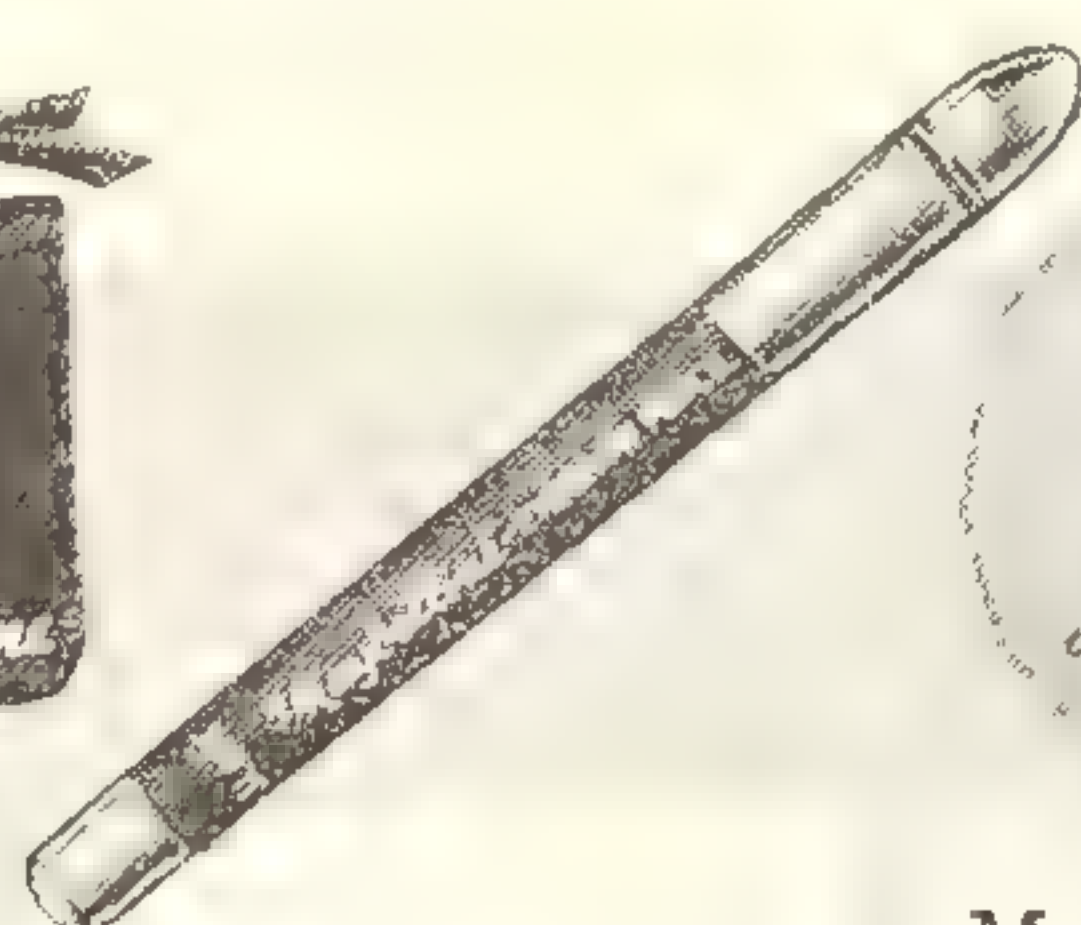
Generous purse sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at 10c stores. The preference of more than 11,000,000 discriminating women the world over.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara, in brilliant gold vanity—Black, Brown, Blue. 75c. Refills 35c.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, with brush in dainty zipper bag. Black, Brown, Blue. 75c.



Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

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COIFFURES

The Latest Developments
In Hairdressing.

By Mary Lee

THE latest news on the hair style front is that hats are being designed to fit the hair-do instead of the other way around, as it's been in the past.

For instance, there are hats that fit right into that "angel roll" of hair that goes all the way around one's head. Every bit of the roll is exposed. And when you take your hat off, your hair is just as neat as it was when you first combed it into place.

One of the newest Paris-designed hats is a narrow boat-shaped toque that perches over one eyebrow and shows scads of curls or rolls at the sides and in back.

The whole idea in the new hat styles seems to be to show as much hair as possible. Some of them are slashed away up on one side, or made with an open crown so the top of your head shows through. Even the wide-brimmed hats are so shallow-crowned that they frame your hair instead of hiding it from view.

There's absolutely no doubt now that these radically different hair styles, substituting loose, natural-looking rolls and curls for formal waves, are here to stay. It isn't only hats that have been influenced by them. Permanent waves, too, have undergone important changes.

A widespread organization of hairdressers called the "American Hair Design Institute" has had a lot to do with bringing about the change in hair styles so quickly. (Quite likely your own hairdresser is a member.) Its Director, Mr. R. Louis, gave us the most interesting explanation we've heard of the change in permanent waving, so we're going to pass it along to you. He said:

"From the time permanent waves first came out until just recently, the idea was to put the waves in ridges. This resulted in a set style of hairdress operators had to follow in their finger waves, or else they wouldn't stay in place. The new idea is to make the permanent wave a base, so any hair style can be moulded from it to suit the individual.

"American women are tired of hair set in ridges, and in another few years it will be completely passé. They want their hair to look naturally curly and individual instead of proving that they have a permanent wave or have just come from the beauty shop."

When you get your next permanent wave, be sure it's the kind that will permit arranging your hair the way you want it. For curls and rolls, you should have the croquignole type, where the hair is rolled from the ends toward the scalp. If you want to leave the crown of your head fashionably straight and shining, get a three-quarters permanent wave. It will give you plenty of curl at the sides and in back, also in front if you want to wear an "angel roll" or pompadour effect. The new three-quarters wave is a little more expensive than an end-curl and less than a full permanent.

The most popular wave is an all-over croquignole. However, if your hair is long and thick and you want a complete wave, you'll get the best effect with a spiral wave

FOR BEAUTY

on top and croquignole in the ends. There's a new type of spiral called the "shadow wave" for this kind of hair. It puts a wave on the upper layers of hair and leaves the underneath straight so there won't be too much fullness at the crown. This is usually combined with a tight croquignole wave in the ends.

We don't need to tell you that the "pre-heated" methods of permanent waving are sweeping into popularity. They're so comfortable and easy to take, with none of that heavy overhead wiring. The most exciting news in pre-heated permanents is the new Nestle-Undine Spiromatic process which gives a spiral wave on the new machine. Until this loomed on the horizon, only croquignole waves could be given by this comfort method. Now you can have either croquignole or spiral or a combination of both.

Just in case you haven't had one already, we're going to tell you how the Nestle-Undine pre-heated permanent wave works. Your hair is rolled up in clips, sachets and pads in the usual way. But the heating is done off your head.

Light aluminum clamps are brought to just the right degree of heat on a small gunmetal and chromium machine that works like an automaton, by electricity. The machine is set for the exact amount of heat your type of hair needs. A green light flashes when the clamps are placed on the heating rods. A red light flashes when it's time to put them on your hair. And a bell

rings to tell the operator when your wave is finished and the clamps should come off. There's no guess-work anywhere!

The entire time the heated clamps are on your head is only one to three minutes, depending upon the texture of your hair. The wave is made while they cool off. The result is a soft, manageable yet lasting wave that it's actually been fun to have!

All the preparations used on your hair—pads, special lotion for your particular strength of hair, cellulose papers for wrapping ends—are contained in a sealed box which is opened in your presence. There's a tube of cream enclosed, too, for reconditioning the hair ends in case they're split and brittle or your previous permanent hasn't entirely grown out.

And now for a word of advice on the things you can do yourself to help make your permanent a complete success! Have it at a time when your general health is good, because even slight illness is reflected in the condition of your hair.

Give your hair plenty of brushing after the wave. This helps bring out its beauty and won't affect its lasting qualities.

If you have been using a bleach, dye or color-imparting rinse on your hair, be sure to tell the operator.



The new page boy hair-do that is so becoming, particularly to Binnie Barnes.



MYRNA LOY
in METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
"PARNELL"

IF YOU WANT BEAUTY follow Myrna Loy's MAKE-UP ADVICE

YOU SHOULD KNOW, as every screen star knows, that beauty often depends upon make-up. But, there is only one sure way to accent the attraction of your beauty...and that is to adopt the make-up of the screen stars.

It is Color Harmony Make-Up... created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, and it consists of powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized colors for each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. Note how these stars create beauty with Hollywood's make-up secret.

HOLLYWOOD'S LIPSTICK...it is Max Factor's, of course. Super-Indelible, it imparts lovely lip make-up that is permanent and uniform in color. It is moisture-proof, too, so that you may be sure your lips will appear attractive for hours and hours... One dollar.

THE POWDER SECRET
...choose your color harmony shade in Max Factor's Face Powder and see how naturally the color enlivens the beauty of your skin. Note the difference in its clinging smoothness. In your own mirror see the satin-smooth effect like the beauty you see flashed on the screen... One dollar.

THE PERFECT ROUGE...
You will see how beautifully your color harmony shade in Max Factor's Rouge harmonizes with your complexion colorings, your powder and lipstick. As you blend this rouge, note how soft and fine it is, like the most delicate skin-texture... Fifty cents.

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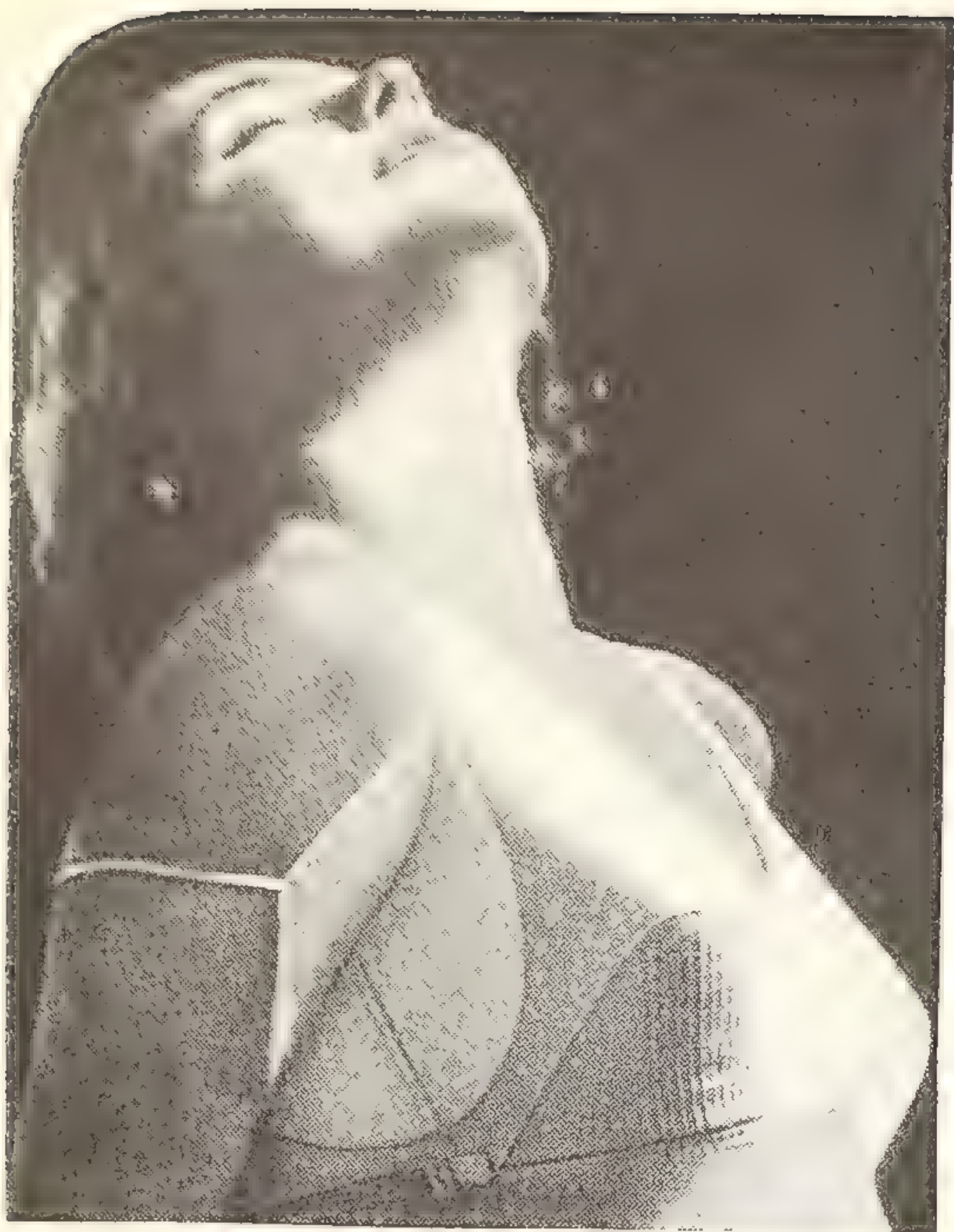


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Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"..... FREE 4-5-26

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color) ☐	REDHEAD ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Dark ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here
SKIN Dry ☐	AGE ☐	
Only ☐ Normal ☐		



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*Bra-forms are smart uplift bras made in net, lace, batiste and satin and equipped with a pair of Kleinert's guaranteed dress shields.

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The Bra-form illustrated above, is of fine batiste, \$1.25.



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L a u n d e r i t e
Shields—25¢ a pair
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TORONTO, CANADA... LONDON, ENG.

Pictures On The Fire

[Continued from page 6]

"Oh, no—it's a daft thing."
"What is it?" she demands. "Come along, now. Out with it."
"It's only fancy, I suppose," he smiles wistfully, "but you remind me a bit of her."

"Of your mother?"
He nods simply and her sympathy is stirred. "Have you got a son?" he goes on. "I haven't got anybody at all," she whines in self-pity.

It goes on like that and first thing you know Bob is working for her. In the end he murders her and is just about to murder her niece when he is caught.

"Boy," Bob exclaims when the scene is over, "this is the part I've been waiting for—hoping and praying for. I'm sick of these rich young wastrels. This is something I can get my teeth into."

I must say if the scene I saw is any indication Bob is going to give a superb performance. But I have said before and I say again there is no one on the screen who can play those light insouciant parts as well as Bob and it seems a shame not to continue with them.

Next is "Skidding." Lionel Barrymore has been revered for twenty years by Carvel County as a just judge. Then, a few days before election, he is forced (because of his duty) to sign a restraining order against a company which has started work on an aqueduct—a project that has already brought the fore-runner of a boom to Carvel. He is in bad with the populace.

At home, his wife (Spring Byington) and Aunt Milly (Sarah Haden) prepare a feast to welcome his daughter (Cecelia Parker) home from college. Another daughter (Julie Haydon) arrives without her husband.

"Where's Bill?" Spring asks.
"We've set a place for him," Sarah adds.
"I should have called you, mother," Julie replies, not meeting anyone's eyes. "He had a business appointment—some man he *had* to see tonight."

It turns out it was monkey business and it wasn't a man at all—it was a new love he had.

But it's getting late and I haven't time to find out about new loves or old loves. Of course, in the end Lionel is re-elected, Julie and her husband are re-united and Cecelia Parker gets Eric Linden.

The last picture on this lot is "Song of the City," with Margaret Lindsay and Stanley Morner. There's no dialogue in this scene. It's simply the side of a ship where everyone is going aboard. Margaret and J. Carroll Naish are standing at the foot of the gangplank chatting and Nat Pendleton and his picture father and mother are walking up it.

Margaret once had the most beautiful police dog I have ever seen. His name is Ranger and she gave him to Dick Powell because she was living in a small apartment and had no place for him.

"I saw Ranger the other day," I remark.
"Oh!" Margaret breathes. "Tell me about him."

So I tell her about Ranger—how every time anyone goes swimming in the pool Ranger goes too. And if you dive off the board Ranger dives off the board.

"I wish I had him back," she murmurs wistfully. "But Dick made me promise when I gave him Ranger that I wouldn't ask for him back. He promised to give me a tan cocker—but he never did. Maybe you could remind him."

Mr. Powell, you're reminded—here and publicly.

"Anyhow," Margaret continues, "I think since he married Blondell that ought to make some difference, don't you?"

"It really should," I rejoin. "Why don't you send him a note and say, 'Since you married the other girl, please return my gifts.'"

"It's a thought," Margaret laughs and then the director calls her so I leave and go on out to—

Columbia

FANMAG FANYA, The Mad Hatter, is sitting at her desk quite distraught. "I've just been out to the ranch where 'Venus Makes Trouble,' with James Dunn



"The Devil Is Driving" has Richard Dix as a young lawyer and Frederick Burton as a judge; it also has a lesson for reckless drivers.

and Patricia Ellis, is shooting," she explains, "and all that fresh air has completely unnerved me. I'm a night blooming jasmine, you know," she adds proudly.

"I'm not interested in your private life," I inform her emphatically, remembering she once told me her mother was broad-minded about everything except sex and liquor. "What's shooting over here?"

"We have a new picture with Richard Dix," she begins importantly.

"Quit bragging," I interrupt, "and let's get started. I can hardly wait."

So out we go to the set of "The Devil Is Driving" (tentative title) where Mr. Dix is starring for the nine hundred and umpty-umpty time. "The scene is a courtroom," The Mad Hatter begins.

"That'll be nice," I murmur. "I've never seen one on the screen before."

"Ah," Fanya sighs, "but the others were different. You see, it isn't the locale in pictures that counts but what happens there that matters. This one is what happens as a result of drunken driving."

"That's been done," I object. "Paramount did it and called it 'And Sudden Death.'"

"I know it," she rejoins, quite unperturbed. "They also made another about the same thing and called it 'The Devil Is Driving.' That's why we're looking for another title for ours. But I still insist the plots are different and that is another reason the same title won't do for both pictures."

If anything Fanya said made sense she wouldn't be called "The Mad Hatter." I quit arguing with her and turn to watch the scene.

Dix is a young lawyer who believes in cultivating "the right people." Frank Wilson has been indicted for second degree murder, caused by drunken driving. Dix defends him and by perjuring himself and getting Frank's father and a lot of friends to do the same thing, gets him acquitted. But he loses the love of the only girl he cares for—Joan Perry. In gratitude, Frank's wealthy and influential father gets Dix elected district attorney. Dix starts a clean-up campaign against drunken drivers. Frank is at a night club with his fiancée, Ann Rutherford. They have a spat and she starts home alone. Frank "borrows" a car from a parking lot and starts in hot pursuit of her, narrowly avoiding several accidents. As he catches up with Ann, he side-swipes her car, forces it over an embankment and she is instantly killed. Her father demands justice.

But when the case is called the one witness has been bribed and all the employees at the night club have been taken care of so they testify Frank had done no drinking at the club. The only charge on which they can get Frank, is driving without a license.

Joan thinks Dix is trying to get Frank off again. But Dix asks for an adjournment until next day. Next day he comes into court and tells the judge about the first case—how he and all the others perjured themselves. You can imagine the furore all this creates. The others have been sentenced and Dix is standing up in front of the judge (Frederick Burton).

"The others who were involved in this perjury are paying for their acts," Burton declares. "You have been stripped of public office, disbarred from further practice, and sentenced for subornation of perjury. It is not within the power of this court to restore you to your position at the bar. But, as to the payment for your crime, we can take into consideration the fact that you sacrificed yourself to secure justice in this case. That was a brave act of public service. The Court suspends sentence."

There is a low murmur from the audience as Dix looks gratefully at the Judge. "Thank you, sir," he whispers, turns and starts out of the courtroom.

MOST COLDS ARE INHALED



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It's the 10-second Germ Killer, even diluted with $\frac{2}{3}$ water

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Makes your dollar go 3 times as far!

• How do germs enter your body? How do colds start?

"You inhale most colds!" say authorities. Millions of germs are breathed-in every day of your life! Then, when your resistance is low, they have their chance to attack . . . to infect sensitive throat membranes!

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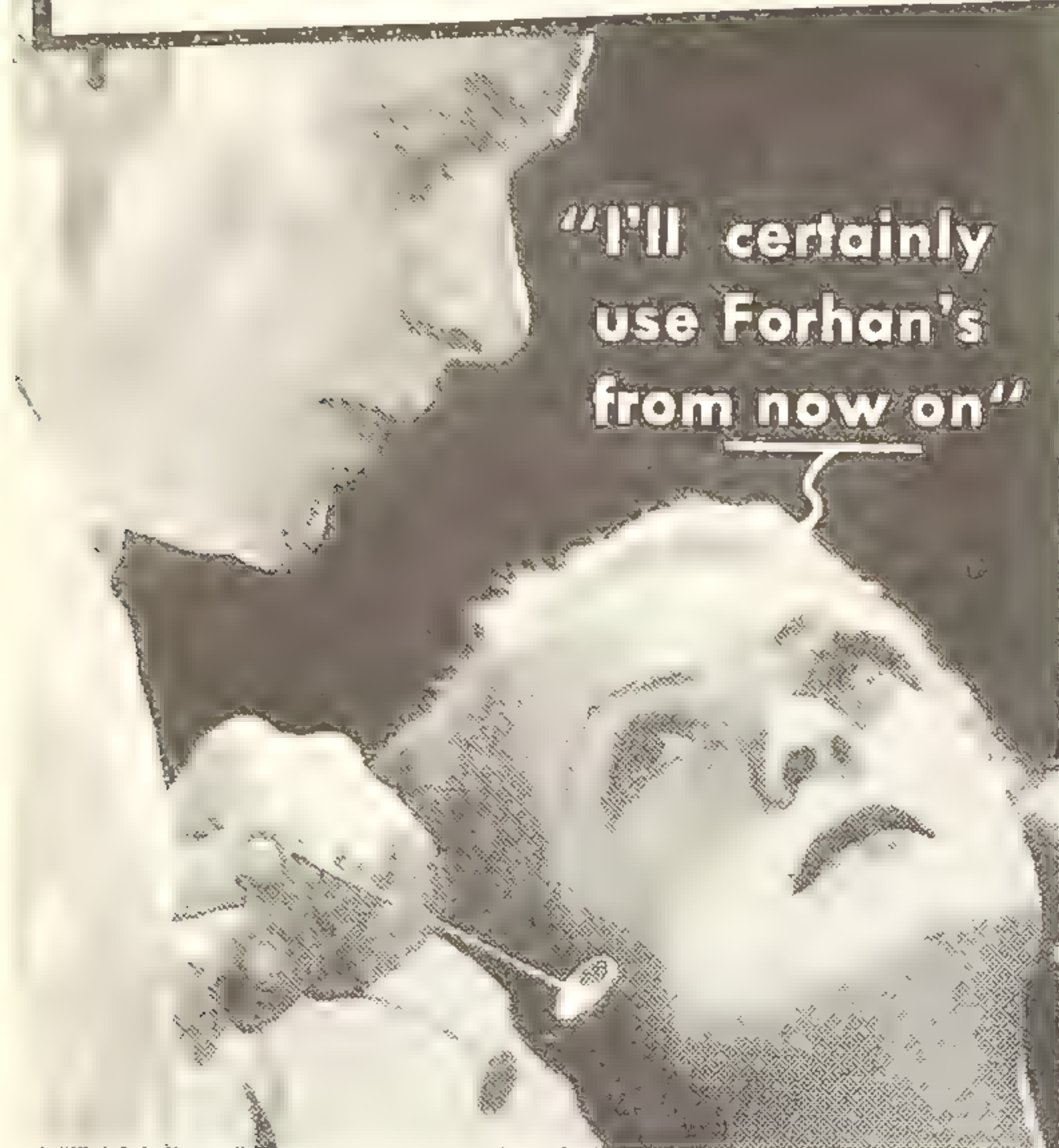
The health of yourself and your family may depend on this safety measure. Gargle twice daily with Pepsodent Antiseptic. For it's the 10-Second Germ-Killer!—your protective aid against colds and sore throats resulting from the common cold.

Get over colds twice as fast

So effective is Pepsodent that, in tests on 500 people, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Results were so clear cut that there's no argument as to what you may expect! What's more, Pepsodent is "the thrifty antiseptic"—one of the most economical you can buy. For it is a 10-Second Germ-Killer even when diluted with $\frac{2}{3}$ water. Thus Pepsodent lasts 3 times as long as other leading mouth antiseptics, and makes your dollar go 3 times as far.



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These clever actors, Leonard Mudie, Walter Connolly and Lionel Stander, are making "The League of Frightened Men." Connolly is Nero Wolfe, one of our better known fiction detectives.

Joan, who has been sitting in the press box, rises quickly and joins him at the gate, tucking her arm in his and they quietly pass out together—out of the courtroom, you know.

"In case you're interested," Fanya squeaks, "that was the very last scene in the picture."

"Dammit!" I explode. "I knew I should have waited until tomorrow to come here and then I'd have missed it."

"No, you wouldn't," she assures me. "They're shooting the first scene tomorrow. Come on. We'll go over to the next stage."

Here "The League of Frightened Men" is working. This one boasts the presence of Walter Connolly, Lionel Stander, Irene Hervey, Eduardo Cianelli and Allen Brook.

"Connolly is under contract here now," The Hatter bubbles. "I think he's wonderful. Outside of 'Let's Get Married' he hasn't made a picture here in over a year."

"What are you kicking about?" I demand. "Did you see him in 'The Good Earth'?"

"I see you're in a nasty mood," she sneers, "but you're wrong. He's a marvelous actor. And so is Stander."

"Keep quiet, you two," Al Green, the director, roars. "You can do your gabbing in her office. I'm trying to make a picture."

We subside meekly and the plot begins to unfold. It's another *Nero Wolfe* story. Connolly is *Wolfe* this time, and Stander is his devoted leg man. They are listening attentively to a caller—Leonard Mudie.

"Mr. Wolfe," Mudie begins, "a man was killed yesterday. He was the second. I may be the third—or fourth—but sooner or later this madman—"

"You are reasonably safe in this house, Professor," Connolly interrupts. "Please tell us your trouble."

"It started years ago," Mudie proceeds, "when I was a sophomore at Harvard. Eleven fellow students and myself hazed a freshman by the name of Paul Chapin. It was a typical college joke but this time it ended in tragedy. Since that day he has never walked without the use of two canes."

"That was a tough break," Stander puts in sympathetically.

"For us—as well as Chapin," Mudie agrees. "We didn't get over it for a long

time. Chapin was poor so the twelve of us kept him in college and continued to assist him until very recently. A few months ago Paul had his first big success and became financially independent. To celebrate, an old classmate, Judge Harrison, gave Paul a party at his lodge in the mountains. Judge Harrison died during that party!"

"Judge Harrison was one of the twelve hazers?" Nero Connolly questions.

"Yes. They said he fell over a cliff. I believe he was thrown over—by Paul Chapin! Everyone of us got an unsigned, typewritten letter the day after Harrison was buried. I know Chapin sent it!" he finishes hysterically.

He fumbles in his pocket and produces the letter, which he hands to Connolly. "Ye who left me but a tortured shell, Ye should have killed me. I have counted one. I shall count all. Ye should have killed me."

Walt reads the letter and passes it on to Stander. "It don't rhyme," Stander objects. "And you're afraid of being the next, Professor?" Connolly continues to question him.

"The second, Eugene Dreyer, the art dealer, was found dead yesterday. This morning the remaining ten of us got our *second* warning letter," he goes on in a strained voice. "I'll give you \$10,000 to protect me!"

"Cut!" Green orders.

"I still say they could stop the picture and save a lot more than \$10,000," I mutter. "I don't like murder pictures and I know before the mystery is solved blood will be flowing like water."

"You're crazy," The Hatter informs me for the dozenth time. "People go wild over murder pictures and this is strictly an A product—with that cast and Al Green directing. Why, all the principals have stand-ins and even the script girl wears silk stockings!"

"Let's see," I demand, but the script girl doesn't feel it necessary to prove her class to me.

Mr. Green is still glowering at me, so we leave. The other picture on this lot—"Honeymoon Pilot," with Charles Quigley and Rosalind Keith, is on location so I pursue my lonely way to—

R-K-O

I OVERLOOKED something on my production schedule. There are three big pictures going here. One of them is "Outcasts of Poker Flat" starring Preston Foster and another is "Satisfaction Guaranteed" starring Anne Shirley. But they're both on location so I'll tell you about them next month. "Toast of New York" and "The Woman I Love" I've already told you about. But it suddenly occurs to me I have never told you about "Shall We Dance?"—the new Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers opus.

The scene is one of the most beautiful roof gardens ever cooked up by a scenic artist. There is a hedge running all around the edge and at one end are a couple of gigantic crystal candelabra.

Ginger is a revue star and Fred is a famous ballet artist who has assumed the name of Petrov for stage purposes. Edward Everett Horton is Fred's manager and Jerome Cowan is Ginger's. William Brisbane is her fiancée and Eric Blore is the hotel manager. Ginger is disgusted with things in general and with Fred in particular. She decides to leave the stage. Her manager, hoping to shake her determination, arranges a farewell dinner for her at this roof garden and privately tells Fred to be there. So Fred is there with Mr. Horton—and they are at the table next to Ginger's. During the evening the orchestra leader introduces Ginger and she sings "They All Laughed." And that is what she's doing now with Fred and Eddie staring at her, expressions of mingled and varying emotions playing across their faces.

Ginger looks lovely in a printed silk evening gown with a voluminous white fox cape around her shoulders. But an Astaire-Rogers set is never one for levity—not for me, anyhow. So, there being nothing else to see at this studio I betake myself to—

Paramount

WOULD you believe me, dear peepul, if I told you there is absolutely nothing for me to tell you about here? There are gobs of pictures shooting but I've already reported every one of them—"Souls At Sea," "High, Wide and Handsome," "Waikiki Wedding," "Years Are So Long" and "Internes Can't Take Money." The only one I haven't covered is "I Met Him in Paris," starring Claudette Colbert, and, unless all signs fail, you're going to read a whole story about that one elsewhere in this same issue.

Voila! We change our course and proceed to—

Warner Brothers

"TALENT SCOUT," with Jeanne Mad-den, and "Public Wedding," with Jane Wyman, are on location.

"The Singing Marine," starring Dick Powell, is going full blast but Dick isn't working. No. Allen Jenkins, Lee Dixon, Doris Weston (a newcomer who looks double O G good) are sitting at a table. Jane Darwell comes into the restaurant, angrily shakes off the hands of the head waiter when he attempts to relieve her of her wraps and furiously tells him not to call her "Madam." (That's one thing about Warner Brothers' pictures. If a gag is funny once it'll be funny in every one of their pictures they can possibly get it into.) Then she looks around the room, spots Jenkins, trims her sails and heads for him. She sneaks up behind him and gives him a resounding whack on the back.

"Ma Marine!" Allen ejaculates looking around and seeing who it is. "How are ya?"

"How do I look?" Jane wants to know. "Can I barge in?"

"Where there're marines, that's where you belong," Allen tells her. "Folks," to the other two, "I want you to meet the mother of the Fourth Marines. This is Corporal Slim Dixon and Miss Peggy Randall."

WAKE UP Mary!

It's a grand
old world
and you're
missing it



YOU'RE a pretty girl, Mary, and you're smart about most things. But you're just a bit stupid about yourself.

You love a good time—but you seldom have one. Evening after evening you sit at home alone.

You've met several grand men who seemed interested at first. They took you out once—and *that was that*.

WAKE UP, MARY!

There are so many pretty Marys in the world who never seem to sense the real reason for their aloneness.

In this smart modern age, it's against the code for a girl (or a man, either) to carry the repellent odor of underarm perspiration on clothing and person.

It's a fault which never fails to carry its own punishment—unpopularity. And justly. For it is a fault which can be overcome in just half a minute—with Mum!

No bother to use Mum. Just smooth a bit of Mum under each arm—and slip into your dress without a minute lost. No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Use it any time; harmless to clothing. If

you forget to use Mum before you dress, just use it afterwards. Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing and cooling to skin. You'll love this about Mum—you can shave your underarms and use it at once. Even the most delicate skin won't mind!

Effective all day long. Mum never lets you down. Its protection lasts, no matter how strenuous your day or evening.

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum just prevents the objectionable part of perspiration—the unpleasant odor—and not the natural perspiration itself.

Don't let neglect cheat you of good times which you were meant to have. The daily Mum habit will keep you safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



USE MUM ON
SANITARY NAPKINS

Know what complete freedom from doubt and fear of this cause of unpleasantness can really mean.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



"Howdy," says Jane briefly, seating herself.

"Ma Marine means more to the guys in Shanghai than soup does to nuts," Allen explains as he re-seats himself. "She runs the Anchorage there just for us gyrenes."

"You bein' transferred back to Shanghai, Mike?" Jane inquires of him. He nods. "Trouble comin' up there?" He shrugs. "Why aren't you on a transport?"

"I'm actin' as keeper to a thing called 'The Singing Marine,'" he informs her disgustedly.

"Heard him on the radio," Jane tells

them. "What's he like?"

"Take a look," Jenkins invites her and yells, "Hey! Slug!"

I take it *Slug* is Dick but as he's on another stage rehearsing it's a cinch he isn't coming over to the table now. He'll probably arrive tomorrow—or the next day.

Allen is in one of his grumpy moods where he doesn't want to talk and Dixon is all wrapped up in Miss Weston. I don't blame him. She has on a dress of that come-hither red color with horizontal white stripes.

But the room is very elegant. Instead of

the customary plush drapes and gilt and crystal it has some very soft green velvet curtains and everything else about it is very quiet and in impeccable taste. You can't get laughs out of drapes, however, so I proceed to the next set where—

"Kid Galahad" is in work, starring Bette Davis and Edward G. (say! Did any of you ever wonder what that "G" is for? I heard—but I only *heard*, mind you—his middle name is Geronimo) Robinson. Humphrey Bogart is in this, too.

"Hey!" Bogart greets me when we're introduced. "You wrote that you'd met me a number of times and I never remember you. I'm sorry. I'm very bad about that and it worries me. It wasn't intentional. I go 'round in a daze and look right square at people without seeing them."

Then we sit down and gab for about an hour and have a lot of laughs telling stories about people we knew on the stage in the old days when he was a tadpole and I was a fish.

"The Singing Marine" (Dick Powell) is not in this scene, but Lee Dixon, Doris Weston, Allen Jenkins and Jane Darwell carry on.

And all at once the ubiquitous Mushy Calahan bounces up.

"Hey, Dick!" he says, "ja know Bob Nestell is boxing in this picture? Have you met him yet? Come on over. I want you to meet him."

We go over to young Mr. Nestell, who everyone thinks is going to be the boy who will presently flatten Joe Lewis. "Take care of Bob," Mushy admonishes me, "and don't forget me at the same time. I haven't seen my name in your column in quite some months."

Bob is very shy and you practically have to blast to get a word out of him. He's enough like Wally Hally (who is under

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The choice of a laxative, for instance, may not worry *you*. But it's a definite consideration with the doctor. Before he will give a laxative his approval, he insists that it meet his own strict specifications.

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable . . . Mild . . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should *not*: Over-act . . . Form a habit . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

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wonder it's the most widely used laxative in the whole world.

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When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

the same management) to be his twin brother. I mean he's like him in his manner. The make-up man has done a swell job with him, too. He's never been knocked out in a real fight but he gets knocked out in this one. And they've put some red stuff around both eyes that look like blood to make it look like his eyes have been cut and are bleeding.

The scene is supposed to be during the fight. The auditorium is jammed. Robinson, who manages Wayne Morris, and his trainer (Harry Carey) are at the corner and as Bob knocks Wayne into that corner Robinson yells, "Lay off that, kid! D'ya hear me? Box him!" But Wayne backs Bob into that corner, blasting him. Bob's guard has risen. A right hand catches him in the solar plexus. As he crashes back against the ropes, Wayne rocking him with rights to the head, Eddie yells up at him, "Lay off! Yuh tryin' to ruin everything?"

It's all very confusing. The fight is supposed to be going on and Robinson is all in a sweat but there's no fight going on because Bob is sitting right beside me and Wayne is in his dressing room on the other side of the stage.

Finally the director yells "Cut!" I doubt that even Eddie's wife and mother are on kidding terms with him. He's much too arty to go in for laughs. Mr. Nestell's job is boxing—not quipping. Wayne is nowhere around. Bette isn't working today and I've already milked Humphrey dry of anecdotes so I proceed to—

Twentieth Century-Fox

NOW we come to the set of "Cafe Metropole" starring Loretta Young and Tyrone Power, Jr.

Adolphe Menjou is the head waiter in the Cafe Metropole. He has borrowed 450,000 francs from the cashier. The auditors are coming next day and the cashier threatens Adolphe with a gun unless he pays pronto. Menjou craftily talks him into the loan of an additional 30,000 which he promises to repay next day before the auditors arrive. Then he goes to a smart gambling club and starts playing Banco. He keeps doubling his money until he has 240,000 francs. Everyone is urging him to stop but he risks the whole amount and wins once more. This time it is from a young man—Tyrone. When Adolphe asks for a settlement he discovers Tyrone has no money, although he offers a worthless check.

There isn't much dialogue in the gambling parlor, except the *croupier* offering the bank and people making wagers.

So I drift back to where Loretta is sitting with Tyrone. "Aren't either of you working?" I ask.

"I'm not," Loretta smiles. "I'm only visiting on the set, showing some house guests from Piedmont how pictures are made." Her guests are Mrs. Paul Fretz and her daughter, Tory. They were so thrilled by it all and I keep thinking how wonderful it would be if all of us, who are so close to pictures, could just keep that enthusiasm which we, too, knew when we first came out here.

And Loretta is being a perfect hostess. There are very few stars who bother showing friends through the studios. Usually they just arrange to have some messenger boy take them around but here is Loretta acting as guide herself.

I turn to Tyrone. "Aren't you working either?"

"Yeah," he grins. "I'm sitting right across from Menjou but they're taking a close-up of him and I wouldn't show. As soon as they finish this I'm to be taken into the manager's office where I offer them the check."

We kid around for awhile and then I start home.

And that, my public, will be about all until next month. *Auf wiedersehen.*

DO YOU USE THE RIGHT SHADE OF FACE POWDER?



Rachel Made Her Look Like This! ➡

By *Lady Esther*

It's amazing the number of women who use the wrong shade of face powder.

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The great trouble is that women choose their face powder shades on the wrong basis. They try to match "type." This is a mistake because you are not a "type," but an individual. You may be a brunette and still have a very light skin or any one of a number of different tones between light and dark. The same holds true if you are a blonde or redhead.

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The Test That Tells!

I want you to see if you are using the right shade of face powder or whether you should be using some other shade. So, I offer you all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder to try on, free of charge.

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Try on each of the ten shades as if you had never used face powder before. Maybe you'll make a great discovery for yourself. Maybe you'll find a shade that will completely "youthify" your appearance.

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(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (33)

FREE

Lady Esther, Ltd., 2062 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a purse-size tube of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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YOUR HEART TO
THE STARS...in the
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greatest star... in the role
she was born to play!

and
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in
**'SEVENTH
HEAVEN'**

with
**JEAN HERSHOLT • GREGORY
RATOFF • Gale Sondergaard
J. Edward Bromberg • John Qualen
Victor Kilian • Thomas Beck
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Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith

Adapted from the stage play "Seventh
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Darryl F. Zanuck
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This was heaven
—to make one
man her life...her
love...her world!



SILVER SCREEN

Topics For Gossip



YOU can't tell Warner Oland that the world's not pretty well filled with honest people. While on his trip to the Orient last year Oland lost a cigarette case. He thought he probably mislaid it in Singapore. Recently a package arrived for him at the studio, where he is making "Charlie Chan at the Olympics," and in it was his long lost cigarette case. It had been sent by Roy Royston, Singapore rubber planter. The case had slipped down between the cushions of a chair in the lounge of the Peninsula Hotel in Hong-Kong and only after many months were the initials "W.O." traced to their owner.

"I'm very grateful for the return of the case," Oland said, "but it sort of upsets things. I have, for a long time, managed to lose at least one cigarette case a year, and that always made it easy for Mrs. Oland to select a Christmas present."

JEAN ARTHUR, vacationing in New York with her husband, Frank Ross, developed a dancing mood one night and got all dressed up like a movie star. She and Frank went to every night club in town but couldn't get in because they were all filled up. A week later she and Frank attended a first night of a Broadway play and after the performance the young couple they were with suggested that they go night-clubbing. Jean dismally assured them that it was Saturday and that they would never be able to get in—hadn't she and Frank tried last Saturday night! "But we can get in," shrieked the friends, "we've already made reservations in your name."

THEY say that Sonja Henie got a little excited about all those romantic rumors involving Tyrone Power and Loretta

Young, and, with a few days off from her heavy personal appearance tour, flew into Hollywood just to see what it's all about. Eye-witnesses report that Tyrone met Sonja at the Union Air Terminal and that they clinched and kissed and posed for pictures and it was all very sweet. "It's wonderful to see you," Sonja said. "You," said Tyrone, who knows how to write his own love scenes, "look better than wonderful to me."

Sonja further remarked that it was "ridiculous" to think that she had hastened to Hollywood to check on reports that Loretta and Tyrone were playing boy meets girl.

ALTHOUGH the billboards continue to read "Garbo loves Robert Taylor," it seems that Barbara Stanwyck is still the object of Mr. Taylor's affections. He has just given her a new sapphire and diamond ring that will knock your eyes out. And Garbo, who is a stubborn girl, still insists that those billboards should read, "Robert Taylor loves Garbo."

MARLENE DIETRICH and Douglas Fairbanks Jr., have been lunching together almost daily since they returned to Hollywood. And Marlene is telling everyone who asks her the London gossip that Merle Oberon will marry Brian Aherne any day now.

Grace Moore, opera star, movie star and flower transplanter, sings with joy as she moves a night blooming cactus down front to the spotlight; husband Valentin Parera assisting.

WHEN her pals on the set of "Personal Property" showed Jean Harlow the pictures in the papers of the senator kissing her, which were taken when she attended the President's Ball in Washington, Jean merely remarked, "He's certainly going to town, isn't he?"

NORMA SHEARER, looking more beautiful than ever, has been attending many of the previews lately, and was discovered by the fans at "The Last Of Mrs. Cheyney." Norma made this picture only a few years ago and probably was interested in seeing what the new edition was like. She was also seen with her sister at the Jane Cowl play, "The First Lady," in Los Angeles.

HOLLYWOOD'S first peek at Surrealist Art occurred this week at the Siegel-Antheil Galleries, amid a great display of interest in the screen colony. Carole Lombard expressed great interest in a picture titled, "Agitated Landscape;" Edward G. Robinson pinned his preference to a Salvador Dali titled, "A Dream Puts Her Hand on a Man's Shoulder," and Lola Lane purchased a bit of political whimsy called "Death Goes on the WPA."

JANET GAYNOR and Margaret Lindsay and their respective mammas are having a New York vacation—Janet at last having finished her first technicolor picture "A Star Is Born." And for the first time in her screen career Janet has decided that she will "settle" in Hollywood and has bought a goodly bit of property in the Outpost, where she expects to build as soon as she returns from New York. Janet has always lived in "rented" houses. But now she, too, wishes to belong to the landed gentry. It gets them all sooner or later. Miriam Hopkins, who would have none of Hollywood when she first came out here to make a picture, and who dashed off to New York as soon as her picture was completed, recently bought the late John Gilbert estate and has become a home owner. Ditto Irene Dunne. Sylvia Sidney seems to be our only die-hard left. Sylvia still lives in an apartment, and still rushes off to New York the minute she finishes a picture. But maybe love has something to do with that.

HUGH HERBERT has lost twelve perfectly good fountain pens in as many weeks, by reason of autograph hunters who have managed to collect both his signature and his pen.

THERE is no trouble too great apparently for a fan to take to please a star. Pat O'Brien received a letter the other day containing forty-four four leaf clovers collected by an Irish fan who volunteered the information that it had taken three months to collect them.

DON'T CRY OVER SPILT MILK

Secrets Of Popularity That Jeanette MacDonald
Learned From Her Own Experiences.

By Arthur L. Wolf

(Sketches by Julie Dean)



Why does this girl
lose her popularity?

Why do men hover
around when
a charming girl
isn't even trying?

IN TRIM navy blue slacks fitting smoothly over slender hips, a blue flannel blouse open at the throat, her golden red hair that hung to her shoulders catching glints from the firelight, Jeanette MacDonald resembled nothing so much as a Gainsborough or Henry Clive beauty masquerading as a boy.

I have seen Jeanette MacDonald in glittering gowns and luxurious furs at important premieres, looking every inch the glamorous movie queen. I have seen her in street attire, in the latest modes from Parisian ateliers.

But this was my first glimpse of her in slacks. This was an informal Jeanette, relaxing on a free afternoon after strenuous weeks of working in "Maytime." Making no effort to be the glamorous star nor a carefully turned out lady of fashion—yet appearing as natural as if she were garbed and made up for a sophisticated screen rôle!

After I got over staring, like some foreigner on his first visit to American shores, we talked of many things. Not like star and interviewer. But like old friends. It is so easy to talk with Jeanette MacDonald. She speaks pleasantly, frankly, intelligently, and what is more, is a good listener.

So we talked of many things. Of moving

The girl who can
laugh when she is
laughed at will be
someone's pal.

old, and found many mutual friends among them. Of places where the food was good. Of football, of lectures and recitals, and stage shows coming to Hollywood . . . We even talked of philosophy!

And then she told me:

"My mother taught me a bit of philosophy when I was a child. Expressed simply, it was 'never cry over spilt milk.' It came to my rescue then, and has done so innumerable times. After all, when an unpleasant experience comes your way, there's little sense in dwelling upon it. You might be so busy making yourself unhappy over yesterday's disappointment that something fine in today's schedule goes unnoticed. There are a dozen ways of expressing the philosophy of my spilt milk axiom. There's 'Close the door on yesterday.' There's 'Live for today, for yesterday is gone and tomorrow may never come.' There's 'Look forward, not backward.' Oh, and many

pictures we had
both seen. Of
books, new and

more. All of them reminding us that today, not yesterday nor tomorrow, is what counts."

Jeanette curled herself into a more comfortable position. Obviously, she was warming to her subject.

"I believe most things that happen to us, happen for the best," she went on. "Sometimes I've had to cling tenaciously to that philosophy, but in the end it has proven true."

"But to go back to my first disappointment—how insignificant it really was, but how important it seemed at the time! I once had the most violent crush on a boy—and he didn't even know I existed!"

Her words, startlingly clear, enunciated in her simple, unaffected manner, fell, I must confess, on unbelieving ears. Her next words revealed that she must have read frank disbelief in my expression.

"Oh, but I'm serious," she added.

With a smile that broke into a crescendo of musical laughter, Hollywood's most gorgeous red-head confided to me about



Dreamed what I'd say when he did. And then, miracle of miracles, he invited me to a big Hallowe'en party!

"Feeling very triumphant, I boasted shamelessly about my conquest. Two days later, I discovered that my invitation had come because of Johnny's desire to make another girl jealous! I thought my heart was broken."

Here she interrupted herself to laugh, "Hearts break so easily when one is 14, don't they? But after discovering, to my surprise, that my heart actually didn't crumple to pieces and that I could go on living and laughing as before, I realized that it was hurt pride that caused tears in my eyes and kept me from facing my crowd with my chin up."

"It was then that my mother first taught me to be philosophical about disappointments."

"There was another time, in the early days of my stage career, when I was grateful for that first principle of philosophy. I lost my job suddenly because I disagreed impertinently with the producer of the show over the manner in which I should sing a certain song."

"Do you know what it means to be out of a

job in the middle of a season, with hundreds of professional people more experienced than you sitting hour after hour in casting offices? It's no joke, I can assure you, to pass over lightly. I realized that I had been hasty and headstrong. A bit of diplomacy might have kept me from the necessity of haunting the booking agencies. Well, I hadn't been diplomatic. I was out of a job. And that was that."

"Why cry over it? I didn't. I was wiser—and determined not to make the same mistake again. It was some time before I found another engagement. The play was not good—far from it—but it led to my real opportunity, an audition with the renowned Henry Savage. Delighted, I went to the audition. Horror of horrors, I found I had brought the wrong music! The song was written a whole tone too high for my voice! Since it was too late to turn back and get the right music, I optimistically asked the accompanist to transpose it to the proper key. She agreed, but when the accompaniment started, it was as it had been written, and the result was just what I had feared—I reached for a high note, and my voice cracked! There was 'spilt milk' for you! Undaunted, I deliberately stalled for time. Finally, after a cascade of 'Mi, mi, mi's,' I announced calmly, 'It's too high for me'—and finished the song, anyway."

"With what shreds of dignity I could muster, my face flushed with embarrassment, I started to leave the scene of my

[Continued on page 91]

The girl who doesn't mind an unexpected shower is "aces high."

JULIE

this thwarted love of her life.

"He was the most popular boy in my high school crowd, back in Philadelphia," she reflected.

"He was 16, good-looking, well dressed and lived in the best house in the neighborhood. In short, he was the 'prize.'"

"I was 14, a normal 14 years old, which is neither child nor adult. My nose was too generously sprinkled with freckles, my hair and clothes both conformed to the unbecoming modes of the time."

A strange picture to associate with Jeanette MacDonald! Unmindful of my inward reflections, she went on.

"Johnny frankly ignored me," she mused. "I spent hours hoping that he'd notice me."

Jeanette MacDonald in the garden of her California home. (Right) A scene from "Maytime," with Nelson Eddy.



ROYAL HORSEGUARD



In Hollywood There Is No Man Like Him! Ray Milland Is An Expert Marksman And Horseman. He Has Even Raced In The Famous Grand National Steeplechase In England—The Most Difficult Course In The World.

By
Whitney Williams

A scene from "Wings Over Honolulu." Ken Taylor (Left) watches with baleful glance as Wendy Barrie and Ray Milland tread a measure.



LIFE—as has been noted some few million times—is a funny thing. Had Josef von Sternberg not traveled to Germany to direct a picture and there become intrigued with the possibilities of a somewhat plumpish young woman named Marlene Dietrich, who, up until then, had been no more than a hanger-on in the UFA studios, the glamorous star might still be clamoring for attention in German films.

Had Joan Crawford not picked up that piece of torn newspaper carrying a want-ad for clerks in a Kansas City department store, she would not have met the girl whose sister introduced her to a vaudeville agent and, in consequence, she might never have embarked upon a theatrical career which eventually led her to Hollywood.

And, by the same token, had Ray Milland, English to the core, not escorted Estelle Brody, the only actress he had ever known, to London's famous Carlton for dinner, he might be an officer in the British army, a diplomat in some foreign court . . . least of all one of Hollywood's most up and promising young actors.

But Ray Milland DID "date" the bright-eyed Miss Brody, star of the English cinema, to the tune of a fifty-dollar evening of gay abandon—his last bit of change, by the way—and therein lay the turning-point of our Mister Milland's existence.

Tall, slender, regular-featured, one of the screen's better-dressed actors and radiating an engaging personality, Ray Milland stands today a potential star.

Polished in appearance and soft-spoken, he is being groomed to take the place left vacant by Gary Cooper and Cary Grant on the Paramount lot, and Paramount, his home-studio, has high hopes for his future.

That he is one of the most sought after leading men in Hollywood right now would seem to indicate that his future, and stardom, are assured—right around the corner, you might say. In

rapid succession during the past six or seven months, he has appeared prominently in featured roles, in "Three Smart Girls," "The Big Broadcast of 1937," "The Jungle Princess," "Bulldog Drummond Escapes," "Wings Over Honolulu" and, ere this story can be printed, will have enacted the leading role opposite Jean Arthur in "Easy Living."

Quite an enviable record for any player, but Milland can recall with all-too-poignant reality other days of his acting career when month after month passed without even so much as a consideration for a part.

"I was down to one suit, several shirts, two ties and a pair of shoes that looked presentable only because they were shined daily," he admits, ruefully. "It wasn't that acting was in my blood, or I was waiting for my grand opportunity—I would have taken any old kind of a job, even with pick-and-shovel. The fact was I couldn't find work. Fortunately for me, those days seem past now."

Unconsciously, he glanced around the comfortable surroundings in which he and his pretty wife reside. [Continued on page 88]

Ed Sullivan Says:— THE SCREEN IS NOT TRUE TO LIFE!

He Is An Experienced Newspaperman
Who Sees Everyone, Goes Every-
where And Writes As He Likes.
Here He Takes The Producers To Task.



Ed Sullivan

I WAS sitting with Bugs Baer, famous Hearst syndicate humorist, in the loge section of the Capitol Theatre, and on the screen Robert Benchley was playing a very amusing drunk character: "You get around to night clubs a lot," remarked the Bugs, "have you ever seen a drunk who was amusing?" My mind raced down the night club aisles and memory spread before me the thousands of drunks that a Broadway columnist meets in the course of years. Not one of them was amusing. All of them had been annoying pests, noisy, quarrelsome, the most disagreeable people you wouldn't care to meet.

"In the movies, a drunk is always pictured as the life of the party," said Baer. "Even his wife forgives him because he is a witty guy, full of corn, con and conviviality. Now you know that ain't so. The wife of the life of the party would drag him to a settee and flatten him!" On the screen, however, just as Baer pointed out, the drunken Benchley was the life of the picture and the party. Everything he did was hilarious.

From the drunk scene, there was a fade into a night club scene where people were dancing: "You see," said Bugs, "that's what I mean. Have you ever been in a night club where the dance floor was big enough to dance on? Every time I go to a night club, I sit out every dance because the floor is smaller than one of Farley's special delivery stamps, and dancing on it is legalized assault and battery. But, in the movies, the night club dancing floor is as big as the afterdeck of the Queen Mary. Another thing, look at those couples dancing on the screen. The director has matched them off for height. It couldn't happen in real life. I'll bet you 1000 to 1 that you've never gone to a Broadway night club without finding at least one short guy dancing with a tall girl, and at least one short girl dancing with a tall guy." I had to confess that this was true, and that I'd often commented on it.



Bob Benchley, as a
drunk, is always the
life of the party.



James Cagney as
the amateur who
knocks out the pro-
fessional prizefight-
ers. (Left) Shirley
Ross—she did not
have to rehearse.



Bugs' incisive observation prodded my dull mind into action. Like the mills of the gods, the Sullivan mind works slowly but once the gears are grinding, they grind exceedingly fine. I started to wonder how many other things the movie directors did that were contrary to what you find in actual, everyday life. If movie directors were so unobservant as to believe that all drunks were amusing, gay creatures, instead of brawling pests, they must be just as wrong in other things. I thought back over the moving pictures I'd seen, and arrived at some amazing conclusions.

In the past fifteen years, first as a sporting writer and for the past five years as a Broadway columnist, I guess I've known all of the Public Enemies, the chiefs of the underworld. In fact, I've been friends with most of them, sat with them nightly in Broadway clubs and restaurants. You can conclude that from this first hand observation, I'd know something about them, but believe me when I tell you that no gangster ever

brought to the screen, or pictured on the screen, remotely resembles the mobsters I've known on Broadway. I've been writing on New York newspapers for the past seventeen years, but no newspaper movie I've ever seen bears the slightest resemblance to newspapers I've worked for, or newspapermen with whom I've worked. No night club picture I've ever seen has had the slightest actual resemblance to the night clubs which I visit every night on my rounds of the Dawn Patrol.

I covered sports for twelve years, saw every big championship contest in baseball, football, tennis, rowing and in the ring. Yet no moving picture plotted around any of these sports ever has resembled the actual things that happen [Continued on page 76]



(Above) Hurdling a high jump bar is one of the most exciting of sports, for you never know just how you'll land. Barbara Read, judging by her triumphant smile, lands right side up. (Right) Dixie Dunbar created this strange exercise out of her own pretty head. Try it some time; it does wonders for your arms and hands, and doesn't neglect your underpinning either.

FINE Figure FRENZY

By
Ben Maddox

SPRING has come to Hollywood—and it has brought figure frenzy! There is a new lilt in the exclusive atmosphere of every famous home I have visited lately, for the more exciting members of the screen colony are yearning for physical perfection and are enthusiastically going after it. They may have been getting by nicely enough before the cameras, but now their personal vanity is aroused. Personal triumphs loom. Tomorrow's surf-and-sand dates are just a tear of the calendar away and when you step into a 1937 bathing scantie you're completely on your own. And while studio retouchers can artfully fix up pictures posed for publication, the snapshots of chums with impromptu habits demand that every angle be a keen one.

Those who have already attained their ideal measurements are diligently retaining them for the coming summer. Joan Crawford is working out every single day with her trainer. Johnny Weissmuller never misses his swimming routine. Ten million women

may want Robert Taylor, but what he wants is a physique in the Weissmuller manner and secretly he is acquiring one. Jean Harlow is fighting an annoying inch here and there by dieting, and Loretta Young has discovered that rest is the only thing that will help her gain.

George Raft is resolute about his waistline, Bing Crosby at last is thinning, and Garbo has stopped being indifferent. She's gone to a doctor in Pasadena, the one curvacious Tilly Losch went to for a curve-producing diet, and hopes his advice will be equally good for her. Ginger Rogers, in strange contrast to the others, scorns all material methods.

Each magnetic player has his particular problem and his pet system for the body beautiful. Yet a fine program for one often sounds appalling to another celebrity, so it's evident you needn't pursue a plan that's disagreeable. Do as the star who feels likewise does! Whether the goal of their April campaign is to hang onto already obtained allure, or to reduce or put on pounds in the better places, there is certainly some procedure under way.

Actresses no longer rely even upon an Adrian to whip up chic costumes with disguising lines. Personality men sense that expensive tailors can be of no assistance shortly. It's a severe blow to the girdle manufacturers and to the swanky cocktail bars, this determination to be proportioned elegantly, but who cares about them now? It's spring and the sunshine beckons. Ever since Eve's era love has been abetted by a generous degree of physical appeal. Besides, the stars maintain it's fun to concentrate exclusively on yourself for a change, a thrill to deliberately be your most attractive.

(Below) Doris Nolan does the Russian Squat. It looks easy, but don't let Doris' smile deceive you. This is one of the most difficult positions to achieve. (Below—right) The old reliable sport—horseback riding—satisfies Bette Davis' urge to maintain the body beautiful.



"You can improve your looks by flattering make-up and by experimenting with coiffures. But you can't alter the features of your face. You *can* change your figure, accomplish wonders on it!" Joan Crawford is very earnest when she declares the figure is the basis of charm. When she arrived in Hollywood herself she fell into deep despair. She was a full twenty-five pounds too heavy! She gaped at the exquisitely gowned film queens with envy, for she not only lacked a wardrobe and the cash to command elaborate grooming, but she was a hundred and forty-five pounds of solid muscle, thanks to her dancing. In desperation Joan went on extreme diets, a dish of applesauce frequently being her dinner after a day of constant

With Summer In The Offing The Hollywood Stars Are Wasting No Time Keeping Those Curves Under Control For Beach Consumption

activity and minute rations. She lost the undesired surplus all right, but hardly by the sane diet she's found, is wisest.

But the grand trait in Joan is her remembrance of her yester-year's struggles. She doesn't lose patience when she hears of foolish dieting. Having attained her goal, she intends to stay in tip-top form. She's hired Bob Howard, a professional trainer, to reach her Brentwood manor at 6 a.m. when she is to go to the studio. In sweatshirt and slacks she races around the block with him. They have a stirring set of badminton and dive into the pool in the garden for a vigorous splashing. He winds up administering a brisk massage and she winds up aglow with that vitality which distinguishes her. Even when she isn't on call to act the trainer comes to the house, only not at dawn.

Franchot Tone has his own problem; it is to put on more muscle without adding any fat. So adjoining the dressing-rooms beside the pool he has a miniature gymnasium where he juggles weights in a series of regular progression exercises. He and Robert Taylor could present a bar-bell demonstration if they wished, for the nation's most popular Bob also is following the same scientific development schedule.

The spare bedroom in the Taylor cottage on a quiet Beverly street is surprisingly stacked with assorted weights and bars, and three evenings a week Bob behaves like a college athlete training for the Olympics. Donald Loomis, M-G-M's physical instructor, directs the hour sessions and at each one Bob either performs one more lift or slips a bulkier disk on the bar. He's as eager as can be to outshine the life-guards when it's time to take Barbara Stanwyck surf-boarding.

Carole Lombard used to be too heavy, too. She reduced to her present enviable shape by massage, a masseuse spanking Carole's hips from a 36½ to a 34-inch measurement. Like Joan Crawford, with Carole it's simply a question of remaining "as is." But Carole can't be bothered with a trainer and a regime. Two sports do the trick for her—tennis and riding. She's taken lessons in tennis so she can invite women champions up and not be badly beaten. She stables the horse Clark Gable gave her conveniently near-by and rides in Stone Canyon, beyond Bel Air, on days she isn't working.

But two other glamor girls, Claudette Colbert and Loretta Young, frankly aren't strenuous at all. They'd like to be, but they haven't the excess energy. Both had handsome swimming pools built, and Claudette has a splendid tennis court. Occasionally they use this sports equipment.

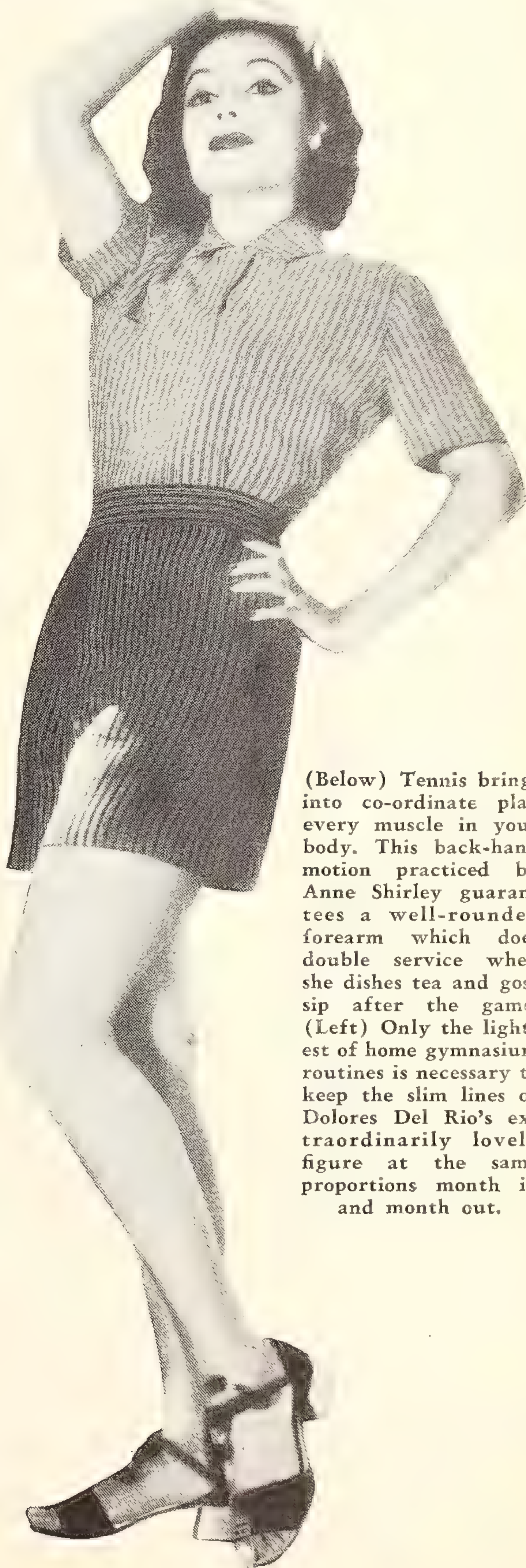
Both Claudette and Loretta are five feet three and weigh 106. They wear clothes marvelously, but with their outdoor dates approaching they agree that about ten pounds more apiece will be more becoming. And since their work burns up so much of their strength that they are too tired to play spiritedly, it's their contention that rest and sleep is their one hope. Claudette lies down for fifteen minutes after every meal, not to read, not even to think. She attempts to drive all distractions from her mind and just relax. Loretta vows that when she stays in bed she gains and she's up against passing up most of her dates.

There are no more fastidious women in Hollywood than Joan Bennett and Dolores Del Rio. They slide over no detail which could enhance their appearance because they are smart enough to know that if a girl's face is her fortune her figure is her next best

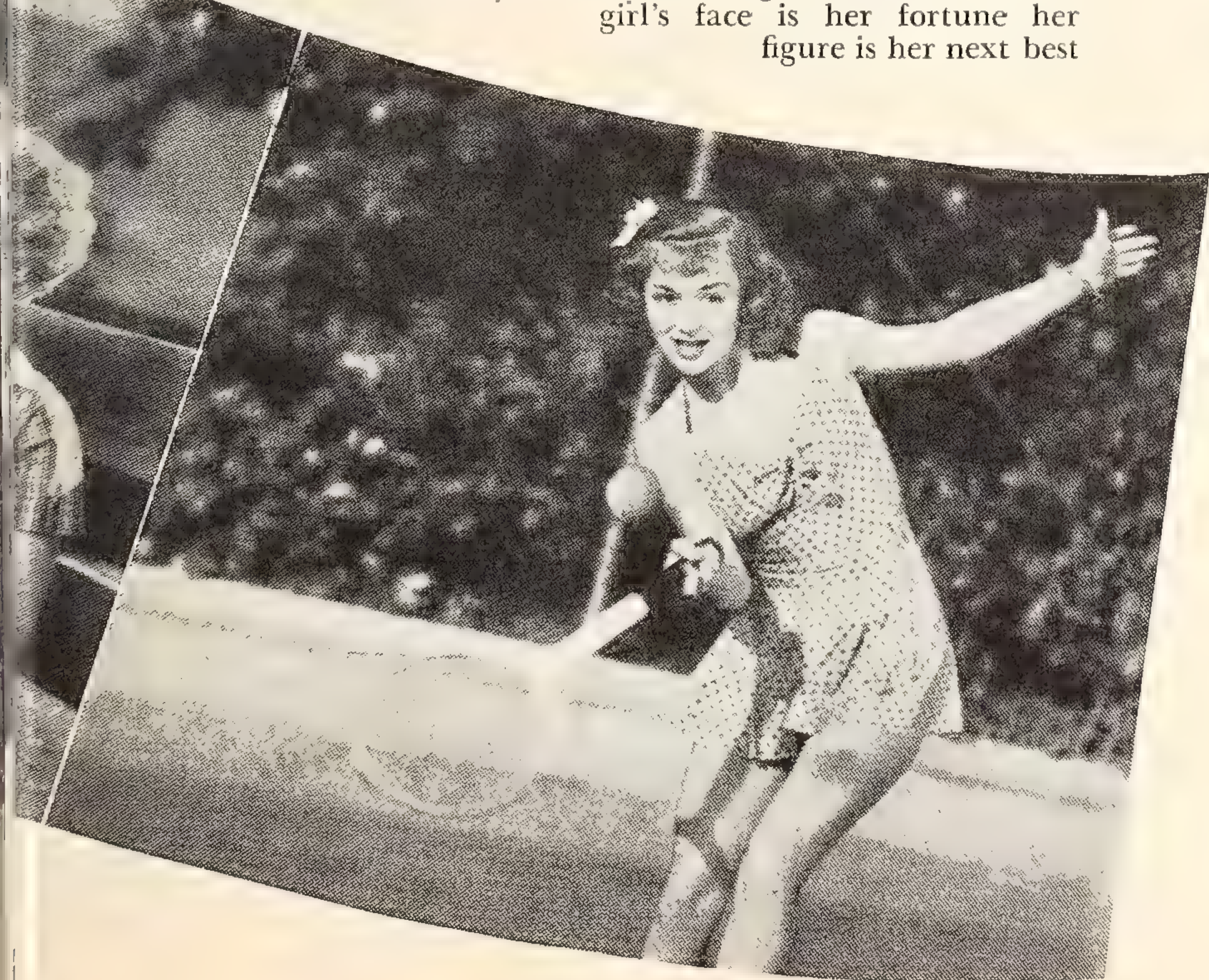
bet. Someone told Joan that her posture wasn't so admirable. Instead of dismissing the remark as cattiness, Joan began watching herself and decided there was something to the criticism. She mapped out exercises that would be beneficial and now she takes them daily—on a blue satin mattress!

Dolores, also a fashion-setter, has purchased a woman's home gymnasium outfit and she is using weights adjusted to her strength for light, but daily routines. As a matter of fact, she's taken to asking Mrs. Gary Cooper and Fay Wray over to four o'clock get-togethers in her modernistic figure room. The trio goes to town unless Fay happens to be in the midst of lettuce week, in which case she's none too peppy. You see, when Fay wants to lose weight she eats lettuce and nothing else for an entire week.

Anita Louise goes on a milk diet for a week once every three months. But Basil Rathbone can laugh [Continued on page 81]



(Below) Tennis brings into co-ordinate play every muscle in your body. This back-hand motion practiced by Anne Shirley guarantees a well-rounded forearm which does double service when she dishes tea and gossip after the game. (Left) Only the lightest of home gymnasium routines is necessary to keep the slim lines of Dolores Del Rio's extraordinarily lovely figure at the same proportions month in and month out.



Dick Powell Is Sixth In The Latest List Of Box Office Winners, But He Thinks No One Wants To See Him Because He Photographs So "Young."

IN SEARCH OF HIS AGE

By Charles Darnton

WHEN you realize that a lot of people have their faces lifted in the desperate hope of looking younger, you are amazed at anyone's having the face to say he wants to look older than the law of indulgent nature will allow.

That's the fellow, the one in a marine's uniform, sitting over there at the far side of the Green Room—it's really just a lunch room—and as this is the first time you've seen him off the screen you take a good look at him.

Yes, boyish Dick Powell is engagingly, incredibly, hopelessly youthful. But he isn't happy about it. No. With almost the first word out of his mouth, before a forked oyster can get into it, he confesses that his confirmed juvenility is the bane of his existence, the cross he bears. Hardly able to believe your ears, you are made to feel that Master Dick—beg pardon, Mr. Powell—would give anything in the world of motion pictures for a faintly wrinkled brow, a few well-chosen crow's-feet, or any other ravaging trifles to mark him as a man of years.

"I'm thirty-two," he protests, "but I'm still playing boy scouts."

Here, then, is Richard in search of his age. But let us pray, on our creaking knees, he never finds it, at any rate for another thirty-two years. Meanwhile he should be reconciled to the undeniable fact that he is the best, as well as best-liked, singing light comedian on the screen. And as for boy scouts, didn't he, in "On the Avenue," momentarily play an aged, portly millionaire from head to waistline? You mention this just to cheer



Thirty-two years old, but the arteries won't harden.

him up. Surely, that part was old enough to satisfy his morbid longing to feel his joints stiffen.

"Y-yes, but that was a bit on the other side." Then, brightening: "My own wife didn't know me."

You congratulate him, at the same time making the mental reservation that there's probably precious little else Joan Blondell doesn't know about him.

"I put that one over on her," he grins. "It was a lot of fun. So was the song, 'The Girl on the Police Gazette.' I like doing character stuff."

Perhaps you've noticed how well the facile Powell did it, not only in the singing of the song itself but with that quaint touch of caricature true to the 'nineties, the skillful acting of his hands, the droll humor playing about the corners of his mouth.

"But at a radio broadcast," he is pained to relate, "I murdered an Irving Berlin song. It's the one that goes:

"You listen to the words that I speak,

But I feel that you listen with your tongue in your cheek."

"Suddenly I saw Berlin, who sat right down in front, turn white as a sheet, then writhe in his chair. No wonder, for this is the way I sang it:

"I listen to the words you speak,

But I feel that I listen with my tongue in your cheek."

"I could have torn out my own tongue. But Berlin never said a word, though he knew that in broadcasting his song all over the country I had ruined it. How it happened I don't know, except that I was plain dumb."

For consolation Mr. Powell turns to his even dumber oysters. The rest is silence till he breaks it with:

"I'm now going to do one thing that I will like, broadcast from the Warner Brothers' studio once a week."

This is news, and good news. You recall his earlier career with interest, only to have him shake his head and regret:

"My radio work was not a success. For one thing, I didn't get to enough people at first, being on only local programs. I feel I've never been successful in radio, although I was supposed to be all right in one show which was on the air for over two years. But I wasn't happy; didn't like the



Dick's home is complete, wife and all. (Right) Joan Blondell (Mrs. Powell) also co-stars with Dick in pictures!



way it was constructed; hated the elements associated with it. I like to rise or fall by my own means. I was always afraid of radio, and on the first big chain I was scared to death. Even in the show that ran those two years or more I didn't think I was any good, and my contention proved right, for my leaving the program didn't hurt it a bit."



To hear the frankly modest Mr. Powell talk about himself you'd think him to be the world's worst entertainer. But having heard that, in addition to singing, he was master of ceremonies, conducted an orchestra, and played various musical instruments, you feel he must, at least, be versatile. Yet the self-knocking goes on:

"Oh, I occasionally played the saxophone, clarinet, banjo, guitar and trumpet, but none of 'em was any good. I was a year in Louisville, three years in Indianapolis, and four in Pittsburgh, but they were small programs and all local. My first work out of town, after leaving Arkansas, was in a Louisville hotel, where I played classical music for seventy dollars a week till I found out that another fellow was getting eighty-five for doing jazz. That stopped me. I was all for going where the money was, and getting mine. The trouble was that I got the wrong slant in Little Rock, where my brother and I went in for good music and had a corner on church jobs. We'd also sing at funerals and now and then catch a wedding. Before that we did a lot of home-work."

Nothing if not historic, you inquire whether Mr. Powell remembers the first song he ever sang.



(Upper left) Doris Weston and Dick in "The Singing Marine." Dick has landed and has the situation well in hand. (Left) He plays many instruments—it's natural, like singing. (Below) The private pool is his joy and one can see that it takes a wallop to be a Box Office Winner.

"'Casey Jones,' is his prompt and proud reply. "When I was five I'd chase 'em all over the house singing it, and they'd always give me a nickel."

"To stop?"

"No," he laughs, "to keep on. My family was funny that way. 'Casey Jones' was the household favorite, and I suppose it might be called my cradle song."

With time marching on, you are delighted to learn that his cradle picture was no less than "Blessed Event."

"In it I was a singing band leader. But I had one word of dialogue. I said 'Hello' to Lee Tracy."

Perhaps that was just as well, for coming to words with the pugnacious Tracy of that day usually meant a sock in the nose.

"I wasn't frightened at tackling my first picture," Mr. Powell assures you. "I knew I'd either do it or not, so what the hell? Instead of staying home the night before and worrying about it I went to a Hollywood night club and stayed out till three in the morning. I still feel it's the best picture I've had on the Warner lot. Roy del Ruth made it, and he's my four-leaf clover. He made 'Thanks a Million,' and now I have him to thank for 'On the Avenue.' Maybe he knows what to do with me, which is more than I know."

"But I've done one thing. When I started out in pictures my voice was high—like a tenor's, you know—but since then I've lowered it three whole tones. Now, the hardest thing for me to do is listen well. You have to react to what you hear, and as a reactor I'm dead from the neck up. Ruby Keeler used to react to me, and she was good at it. But yesterday I had to react to Doris Weston while she sang a song in 'The Singing Marine,' and I sank like a chain-anchor. It's hard enough for me when I'm doing something, but ten times worse when I'm doing nothing. What's more, I look so awful that every time I go to a preview I say, 'Never again!' I never see myself in a scene that I don't wonder, 'Holy smoke, did I do that?'"

[Continued on page 93]



There Is A Force At Work In This World
Helping The Downtrodden, The Ignorant And
The Sick. The Irresistible Force Is Motion Pictures.

HOLLYWOOD is changing the world we live in, and changing it for the better.

I take great pleasure in making that statement; first, because I believe it to be true; second, because it will infuriate those high-brows who scorn the Hollywood product, and who are only happy when infuriated; and third, because the effect of the motion picture upon modern manners, customs, states of mind and moral attitudes is a highly interesting sociological phenomenon.

To put it plainly, the movies unquestionably are the single greatest force for change in human society today, and in this country—where mental and spiritual development is still free of dictatorial bondage—that change is, on the whole, a constructive one.

Let me say at once that in striking this cheerful note about Hollywood and its works, I am laboring under no delusions as to the primary motives of its producers. The specific content of altruism in the typical Hollywood executive may be repre-

THIS MOVIE=MADE WORLD

By
Dana Burnet



(Left) "Green Light" shows the public how science fights disease. (Above) "Toast of New York" warns the public of some Wall Street types. (Right) "Fugitive From a Chain Gang." This picture told America of some horrors that still exist.

sented by a large and exclamatory zero. Motion pictures are not made to uplift humanity. Darryl Zanuck, David Selznick, Jack Warner, Adolph Zukor, Sam Briskin, Sam Goldwyn, Ben Schulberg, Manny Cohen, Jesse Lasky and the other important heads of Hollywood's great studios are not, I assure you, in business either for their health or for the purpose of shedding sweetness and light over the contemporary scene.

They are in business to make money for themselves and their stockholders. In this they differ in no wise from the manufacturers of motor cars, safety pins, railroad locomotives or ladies' lingerie. Where the Hollywood product *does* differ from such strictly utilitarian commodities is in its appeal to human consciousness and

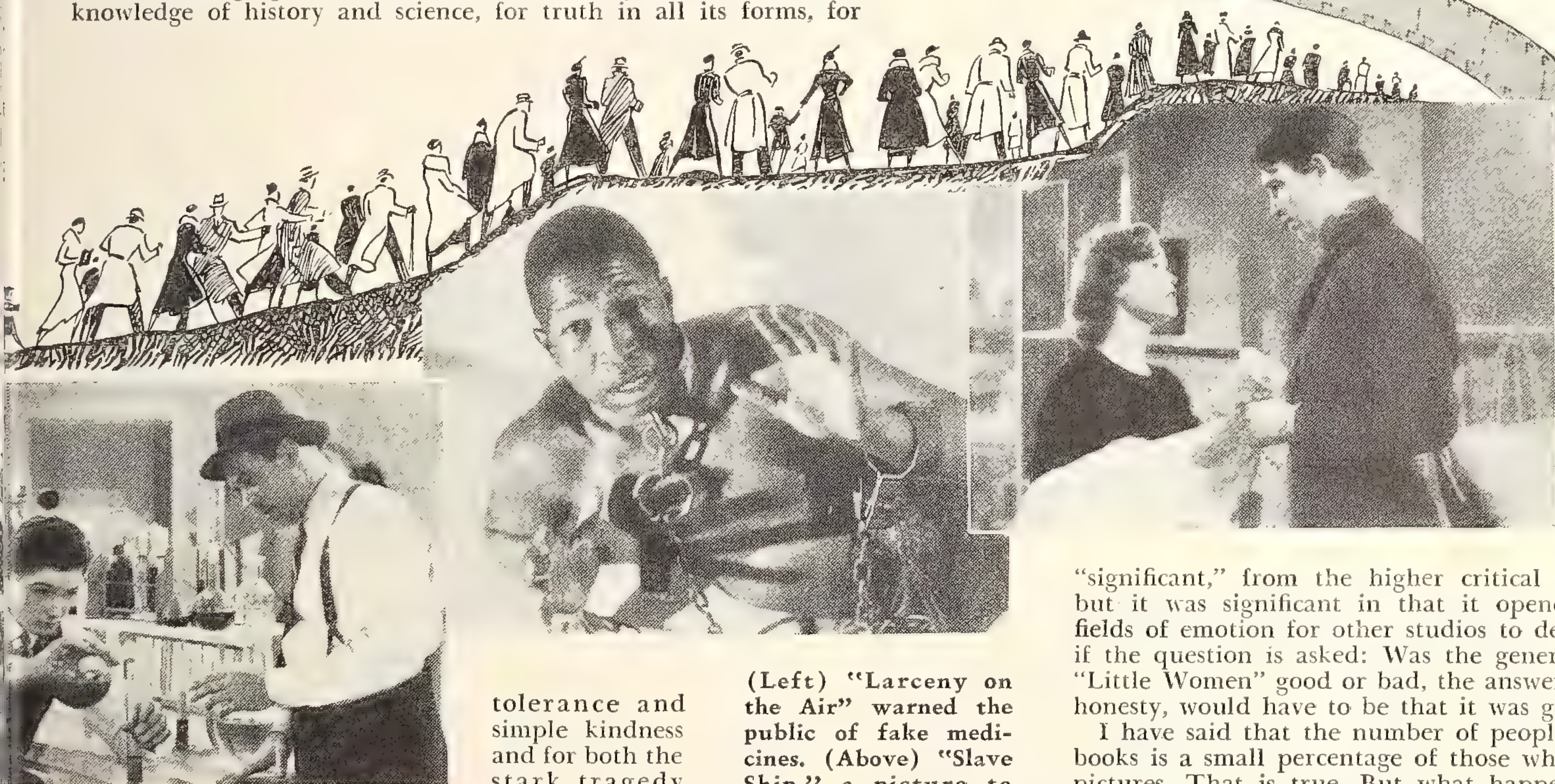
to human emotions. The motion picture strikes directly into the brain through nerve pathways leading from the eye and from the ear. In every brain, as a matter of anatomical fact, there is a certain "receiving station," called the Thalamus, which receives those incoming sensory impulses from the eye and ear and transmits them to other parts of the brain, where they produce automatic reactions of thought or emotion, or both. The result may be laughter or tears, intense interest, curiosity, serious reflection, a feeling of horror, pity, human comradeship or revulsion to injustice. But at any rate, it is the simple truth to say that when a producer makes a moving picture, he is aiming—though he doesn't know it—at that receiving station

in the brain of every one of the millions of human beings who compose his audiences throughout the world.

In a sense, he is shooting at a moving target, for the human brain is constantly developing, constantly adapting itself to the incredibly complicated conditions of modern life. That is why the

Hollywood product never can be standardized. That is why the gag that got a laugh yesterday will not get one today. That is why the famous screen "soul-kiss" of a few years back, which thrilled audiences of a former generation, now receives what is technically known as "the bird" from present-day sophisticated audiences. And that is why the smart executives of Hollywood, for the past three years, have been slowly but surely raising the quality and intellectual content of their pictures, because they have discovered a nation-wide hunger, even a world hunger, for those intangible but very real ingredients that feed the spirit of man.

It works both ways, you see. The demand for better and more intelligent pictures exists, and the bright minds of Hollywood are keen to satisfy that demand. But without the medium of the motion picture, no such universal satisfaction would be possible. So when we say that Hollywood is changing the world—or at least our American world—for the better, we mean that the present crop of Hollywood pictures is giving visual and audible expression to a mass-longing for wider horizons of thought and feeling, for knowledge of history and science, for truth in all its forms, for



tolerance and simple kindness and for both the stark tragedy and the immortal comedy

(Left) "Larceny on the Air" warned the public of fake medicines. (Above) "Slave Ship," a picture to teach a lesson about slavery. (Right) "Seventh Heaven." This will help to prevent there being another war.

of human life in its various ramifications.

Here again, let us admit that the movie millennium, in which every picture will be a work of art, is still about 999,999 years in the future. Timid have been the steps taken forward by even the boldest lions of the industry, and extremely cautious has been the advance. Well, why not? How could it be otherwise, when a single mis-step may cost a million dollars and an advance in the wrong direction may put a great company permanently in the red? Don't let's blame the Hollywood producer for keeping one sharp eye on the box office. If he failed to do so he would be a fool; and very shortly he would no longer be a producer.

But Hollywood has found that a certain degree of mature entertainment, a certain appeal to what may be called the higher emotions, produces profitable results. When R-K-O made "Little Women," with Katharine Hepburn, there was considerable head-wagging among the big-wigs of the industry. What did the picture have? It wasn't sexy, it wasn't a gag-story, it wasn't an epic, it contained no vampire, no dashing hero, no marines and no gold-plated bath tub. To be sure, the book had been widely read, but the number of people who read books is a very small percentage of the number of people who go to see pictures.

However, "Little Women" hit the bull's-eye of that target in the American brain. It struck a note of tenderness, of wholesome sentiment that the American people found dear to their hearts. Immediately, by the thousands, the people of these United States, and of the world at large, sat down and wrote letters to the studio commending this picture. Those letters are still arriving from all parts of the globe. I suppose the picture was not particularly

"significant," from the higher critical standpoint; but it was significant in that it opened up new fields of emotion for other studios to develop. And if the question is asked: Was the general effect of "Little Women" good or bad, the answer, in simple honesty, would have to be that it was good.

I have said that the number of people who read books is a small percentage of those who go to see pictures. That is true. But what happens when a motion picture is made of a book, let us say a famous novel, or of a play which may already be one of the world's classics? Answer:—the book or the play, no matter how well-known it was previously, suddenly finds readers by the millions instead of by the thousands. This is true also of historical works, of biographies and books on scientific subjects. If you don't believe it, consult your local library.

I know a young woman—now holding an important job in one of the big Hollywood studios, who once was connected with a branch library in Columbus, Ohio. This library was in a residential district, its clients were largely well-to-do, well-educated, cultured people, so that the demand for good reading was unusually brisk. But brisk as it was, when the picture "Mary of Scotland" came to town, the clamor for historical works of that period was so great that the library was swamped by it. So it was, my friend told me, in the case of the picture-version of "David Copperfield." Instantly the works of Charles Dickens—(by no means an unknown author)—leaped into a new and startling popularity. Paul Muni's portrait of "Pasteur," in the picture of that name, caused a tidal wave of interest in the great scientist's life and works to sweep over the country, over all the civilized world. Is that a constructive result of Hollywood's New Deal in intelligent entertainment? I think decidedly that it is.

And I'll bet my ten cents against a Roosevelt dollar that when R-K-O releases "The Toast of New York," based on the book "Robber Barons," the libraries of America will be deluged with requests for literature dealing with the industrial and financial battles that occurred in this country during the railroad-building epoch of the late sixties and early seventies. Similarly, Cecil B. DeMille's last picture, "The Plainsman," [Continued on page 71]

The Little Girl, Whose Sweet Baby Face Was Dear To The Fans Of The Silent Picture Days, Grew Up Into Our Girl On The Cover.



A still of Baby Madge and Pauline Frederick in a scene from "Zaza."



PROJECT

MADGE EVANS has sat upon many things in her short life—including the ice in New York's Central Park when she was learning to skate, and the big shiny mahogany chair in Mr. Mayer's Hollywood office when she was signing her "come-back" contract—but the only sitting she regrets, and she regrets it with positive bitterness in her voice, was the time she sat on a cake of soap. "That was the most revolting thing I ever did," says Madge with a blush, and hastily changes the subject to Emily Dickinson, whose poems she adores.

Of course Baby Madge was only three years old at the time and when the nice man in the commercial photographer's studio gave her a bunch of violets and told her to sit on the big piece of soap and watch the birdie, Madge did just that, all in the spirit of good clean fun. How was she to know that for years afterwards she would be haunted daily by pictures of herself in newspapers, magazines, grocery stores and subways. Advertising, of all things, *soap!* Being a sensitive, shy child she burned with shame. And the neighborhood kids, realizing that they could get a rise out of Madge, let her have it, you may be sure.

Even today, some twenty years later, you have but to say with a silly smirk, "Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?" and Madge will either give you a perfect imitation of the North Pole in the dead of winter, or else will start throwing things, depending upon how well she knows you. Unlike Bee Lillie, she has no liking for little fairies—either on soap or in the bottom of her garden. Mrs. Evans claims that her daughter never sat on that cake of soap. It was some other three-year-old. But Madge is quite pessimistic about the whole affair and says she guesses it

was Baby. And, after all, it really doesn't matter now.

The story which you are now reading (I hope) is in the nature of a labor of love. I don't suppose I am giving away any of the secrets of the trade when I tell you that in Hollywood there are movie stars *and* movie stars, some of whom we of the writing profession can take easily, some of whom we can take only with a grain of salt, and some of whom we can't even take with strawberries and whipped cream. Very rarely, along comes one we take as a friend. (Of course she has something to say about it too.)

For six years I have liked and admired Madge tremendously. She is one of my best friends. And so, poor thing, she has to pay the penalty in my stories about her. For it seems that we writers, for the most part, are a zanny bunch, and greatly resemble the Chinese who always belittle the people they admire most. "She is a wretched creature," says Wang of his beloved O-lan, "she is not worthy of you." Well, perhaps, we aren't quite as severe as Wang, but anyway that's the general idea.

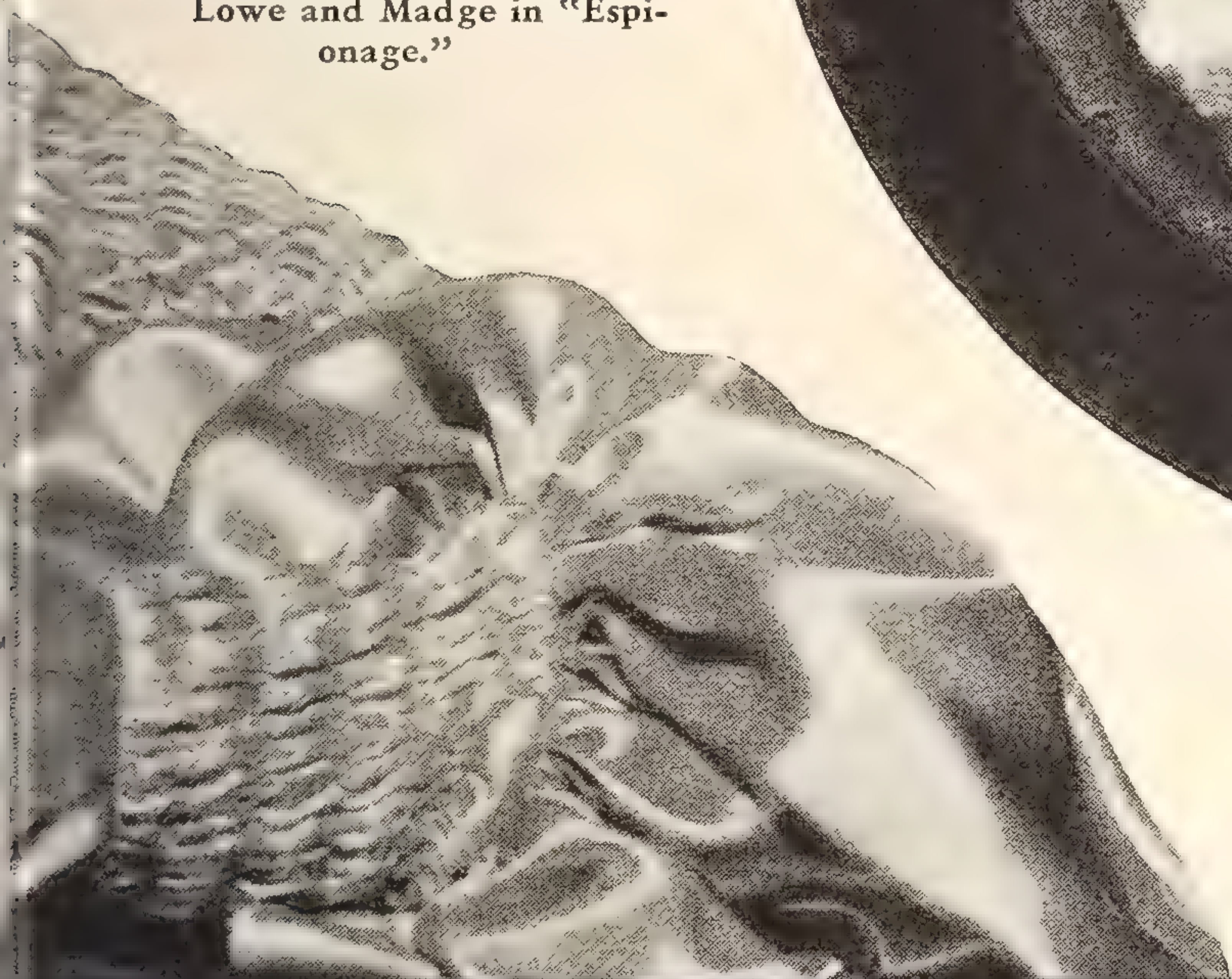
However, for the good of all, we might just as well get this point straight now: Although I may call Madge a wretched creature whom you would not care to know, if I so much as hear you even suggesting that she has a fault I will grab the sword of Damocles that has been hanging over my head for years and go for you just like Melanie did for the Yankee in "Gone With the Wind."

Madge has had three big, burning ambitions in her life: (1) to receive a diamond wrist watch, (2) to go to boarding school, and (3) to become a great actress. On the first two she drew blanks, but the third—ah! Madge today is one of the most talented and

MADGE EVANS



(Left) Madge as she is today. (Right) Miss Evans posing for her public in 1915. (Below) Edmund Lowe and Madge in "Espionage."



ONS

By Elizabeth Wilson



beautiful of the younger actresses. Madge is going places. Madge is—Heavens, I nearly forgot—Madge is a wretched creature.

At the age of six, when she had been a famous "child star" for three years, Baby Madge with her golden curls wanted above everything else in the world a diamond wrist watch. Norma Talmadge had one, and so did Gloria Swanson and Alice Joyce and Mary Pickford, but she had none. She did considerable hinting around Christmas time but Mrs. Evans seemed suddenly to have gone deaf.

Finally her opportunity came. The last day of work on one of her dramatic productions (and even the kiddies went in for heavy drama in those days) the kindly director said to her "Madgie, you've been a sweet little girl on this picture. I want to give you a present. Would you like a big beautiful doll with curly hair like yours and open and shut eyes?" "No," said Madge quite truthfully, "I don't want a doll. I want a wrist watch with diamonds like Pauline Frederick's."

Her horrified mother nearly passed out then and there. A gold-digger in the family! Like it or not, Madge got the doll, and a spanking, and a long lecture. It was her one effort at gold-digging. It turned out very badly indeed. She gave it up after that. Twelve years later she bought her own wrist watch with her first two weeks' salary from a Broadway play. It didn't have as many diamonds, or as large, as did Pauline Frederick's, but Madge was quite content.

When Madge was eleven she retired to private life. She and her mother returned to their adored New York and took a small apartment on Seventy-eighth street. With her brother Tom,

Madge roller skated on Riverside Drive, studied her lessons on a bench in Central Park, and chaperoned by Mrs. Evans took the downtown subway and attended matinees on Saturday. And it was about this time that another ambition took hold of Madge. She wanted to go to boarding school. An exclusive boarding school. And it had to be a boarding school where you wore a uniform, preferably a middy blouse and pleated skirt.

Why she wanted to go away to boarding school and wear a uniform with hundreds of other little girls Madge didn't know, she wasn't then, and isn't now, what you might call the "chummy" type, but it was the one big ambition of her early teens. Religiously she bought copies of *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* and *Harper's Bazaar* and pored over their advertisements of smart schools for girls.

The Finch School and the Semple School she discarded after some consideration because they were in New York, but she sent off for catalogs from Chevy Chase, National Park Seminary, Fairmont, Briarcliff, the Knox School and dozens of others. If they didn't insist upon uniforms she wouldn't even consider them. This phobia for uniforms was probably the reaction of being a child star. She had been "different" so long that now she wanted to look like all other little girls.

Madge eagerly watched the mails and every time the postman brought a catalog she was in seventh heaven. Terribly excited, she would read it through, word for word, look at all the pictures, decide upon her room, and draw a mental picture of herself wearing the school uniform. Would she rather be the captain of the basketball team, or the hockey team? [Continued on page 83]

The War That Never Ceases! Crooks
Are Slow To Learn, But Some, Now
In Jail For Twenty-Five Years, Will
Have Time To Think It Over.

HOLLYWOOD has always looked so peaceful, somehow. You know . . . rows of palm trees and roses over the doors of cottages and youngsters playing in their sand piles in December. And, over all, the beneficent California sun creating the pleasant feeling and thought that God's in his Heaven and all's right with this particular section of the world.

Yet underneath this illusive surface a sinister influence exists. The influence of the racketeer, the kidnapper, the petty thief. To the casual observer, Hollywood presents the appearance of a charmingly laid out small town whose citizens are, for the better part, fairly well-to-do. Rows upon rows of detached cottages of various styles of architecture, each standing in the acre or fraction of an acre of its own front and back lawns, greet the eye of the tourist in almost any direction of Beverly Hills.

But the people who live in these houses are apparently different from the people who live in the same type of houses in small towns or suburban communities elsewhere. They belong to the movie industry and this fact seems to set them apart from people who are associated with other callings. It is natural that this should be so, because the reams of publicity that emanates from the film capitol yearly has caused a glitter of imperishable star-dust to fall upon every person—man, woman or child—who has access to the fascinating movie studios.

It is no wonder, then, that the underworld, feeding as it does upon the rich and powerful of this country, should pick this town and its prominent inhabitants as the victims of its illegal machinations and its subsequent greed and cruelty.

Pondering on these matters, I recalled a conversation with Ann Harding, just before she went to England. Ann had taken her young daughter to call on everyone they knew who had young babies. "She has a passion for babies," Ann explained. "And I couldn't have given her a greater lark. But . . . we went without a body guard!" Her eyes were wide and dark, as she told me this startling news. "I haven't taken her anywhere without a bodyguard for years. But no one knew we were going and of course we had the chauffeur. . . . But I shan't do it again. I was too nervous."

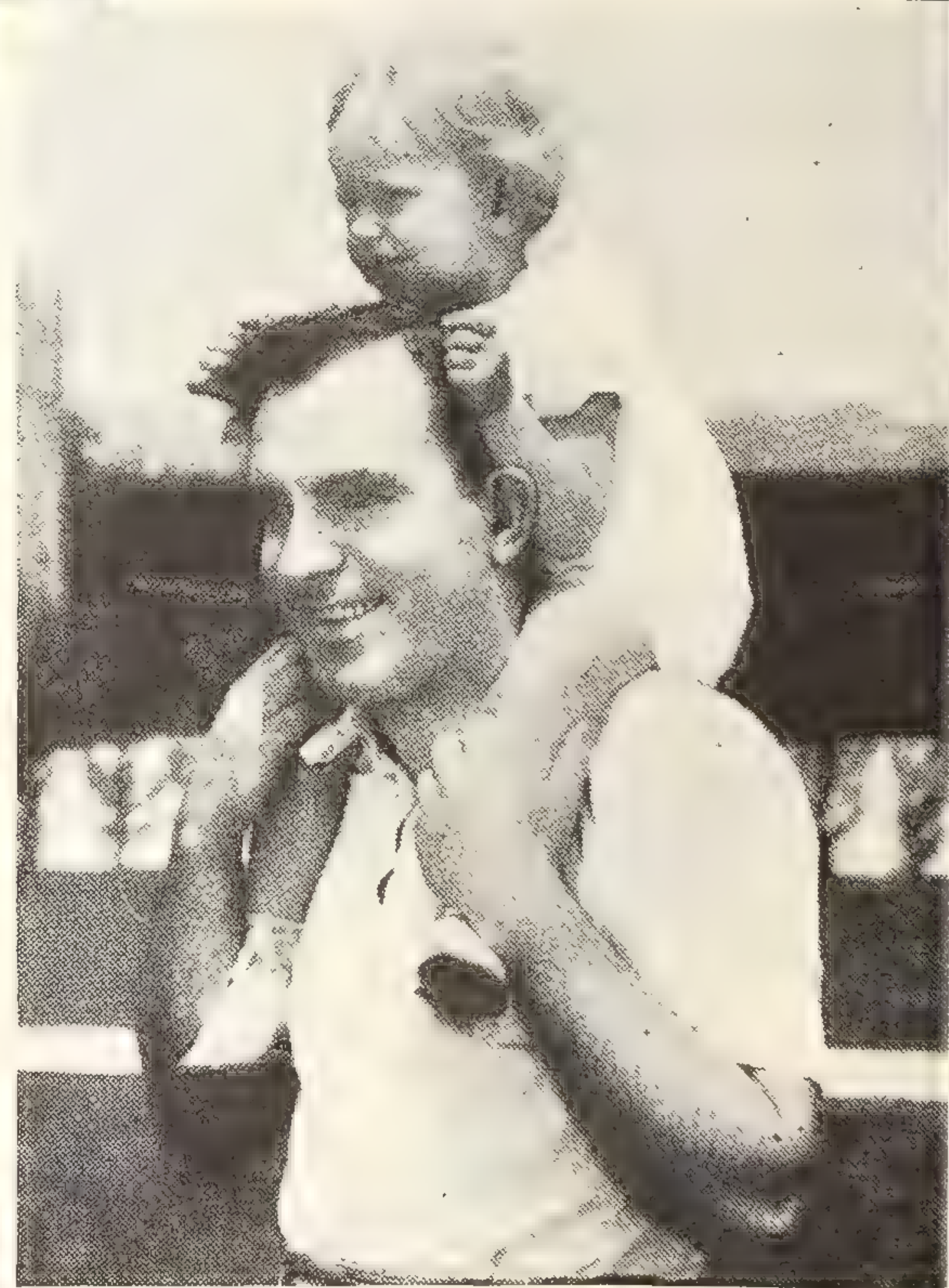
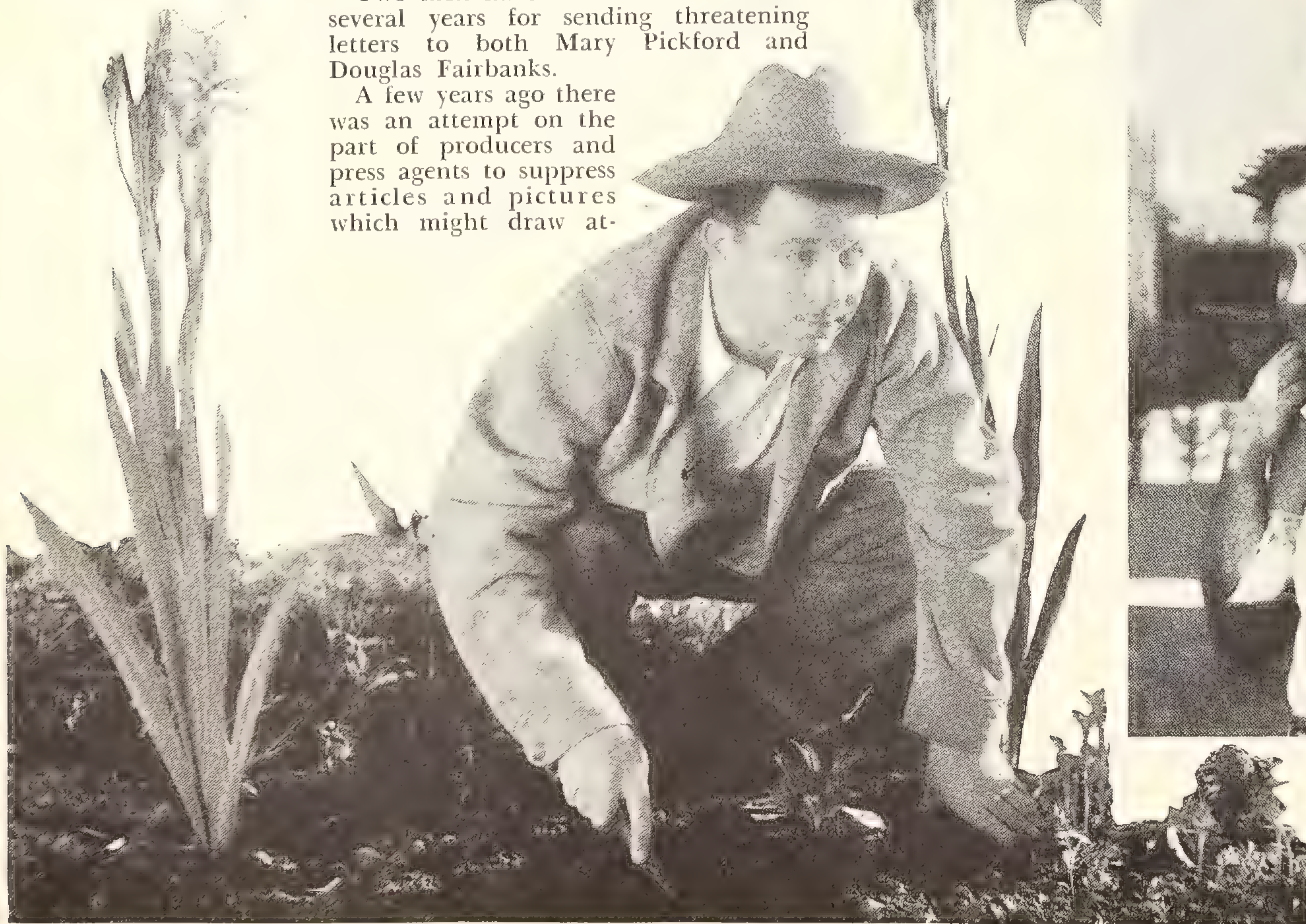
I recalled Mary Pickford's almost psychopathic dread of kidnappers and extortionists. Mary is more concerned about the safety of her niece, Gwynne Pickford, than she is for herself. "We shall have to organize vigilantes," Mary told me, earnestly. "You don't know . . . you can't realize . . . the danger we are all in. The constant threatening letters . . . the chronic feeling that people are watching, spying. Whether you are locked within your own home or mingling with the gayest crowd, you never know who is watching or what he is plotting!"

Two men have been behind bars for several years for sending threatening letters to both Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.

A few years ago there was an attempt on the part of producers and press agents to suppress articles and pictures which might draw at-



*Illustrated by
James Trembath*



Pat O'Brien laughs, for now he knows his groceries. (Left) Frank McHugh watches for the robins and jailbirds.

The Publicized Salaries Of The Stars Attract To Hollywood Many Light-Fingered Gentry.

By Helen Louise Walker

Ann Harding hasn't taken her daughter anywhere for years without a body-guard. (Below) Bill Gargan has had his moments with "slickers."

Playing villains has developed Charles Bickford's tough streak. The gangsters decided to scam!

Virginia Bruce was too smart for the dumb gangsters. (Upper left) A pair of crooks wish they had left Richard Dix alone.

when it will manifest itself . . . or how.

One afternoon a year or so ago a friend of Virginia Bruce had an unexpected and insistent caller. She was a neatly dressed, respectable looking, middle-aged woman who stood, twisting her handkerchief and panting, "I know that you know Miss Bruce and I must . . . I simply must get word to her somehow. She is in terrible danger! Won't you please warn her?"

Before Virginia's

startled friend could gather her wits together enough to ask what sort of danger, the respectable woman was gone. Vanished, apparently, into thin air. Now, Virginia was living in the country where her young child might enjoy the advantages of a sunlit garden. After this mysterious warning, the sunlit garden became a sinister, dangerous spot. Virginia scooped up her child and rushed to a large hotel in the center of the city where she registered, of course, under an assumed name. But not to know what sort of danger threatened . . . not to know what forces were at work or what anyone could want of her . . . these things were more torturing to Virginia than any definite and recognized peril could have been. The Underworld again. . . .

Less than a year ago Eddie Cantor received kidnap threats, menacing his idolized wife and his five daughters. Eddie wasted no time, took no chances. He packed his wife and children off to the East within a few hours' time. He [Continued on page 74]

UNDERWORLD VS. HOLLYWOOD

tention to the enormous salaries earned by movie stars. No more photographs of ornate cars or large stucco palaces, flanked by swimming pools, was the edict. If an actor gave his wife fourteen star sapphires for Christmas, he must not tell the Press about it. Actors were practically forbidden to give the lavish and much publicized parties which had always delighted them. "The Underworld is moving in," they were told. "Try not to let it know how much money you have!"

The actors were frightened for a little while and Hollywood was very quiet. But it's no fun for an actor to have fourteen star sapphires or a chromium-trimmed automobile or a party with special decorations and champagne, unless he can be photographed while he is having them! So the cars began to be lined with steel and everyone began to hire husky bodyguards, and I'll wager that there is hardly a star in Hollywood today, male or female, who hasn't a license to carry a revolver.

They know that the Underworld is constantly watching them. They know that they live in constant peril. They never know

CONQUERING CESAR

By
Jeanne
de Kolty

Cesar Romero
Overcame The
Handicaps Of
Fate—He Had To!

ONE day Cesar Romero trudged into the office looking like Caesar's Ghost. He suggested that we lunch at the Pig 'N Whistle around the corner. We did. After the waitress had taken our order I leaned confidentially over the table with my most sympathetic leer and demanded: "Come clean, fellow. You have something on your mind. What's the matter? Lose your girl, your job, your fortune?"

"My job," he moaned. "Gone. They didn't take up my option. Here I am, three thousand miles from home, broke; a has-been at twenty-five!"

That day, a beautiful bubble had burst. Cesar had been under a picture to picture contract. He made "The Thin Man" and one other picture, both great successes. He thought that the success of these films would naturally lift him up the ladder toward bigger and better roles. Instead, the studio decided they couldn't use him. He was out. And since he was still more or less a stranger to Hollywood, his predicament was serious. In fact, at the time it seemed the height of tragedy.

Today, Cesar laughs at it. He can afford to laugh, on his present salary out at Universal, where he is now under contract. In fact we both laughed, the other evening, reminiscing over his first few months in Hollywood. But under the smiles was a serious note. Cesar still remembers how it feels to be "a has-been at twenty-five!"

At this moment he is one of the most sought after young men in Hollywood. Studios want him because they've decided he's just about tops in villains. Girls adore him because he's just the sort Mae West would describe as "tall, dark and hand-

some." Almost unbelievably tall, he has the sort of personality that audiences all over the country are raving about. But to me, he has one quality that stands out above all others—his ability to smile, and to laugh off everything and anything. He may be a villain to the fans, but to his friends he's just a great big, charming, laughing kid. That's why he's so popular off the screen.

He's so jovial that people seldom realize how many ups and downs Cesar has lived through. But he actually has had a very tough struggle. Back in New York, the Romeros (originally from Cuba) were once big shots. Cesar's dad was a prosperous machinery exporter and the youngsters, two boys and two girls, were raised to be the pampered darlings of a wealthy family. Thirteen years ago, trouble first struck the family. Cesar's dad was forced into bankruptcy. From then on, one misfortune followed another, until the family found themselves penniless, save for the earnings of Maria, the oldest girl, who taught school, and Cesar who, by that time, had grad-

uated from bank messenger to actor.

One of his biggest "breaks" on the stage was the lead in a road show of "Strictly Dishonorable." A timid little unknown, Margaret Sullivan, was understudy. They used to have great fun together, young Cesar and Margaret, window shopping, playing practical jokes on their fellow actors, shopping in the five and ten. Their young hearts were filled with ambition and great expectations; but little did they realize that within a few short years their salaries would top four figures a week!

Cesar's family didn't realize it, either. That some day he would be sending them five hundred dollars a month . . . that he would put his young brother, Edward, just seventeen and finishing high school this year, through college . . . that he would be the toast of the most glamorous ladies in Hollywood never would have occurred to them in their wildest dreams. Cesar Romero has certainly traveled a long road since his Park Avenue childhood!

Time may have changed his financial status, but it hasn't changed him otherwise. He's still the same lovable darn fool he always was. He still likes to haunt dime stores, eat hot dogs, do goofy things. He's still courtly and gallant, and the ladies still pursue him.

His deep voice and rangy body seem to be Hollywood's ideal of a perfect villain's set-up. He wants to do light comedy, on the order of William [Cont. on page 90]

Cesar and his mother. (Below) As he appears in "Wee Willie Winkle."



JEAN

ARTHUR

Her recent successes have added glamour to her name. If she's in a picture, it's good.



WE POINT WITH PRIDE

Jean Arthur, Believer In Dreams. She Walked In The Tradition Of Duse And Bernhardt.

IN THOSE "silent" years, girls came to the screen from beauty contests and choruses. Their eyes had to be spaced just so, their faces had to be round and their teeth conspicuous. But in Jean there burned the divine fire. She gave with intensity to small parts in pictures that were just junk. So she left the "yes" men and charlatans and sought out on Broadway the wise men of the ancient clan of the stage. Of course she was successful. Now that the screen has grown up, Jean Arthur has returned to pictures. As usual she gives only her best and every part she plays throbs with the pulse of the heart of an artist.

(Below, left) In "The Plainsman," Jean Arthur as *Calamity Jane* brought a new conception of a woman to stand out among the stuffed mannikins of the screen. (Below) Her new picture with Charles Boyer, "History Is Made at Night."



George Bancroft and Jean in "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town." (Above) With Edward G. Robinson in "The Whole Town's Talking," Jean's return picture.



ALLURE

DOES it lie in the welcoming glint of a lady's eye? Does it tremble upon the lips that smile with enigmatical meaning? Whereunto is beauty good?

But girls never know. One seeker for the secret of charm finds a petulant mouth most alluring. While another is drawn to silky waves of hair or finds that the curve of soft shoulders holds him a prisoner for all the tomorrows.



For Love.

ated before you,
ail Patrick, in shim-
ering silk, calls to
e ideals of men and
ns honest admira-
n from all. Coming
on in "Her Husband
Lies."



Jane Wyatt, currently in "Lost Horizon," can thank her stars for those full lips and the graceful column of her throat. (Left) When Gertrude Niesen sings her voice is rich with her own alluring personality. She's featured in "Top of the Town."



The girl who smiles, Rochelle Hudson, casts a spell—that's allure. You will see her in "That I May Live." (Left) Bette Davis has surrendered to intensity and found the secret of all emotion. Her next picture is "Kid Galahad." (Extreme left) Carole Lombard in dance costume for "Swing High, Swing Low."

THERE IS
POETRY
EVERYWHERE
CAN YOU BUT
FIND IT

SOME sensitive people see poetry in ordinary things and happenings and quote an apt line or two of verse now and then. Others, more grim, live the lives that others set to rhymes, and go upon their appointed ways unconscious of their picturesque rôles and blind to fantasy:

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

There is a kind of poetry, however, that sings through all men. It calls them to the wastes of oceans and starves them on lonely mountain slopes as they search for gold. Of such are the men of Gloucester, who watch the flutter of the mainsail peak with canny eye as they sail "close hauled" across the restless sea.

Fortunately for us stay-at-homes the screen ships us to the "Banks" one evening ("Captains Courageous"), and on another evening to the bleak mountains of Tibet ("Lost Horizon").

We see, we marvel. The picture ends and home we go.

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

"Ships that pass in the
night and speak each
other in passing . . ."
Scene from "Cap-
tains Courageous"



"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness."

Anita Louise now appear-
ing in "The Go-Getter"

"—We are but helpless pieces
in the game he plays
Upon this checkerboard of nights
and days."

Miriam Hopkins and
Louis Hayward in "The
Woman I Love"



"Like wind along the waste,
Willy nilly blowing."

Marsha Hunt now appearing
in "Murder Goes To College"

"Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids on tired eyes."
Jane Wyatt and Margo
in "Lost Horizon"



"He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

Helen Mack and the baby
in "I Promise to Pay"



MANY MEN OF MANY PARTS

Gary Cooper
"Plainsman"
more than a
fied "western"
He gave us a
character study
man of those
gerous times



Victor McLaglen
"Wee Willie Wir-
ie" supports Shirl-
Temple, our cute
star.

When "Captains Courageous"
went before the movie audi-
ences, Spencer Tracy played a
real man once again. Few can
even equal him. (Above)
James Stewart in "Seventh
Heaven."

But There Is
Only One
Great
Lover

(Left) Ronald Colman in "Lost Horizon" costume. Picture is never once more wonderful than Ronnie's scene with the High Priestess. (Right) Warner Oland plays Charlie Chan, on screen or off.

Robert Taylor and Jean Harlow at their respective specialties. Jean has qualified as a dramatic comedienne, but love scenes are no new field. And Taylor is any girl's inspiration.

Cary Grant has recently made a real advance and now is playing important screen characters. His next is "The Toast of New York." (Below) Warner Baxter and Wallace Beery in "Slave Ship," a picture to shame all America.



EVEN if Robert Taylor is the great screen lover, nevertheless Clark Gable comes to mind when the title of "Great Lover" is mentioned. But since "Mutiny on the Bounty," Clark's ability to portray men of character has broadened his screen usefulness. "Parnell" will show Gable in the title rôle. The admiration that the ladies of the audience lavish upon kissing heroes is about the only relic left of the dumb days of screen entertainment.

WHY NOT BE QUEEN O' THE MAY?

Bette Davis is convinced that large brimmed hats will be much in vogue this season. Hers is of beige colored bako, strikingly accented by a shirred rosette of velvet in hyacinth blue and orange ice—two delectable new shades sponsored not by the coronation but by the coming French Exposition. (Right) Polly Rowles' jaunty toque relies upon its nosegay of yellow primroses, the long stems of which are stitched at even intervals over the black faille foundation.



THE blaze of glory already made its world. Every woman has ideas for her new wardrobe. All the brilliant ideas of the past winter—happy to shed her "old" and clad in such gay plumage—envious.

A veritable avalanche of coronation, and if you vicariously way, to be subtly designed with Tudor rose, the union are so significant of

(Below—left) A full-skirted white satin frock lusciously splashed with red Tudor roses stenciled in bright green is the *pièce de résistance* of Betty Furness' wardrobe because it answers so many daytime needs. (Below) Frances Drake sponsors this twin print for tailored street wear. The dress, coat revers and cuffs are of matching emblem print in stone-blue and white, and the belted coat has a white background. All accessories are of stone-blue doeskin.



Coronation Colors Combined In Romantic Prints Will Create A Brilliant Spotlight For You.

Britain's on May 12th has
conscious capitals of the
London this Spring for

ve been accepted with
girl has been only too
extraordinarily popular
ororous Spring sunshine
even the lordly peacock

been inspired by the
ng those present"—in a
select a summer print
uch as the thistle, the
e plume, all of which



The golden-haired Tala Birell pays no attention to celebrations of any kind and insists that black and white is the smartest combination at any time. At right she wears a small brimmed white felt with black patent leather trim, and, below, a black satin Flemish bonnet copied from a Rembrandt painting. The printed flower motif on the sleeve of her back crepe dress is white.

(Below) Margaret Lindsay in a simple but trickily tucked white-dotted print in the new, warmly vibrant shade appropriately called "red earth." Rich contrast is offered by means of a long, draped sash of black and white dotted print.

Some prints depend as much upon distinction of line as they do upon design. Olivia de Havilland demonstrates this point clearly in the exquisitely cut and harmoniously blended Persian border print below. Dark green kid accessories are used, and a natural colored straw hat with green quill. At left, Olivia is serenely confident in a delicate grey and thistle colored print, with puffed sleeves, a removable scarf, and a sash that starts at the deep V-neck and ties at the waist in back. Her accessories are black.



A collage of vintage black and white photographs from the 1940s, featuring various scenes of people in social settings. The images are arranged in a layered, overlapping fashion, separated by diagonal white lines. The top left shows a man in a suit and a woman in a dark dress. Below them, a man in a light shirt is seated, looking down. To the right, a woman in a dark dress is shown in profile. Further right, a man in a suit stands next to a woman in a polka-dot dress. In the center, a man in a light shirt and dark pants is seated, looking up. Below him, a man in a light shirt and dark pants is seated, looking down. To the right, a man in a dark suit is shown in profile. At the bottom, a man in a light shirt and dark pants is seated, looking down, next to a woman in a light dress. The collage is decorated with a floral border of white flowers and green leaves. The text "BLOSSOM ON THE" is visible in the top right corner.

TIME GREEN



READING from left to right beginning with the upper row: Ricardo Cortez and Gail Patrick in "Her Husband's Secretary." "Midnight Taxi," with Frances Drake, Allan Dinehart, Noel Madison and Gilbert Roland. Patsy Kelly and Alice Faye in "Wake Up and Live." Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea in "Internes Can't Take Money."

Second row:

P. W. Kent and Rochelle Hudson in "That I May Live." Shirley Ross and Bing Crosby in "Waikiki Wedding." Tyrone Power and Loretta Young in "Cafe Metropole." Grace Bradley and Wallace Ford in "You're in the Army Now." Frank McHugh and Hugh Herbert in "Marry the Girl."

Bottom row:

Rita Cansino and Tex Ritter in "Trouble in Texas." Michael Whalen, Shirley Temple and June Lang in "Wee Willie Winkie." Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "Shall We Dance?"





CLAUDETTE
COLBERT



GARBO



MAUREEN
O'SULLIVAN



MARLENE
DIETRICH

SIMONE
SIMON



ELIZABETH
BERGNER

MADELEINE
CARROLL



LUIS



The
SCREEN
IN THE
U.S.A.

JESSIE
MATTHEWS

Loretta Young,
Joan Crawford and
Carole Lombard
are clever movie
girls and native
Americans. What
do the European
girls have that they
haven't got?

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE AMERICAN GIRLS?

IN THE face of this striking illustration it is hard to claim superiority for our own girls. But then, perhaps, they'll all be our girls in time. Claudette Colbert, born in Paris, France, is now ours, and many others have their papers. And they have something else, too, that is revealed in two or three

pictures and makes them stars for life.

The greatest actress on this page is either Garbo or Bergner. The most beautiful Madeleine Carroll or Garbo, and the most talented is Lily Pons or Jessie Matthews. The best loved of all the girls in pictures is Claudette Colbert.

SUSPENSE: THE ESSENTIAL ELEMENT OF DRAMA

The Imagination Of The Audience Rushes Ahead And Vizualizes Possible Calamities.



Frances Drake in "Midnight Taxi" registers terror. Now what will happen? It is a fascinating appeal to the imagination. (Right) George Raft and Olympe Branda in "Souls at Sea." Can it be mutiny or was that a coupla other pictures? (Below) In "The Woman Alone," the audience knows that there is a time bomb in the can. Hurry mister! Or Desmond Tester, the boy, will be so scattered that he will hardly be able to pull himself together.



(Above) While abroad Marlene Dietrich made a film, "Knight Without Armor." The villains have her at their mercy. Will she or won't she? (Below) Mickey Rooney and Wallace Beery, in "Slave Ship," are in a bad spot, and as the prospects grow worse your imagination paints a picture of horror.



EVERY day the most ordinary life has its moments of suspense and then existence gets out of its rut and becomes as exciting as a picture. "The boss wants to see you." That sentence plunges many a wage slave into drama. Does it mean disaster or promotion? Human nature being what it is he expects the worst.





Errol Flynn, in "The Prince and the Pauper," has come upon distressing times. Will the pauper, Billy Mauch, lose all? You will never know until the film ends. Good old suspense.

STOP GRINNING LIKE A MONKEY, BOB—A RUN'S NO JOKE TO ME!



RUNS MEAN SKIMPING ON LUNCHES—

THAT IS TOUGH, FRAN. CAN'T YOU STOP THE THINGS?

A FEW WEEKS LATER
HAVEN'T HEARD ABOUT RUNS FOR AGES!

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF LUX! IT SAVES ELASTICITY, THAT'S WHY IT CUTS DOWN ON RUNS!



The Lux Way to Cut Down Runs

- 1 Lux stockings after every wearing to remove perspiration.
- 2 Turn stockings inside out—squeeze lukewarm Lux suds through them.
- 3 Rinse in lukewarm water. Squeeze water out—never twist or wring! Then shape and dry—but *not* near heat.
- 4 Don't risk soaps containing harmful alkali, or cake-soap rubbing. These may weaken elasticity—then runs may start.
- 5 Lux contains no harmful alkali. It saves elasticity—cuts down on costly runs.

Saves Stocking Elasticity...



"Mr. Gable's Public" demands autographs, and Clark, still wearing the Parnell whiskers, tries to accommodate. The clamoring fans are an old story to him and the old sack suit does not worry him. The smile is genuine.



Bobby and Billy Mauch enjoy life between scenes of "The Prince and the Pauper." Ice cream sodas waiting.

CAUGHT BY THE CANDID CAMERA

Joan Crawford returns from the studio and receives a royal welcome from Franchot and her three dachshunds. The dogs get the first kiss.



THE clever chemists and lens makers have made photography very simple. Cameras now take snapshots in almost any light. It is a relief to see pictures that are not posed, showing the subjects just as they are. That's why the cameras are called candid.



Deanna Durbin being rehearsed by Leopold Stokowski, internationally famous composer-conductor. Observe the length of his thumb—a born musician.

TAGS OF THE STARS!



CAN YOU
TELL WHICH OF
THESE PLAYERS FIT
THE FOLLOWING?—

"Minnie Mouse"	"Muggums"
"Lefty"	"Empress"
"Oleo"	"Ay tank ay go home"
"Pony"	"Briggsie"
"Pepper"	"Sweetie-Pie"

It Is Good Luck For A Player
To Have A Nickname
Or Slogan.

"GET yourself a nickname or a slogan!" This is one of the most valuable pieces of advice a screen player could be given. For, in many cases, famous ones of the films have been materially aided toward fame by the association of some word or phrase, descriptive or otherwise, with their names.

Buck Jones, Buddy Rogers, Slim Summerville and Big-Boy Williams, for instance, have so long enjoyed these nicknames that it would actually sound funny to hear them addressed by their real first names.

Jean Harlow is known affectionately to her fond Mamma as "Baby," but "Platinum Blonde," too, could mean no one else but her. Those two words have been synonymous with her ever since she dawned on the screen, and they have done much in catapulting her to stardom. Similarly, "Come Up and See Me Sometime!" is Mae West's label—as well known as she, and utterly inseparable from her even at this late date.

Sometimes these slogans or nicknames come by accident, sometimes by design. Garbo's famed remark, "Ay tank ay go home" was one of the accidents. It was repeated, made people laugh, and so it stuck like glue. At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios fan mail is even delivered to her, addressed with only the now

famous quotation, instead of her name.

Another publicity man called Joan Crawford "Empress of Emotions" on a billboard—and the nickname "Empress" continues to cling to her to this day. "Frozen Face," of course, always means Buster Keaton.

Jimmy Durante and "Schnozzle," as you might guess, mean one and the same thing. The "IT" girl, of course, will never be anyone else but Clara Bow. The term was originated by Elinor Glyn, the novelist, applied to Clara as best fitting her, and stuck.

Their early screen roles gave nicknames to Bela (Dracula) Lugosi and Boris (Frankenstein) Karloff.

[Continued on page 86]

By
Gordon R. Silver



The Little Mining Town Near Sun Valley, Idaho, Is In The Movies Now, Skis And All, Pretending To Be An Alpine Village.

By Liza



WHAT with frightfully large crowds of American people going stark mad over skiing this year, I knew it would only be a matter of moments before the movie industry would catch on to Ketchum. Skiing (and you don't have to say shee-ing, if it makes you any happier) has become such a rage that if you can't discuss fluently such things as stemming, the christiania, and slaloming down nursery slopes you might just as well live alone and like it.

Junior may not know what the capital of Idaho is, and I can't blame Junior for that, but he knows quite definitely that the christiania isn't the title of a Garbo picture. The christiania, if you are one of those puffy people who don't get about, is the most important turn in skiing. They call me Liza the Learned. Sometimes.

Now you know what movie producers are. Sort of ingratiating Uriah Heeps who aim to please the fickle public. So when they saw that the American public was going deliriously insane over skiing and skijoring, and winter sports in general, they said, "So?" Twentieth Century mopped up with Sonja Henie and "One in a Million," which was made on a studio stage with cornflakes and air machines and nothing colder than the ice cubes in the Ritz Brothers' ginger ale. And that gave Paramount a Wonderful Idea. If the fans were going nuts over skiing, why not make a picture right in the heart of the frozen north, where the snow is manufactured by God and not by the property department, where the blizzards need no press agents, and the pneumonia germs no encouragement.

The "I Met Him in Paris" company was hastily equipped with long drawers and galoshes, and, leaving palm trees and tropical fish behind, entrained for Ketchum, Idaho, a dead end of a northern spur of the Union Pacific. Once the last frontier of American civilization, with wild Indians squinting over the window ledges, the tiny little mining town of Ketchum (population less than two hundred) has suddenly become the St. Moritz of America, the mecca of an annual mush of ski-mad maniacs.

Ketchum hasn't decided whether to be glad about it or not. The natives continue to mine their mines, herd their cattle, and gather of a Saturday night in the local gambling jernts in ten gallon hats and flannel shirts to watch the crack-pot easterners and movie folks throw away their dough.

A short ride from Ketchum by dog team,

or car if you must, and you mustn't unless you have chains, is the muchly publicized Sun Valley Lodge, hotel de luxe in the best sense of the word, built for a million bucks or so by one of the railroad Harrimans who sort of read it in the cards that America was about to become ski-conscious. And, judging from the crowds of people who have come piling in since it officially opened last December (the "season" in Sun Valley is from December until April, when the thaw sets in), including a neat number of New York millionaires and Hollywood movie queens, I don't think the Harrimans will have to have their shoes re-soled this year. And those awful plush-bottomed seats on the Union Pacific will surely be covered with a flowered chintz by June.

When the "I Met Him in Paris" company arrived in Ketchum, after being delayed by a snowstorm in Shoshone and a blizzard in Pocatello, they were divided into sheep and goats.

The sheep, including the director, the star, the cast, the unit man, the cameraman, the still man, the author, the script girl, the make-up man, the wardrobe mistress, the hairdressers, etc., etc., were given rooms at the swanky Sun Valley Lodge, where of an evening they might dance shoulder to shoulder with a Vanderbilt, or step upon the pet corn of a Harriman, depending upon their mood.

(Left) Claudette Colbert and her mother. (Above) The three principals of the picture "I Met Him In Paris" in the thrilling bobsled scene.

THEY MET IN KETCHUM

The goats, including grips, gaffers, props, etc., were scattered about in a tourist camp near Ketchum—very convenient, unfortunately, to the Ketchum Kasino where roulette can be played for a nickel and there are drinks on the House. The extras, and there are a hundred and twenty of them in this picture, chosen for their ability to skate, drew a private train on a side track which would be "home" for the length of the location. They get sixty to seventy dollars a week, and all expenses paid, except gambling. I think it must be fun to be an extra on a location picture. I'd like to try it sometime.

The actual working crew of a picture, the little men with hammers and saws and things, usually consists of about forty men. Paramount to date has bought one hundred and seventy-nine tickets to Ketchum (this does not include the hundred and twenty extras brought up especially for the skating sequence) and so if you will subtract forty from one hundred and seventy-nine you will get the number of people it takes to make a picture, excluding the workmen. The hundred and seventy-ninth ticket was bought for me, who, as we go to press, am the only member of the Fourth Estate to penetrate the frozen north. I was a sheep, shoved a Vanderbilt, and looked awfully cute in my long drawers and several layers of sweaters. It's costing nice old Paramount, who wants to please,



this picture (the plot couldn't be about two men in love with one girl, now could it?) played with Claudette in "She Married Her Boss"—so after all it's just a reunion in Ketchum.

They are behaving quite properly, I hasten to report, because I know you've heard wild tales about all those fantastic things that happen on locations. In fact they are behaving too properly for me to get good "copy"—but after all they are happily married people, and far be it from me to start imaginary romantic interludes for them just for the sake of a naughty paragraph. Melvyn Douglas phones nightly to his lovely wife, Helen Gahagan, and with the first sniffle from Robert, Mrs. Young was on the train headed for Sun Valley to see that Bob didn't forget to wear his woolen undershirt. The next time I go on a location I shall see to it that it is one where the leading men are not married. Not that I have anything in mind particularly. I was just thinking.

Wesley Ruggles is a family man too, for the nonce, though it won't be long now, as Mrs. Wesley Ruggles, nee Arline Judge, is in Reno rapidly becoming an ex-Mrs. Ruggles. That, dear reader, is the only Hollywood "touch." Otherwise all is terribly normal and respectable—which fact never ceases to amaze (and irk) those staid old dodos from the East who, it seems, fully expected to see Claudette come sweeping into

Melvyn Douglas, Claudette Colbert and Robert Young silhouetted against the gorgeous snow-covered Idaho landscape. (Below) A spot of warm drink with Wesley Ruggles, the director, and Claude Binyon, the author.

nine thousand dollars a week to keep everybody fed and sheltered—that of course doesn't include any salaries; I should say not. When you add the salaries to that nine grand you can readily understand why we might have to progress to higher mathematics, and why Paramount hopes to high heaven that you, dear public, will remain stark staring ski-mad for another year.

However, Paramount does get a couple of good breaks on the expense account. It seems that those expert skiers who jump madly about from mountain range to mountain range, without breaking their necks, all expect to be Olympic champions some day and so cannot accept any money on account of they will lose their amateur standing. And so they slalom down Proctor Mountain while the cameras click—for nothing.

Also, Claudette Colbert, the star of "I Met Him in Paris," is just as tasty a dish on a pair of skis as she once was on Cleopatra's barge, and will not need a double. Claudette learned to ski a year ago last January at Yosemite, on her honeymoon. Ice skating she learned when she was a kid on the frozen lakes of New York's Central Park. Also, Bob Young, one of the young men so in love with the beautiful Claudette (Oh, only in the picture), prefers to take his own bobsled fall, and he, too, will save Paramount the price of a double.

"I Met Him In Paris"—and don't for



one minute think that Ketchum is Paris, movies aren't *that* crazy, Ketchum is standing-in for a Swiss alpine village, and very nicely too—is being directed by Wesley Ruggles, who directed Claudette in two of her comedy successes, "The Gilded Lily" and "The Bride Comes Home." Robert Young played with Claudette in the latter picture, you probably recall, and Melvyn Douglas, who is the other leading man in

dinner every night in miles of chiffon and silver fox, holding a Peke, swearing like a stoker, and smoking a cigarette from a long holder.

Except for those rare occasions when she puts on a very chic tea gown and has tea in the lounge with Bob and Mrs. Bob and Melvyn and Mr. Ruggles, Claudette is not seen at all around the hotel. She has all

[Continued on page 82]

ALAS! THE POOR PLAYERS

They Are Not All Dependent
Upon Their Jobs. Some Of
Them Have A Great Deal
Of Money.

THIS is the year of the Midas touch in Hollywood. That Ancient King who was reputed to have turned everything he touched into gold has just returned to the ethereal world from a visit to the Cinema City. Not that he will stay there long. Perhaps he will come again tomorrow and shower gold onto the shoulders of his luminary favorites. Concerning that we do not know. But we do know that King Midas is in the habit of making repeated visits to the Earth.

He doesn't always come to Hollywood; frequently not. We read about his visiting people in the various states, particularly the central ones. Maybe that's because folks there need more pennies from Heaven just as a means to offset the droughts, storms and floods.

But Midas has already spotted some of the glamorous gals and guys of Hollywood. I suppose that's because he likes to stand off and watch the funny things they do with their money. Of course you already know what strange things some of the intrepid leaders of the colony buy. It doesn't seem to make any difference how much money you have—it's how much you spend that counts. And the more weird and bizarre your home,

(Above) Frances Farmer in a scene from her next picture, "The Toast of New York." The golden flood for her has begun. (Circle) Rosalind Russell works for art's sake. She has plenty of money.

your car, or your clothes the more attention you'll attract. Not that it's always the most desirable attraction. Last year everything was white; this year it is blue. That's Hollywood for you.

But here's a little secret. The Younger Generation has got it all over their daddies and mummies when it comes to saving money

and spending it wisely. It's a cinch they don't intend to be left stranded in the middle of a pond when the rainy season sets in. Not only have a number of unknown players blazed forth overnight into spectacular successes, with weekly pay checks that would dazzle the average toiler, but some few of them have fallen heir to great fortunes between-shots.

There's Norma Shearer, Robert Cummings, William Hall, Virginia Bruce, Rosalind Russell, Grace Bradley and Franchot Tone, for instance. And like King Midas, not one of these players has experienced an iota of increased happiness with the multiplying shekels.

Though the Hollywood players have not as yet prayed that the curse of wealth be removed it appears that some are on the ragged edge of it.

The largest amount received by a screen player, as a bequest, is the fortune left Actress Norma Shearer and her two children by the sad death of Producer Irving Thalberg. Already it is reported that Norma has disposed of the 35,000 shares of Loew's stock held by the producer. These shares represented an important interest in the company that controls M-G-M studio and other enterprises. It is said that Miss Shearer sold the stock to English interests for more than \$2,000,000.

In her own right the star draws a salary running into four figures and is under con-



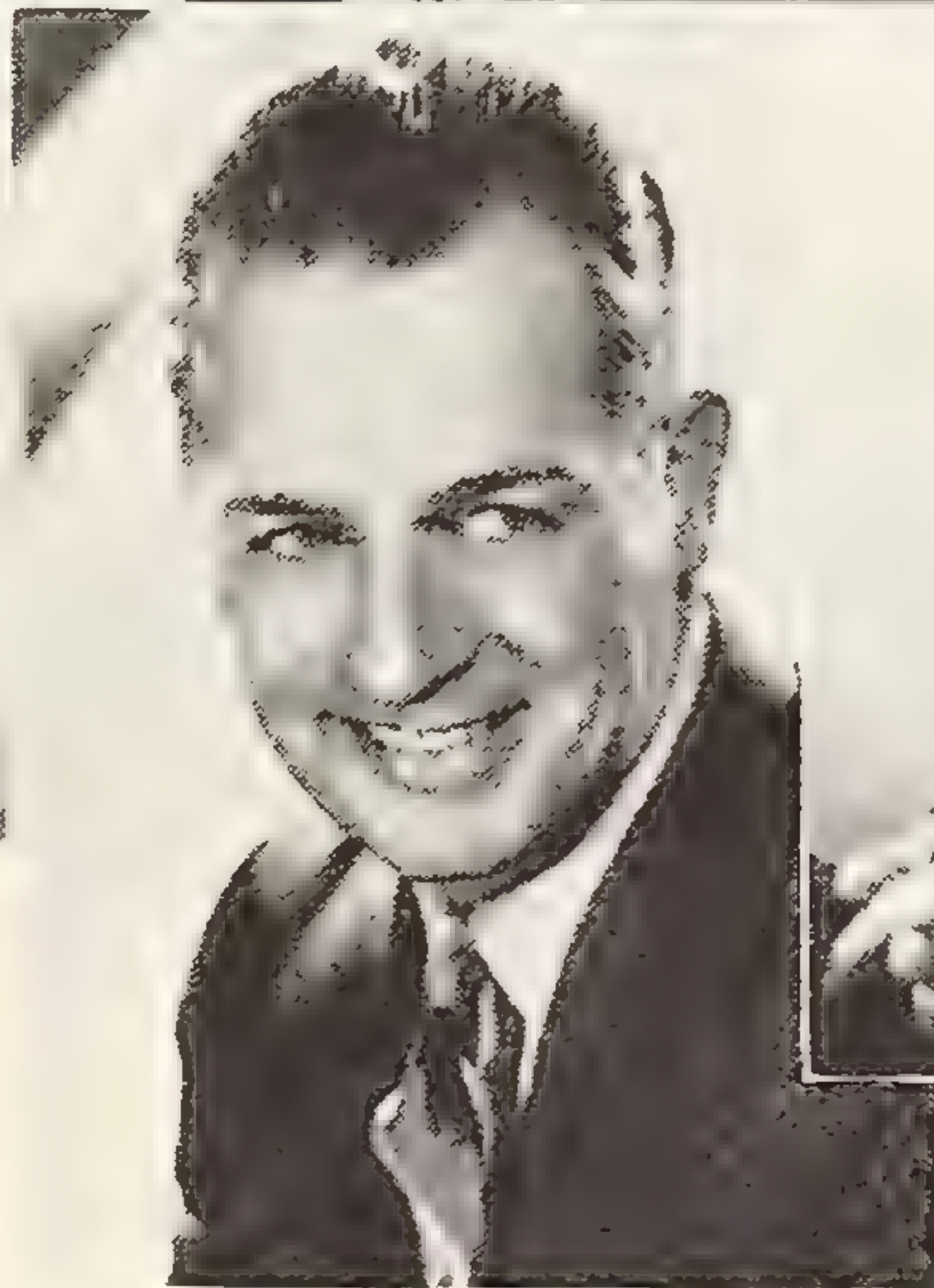
By
Annabelle Gillespie-Hayek

fame have smiled bountifully upon her, much of her good luck is due to her tenderness, her fragility and her genuine spirit of kindness.

Plenty of players have been touched this year with the hand of fame if not of fortune. The new film actors who have achieved stardom are worth ten times their weight in gold to the industry. That is why each one's contract will bring a million or more in cash if he develops into a real luminary. Out of the large number of embryo stars Midas has let a magic hand fall onto a few, and has helped them to instant success. Outstanding is Robert Taylor, the new matinee idol, whose popularity bids fair to outshine even Valentino, Gable and the rest. Simone Simon,



(Below) Robert Cummings now is a millionaire, but he is eager to make good on the screen. (Right) Lola Lane, another screen girl suddenly rich.



tract to M-G-M for three years to come. But Norma, insupportably lonely as she is, has gone away with her children and time alone may comfort her desolation and ease the ache that lies so heavily upon her heart. Just what her plans for the future are is still a mystery. But no one will ever know to what extent Norma may suffer from the loss of the quiet, sagacious man whose genius contributed so largely to the lasting brilliance of her career. Perhaps Midas anticipated this great mental agony and that may be why he touched her with so much gold.

When romantic Jack Gilbert died a year ago, like Producer Thalberg he left the bulk of his estate to his widow, Virginia Bruce, and their daughter, Susan Ann. Miss Bruce was the actor's fourth wife; earlier wives being, Olivia Burwell, Leatrice Joy, and Ina Claire. An ever-increasing popular star, the beautiful Miss Bruce and her daughter were reputed to have received around \$150,000 from the estate. Some say that Virginia has grown more beautiful and successful with each picture and those who have seen her in "The Great Ziegfeld" and "Women of Glamour," her latest, will not deny that statement. Though fortune and

(Top) Franchot Tone. This actor has a hard cash background—as hard as carborundum. (Right) Grace Bradley yearns for fame and happiness—money isn't everything. (Above) Reginald Denny went into business and now it's doing so well that the directors have to wait his pleasure.

the French actress, Luise Rainer, another importation, Frances Farmer, and Martha Raye have skyrocketed overnight. Among the men who have risen to stardom quickly, in addition to Taylor, are: Bob Burns, Don Ameche and James Stewart. Bobby Breen and Deanna Durbin represent the children. Pro-

ducers like Joseph Schenck and Darryl Zanuck believe that success can now be won practically overnight.

Anticipating a little, plenty of players in the film colony have brilliant financial fu-

tures mapped out for them. There's Reginald Denny who, less than a year ago, went into an independent business production of toy airplanes and has already realized a sum beyond his wildest dreams. He and his associates now have orders for more than \$1,000,000 worth of the miniature planes in 1937. Denny says that his business is far more lucrative than his movie career and does not intend to let the latter interfere with it.

Franchot Tone (of the carborundum Tones from Buffalo) needn't worry himself over a mere studio check for he has wealth in his own right. But, strange as it may seem, the Irish comes up in Franchot every once in a while and he manages to get just about anything and everything that he goes after. He's not afraid to ask for a bigger salary or better rôles. Midas usually kicks through and helps him, too. He is a living personification of the quotation: "To him that hath shall be given."

Arkansas will have good reason to be
[Continued on page 71]



Acme

Martha Raye, forever clowning, pretends embarrassment at Lionel Stander. (Right) Bob Burns and Martha in Honolulu for "Waikiki Wedding."



Acme

steal a piece of Melba toast away from a parrot."

You knew it was a gag . . . but then, Raye'll do anything for a gag . . . or darn near anything. Even so, the idea of a young kid still in her early teens missing meals isn't a particularly pleasant one, even though you knew her father, mother

and kid brother were along to take care of her. For theirs was a family act—Reid and Hooper it was called—with Martha and Buddy, the children, just thrown in for good measure. One of those "I'll ask one and you answer and then you ask one and I'll answer and then we both throw a fit and die laughing at our own gags" . . . you know the kind.

"But the toughest part of being on the road all the time . . . especially for a kid," said Martha, serious for a moment,

is that you never have anybody your own age to play with. You miss all the fun of being young, you know. You never stay in one town long enough to meet any boys or girls."

When she was about sixteen Martha decided to have a fling at doing a single and did right well, too, singing with Paul Ash's band in Chicago where, she vows, she moved the first three rows of seats back two feet by sheer lustiness of her voice. From Chicago she teamed up with Benny Davis, well known emcee, and played everything that boasted a stage from New York

HOO-RAYE

MARTHA'S IN PICTURES!

SUN-RAY, ultra-violet ray, stingray, and then . . . MARTHA RAYE!

Here is a smallish sized girl with a voice like a stepped-up fog horn who came to Hollywood and promptly turned one of the major picture studios into a bedlam of new-style gags and raucous Raye laughter.

No longer do you greet your friend on the lot with a casual, "Hi'ya, Bill," or "What do you know, Carol?" Good heavens, no! Nowadays you're distinctly *de trop* unless you back off a few feet from your intended victim, brace yourself, and then strain both tonsils by yelling as hoarsely as possible, "YEAAAAAAAH, MA'AM, Y'SURE LOOKED ALL DREAMED UP, MISTER EDDIE!" And that, according to all Raye fans, is the only possible way to greet your friends in this day of grace.

As I seated myself, somewhat warily, in her dressing room I wondered, "what makes this Raye gal tick?" She's about medium height . . . has medium brown hair . . . is about medium heavy . . . but from there on the "mediumness" ceases. Her skin is double lovely and so are her hands. She has a mouth that is a small replica of the Grand Canyon and it's filled with large handsome, pearly white teeth. And the voice that comes out of it, while it has the natural huskiness of Bing Crosby's, possesses about six times the carrying power. Her eyes are actually wistful when she isn't muggin' . . . which isn't often.

She sprawled (I said sprawled) on a couch and adjusted her turkey-red shorts.

"Interview?" she whooped. "Yeah, man! Then I must be!" She punctuated this announcement with a laugh or bray, I should say, the likes of which I'd never heard before.

"Must be what?" I inquired, meekly.

"Oh, boy . . . I must almost be a star. Imagine that! . . . can you imagine it? Raye, a star in pictures? Yippee!" With admirable self-control she refrained from doing a nip-up. "Go on," she pleaded hoarsely. "Go on and interview me . . . I'll betcha I'm going to love this. Yeah, man!"

"Where were you born, Miss Raye?"

"Great Falls, Montana. Say where'd you get that suit?"

I told her where I bought the suit. "Great Falls, you say? When did you leave there?"

"When I was three days old. Have you ever eaten one of those nut-burgers? . . . man, are they keen!"

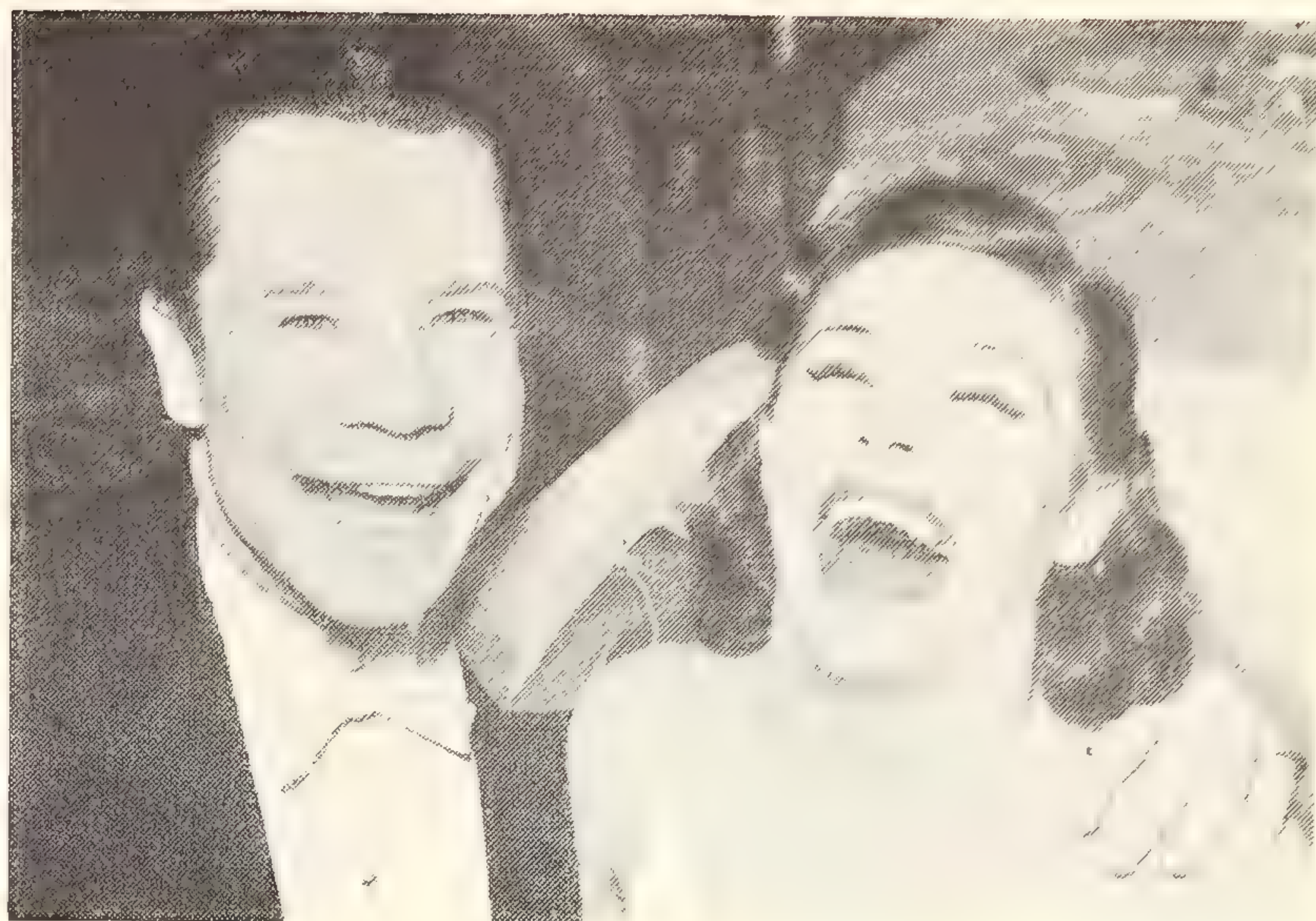
I could foresee trouble ahead if the interview kept up in this mutual cross examination so I gave up and we just talked of this and that, but during our conversation I managed to piece together a really remarkable story. A story of seventeen long hard years in show business (Martha made her first stage appearance at the ripe old age of three) of one night stands, of cold dressing rooms and, yes, during lay-offs sometimes, of not enough to eat. She exhibited a small scar on her finger. "Know how I got that?" she asked. "By trying to



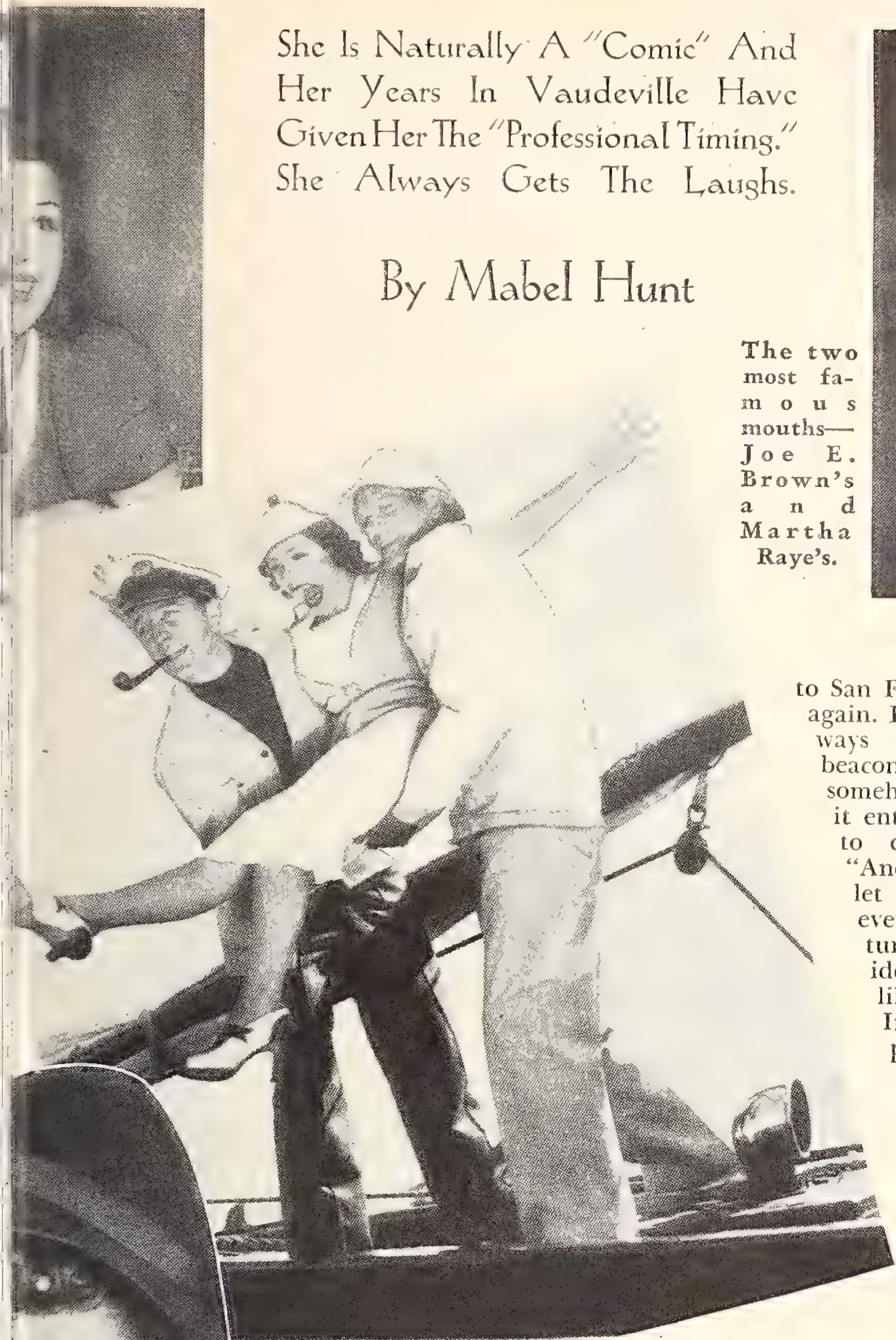
She Is Naturally A "Comic" And Her Years In Vaudeville Have Given Her The "Professional Timing." She Always Gets The Laughs.

By Mabel Hunt

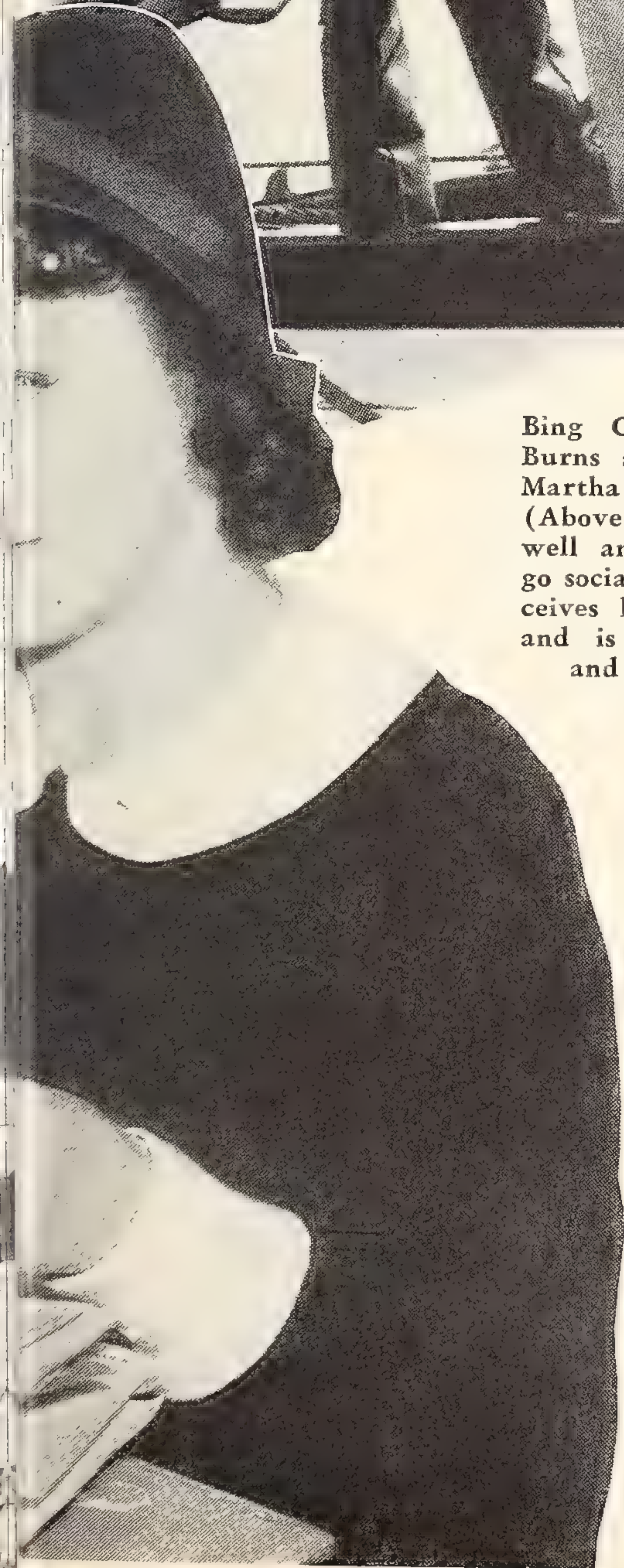
The two most famous mouths—Joe E. Brown's and Martha Raye's.



Wide World



Bing Crosby and Bob Burns about to launch Martha on her career. (Above) William Bakewell and Martha Raye go social. (Left) She receives lots of fan mail and is quite surprised and very happy.



to San Francisco and back again. Hollywood had always been a shining beacon, Martha said, but somehow she'd missed it entirely in her coast to coast wanderings. "And every time I'd let myself think of ever being in pictures why, the very idea would sound like a gag to me. Imagine Raye in pictures, I'd say to myself, with that pan and that voice!"

So she signed up with Earl Carroll's "Sketch Book" and later with Lew Brown's "Calling All Stars." Eventually, though, she did land at the Golden Gate of Hollywood to sing and stun the patrons of the Century Club and later at the Club Casanova. Then followed an engagement at that brightest of all Hollywood night spots—where the prices are fixed according to the picture stars' salaries—the Trocadero. And it was here, while doing her famous drunk act, that she

was first noticed by the "right people"—that is, Paramount scouts.

Followed a part in Bing Crosby's "Rhythm on the Range," which, by the way, was originally intended to be one of minor importance but which turned out to be anything but . . . which you well know if you've seen the picture. Bing is still going around with his fingers crossed. Close on the heels of her first success came "The Big Broadcast of 1937" which she did up in typical Raye style. You'll understand what I mean if you remember her rendition of "Here Comes the Bride," in which she trucked and strutted down the church aisle. That's Martha all over . . . nothin's sacred to her. Next came "Hideaway Girl" with the same "Yeah, Ma'm . . . ain't you the one" brand of comedy that continues to knock the cash customers out into the aisles. And that is no idle jest, for when little Miss Raye walks in and steals any scene she does it with all the subtlety of a black-jack.

There, then, in a word, is the startling rise of a new star . . . one that is bound to ascend to her own niche in filmdom's

heaven and take her place beside those of Hollywood's all-time great. Because Martha Raye's success isn't due to mere luck or to "breaks." It's due entirely to her own hard work (seventeen years of it) and a completely individual style that really isn't a style at all . . . it's just Martha being herself. For when you see her "carryin' on like mad," as she puts it, you're seeing her re-acting on the screen exactly as she would if the situation happened to her in real life. "Come on in and take off your shoes and be comfortable," is her ordinary way of welcoming her friends . . . and that just about sums up the real Martha Raye.

And now that the Raye tribe no longer have to worry about lay-offs, bookings and the like, Martha has decided to outshine La Dietrich when it comes to clothes . . . "Now that I can afford it," she swears, "I'll have no more of this bargain fighting in Rosenbloom's basement."

The plans for Martha are going ahead, for that Raye girl has passed the doubtful period. She is now accepted by the public and is scheduled to keep the rocky hill-sides of Maine and the verdant valleys of California echoing with laughter at her irrepressible antics. Her next picture will be "Mountain Music." This, the comic tale of a feud fought over rival radio stations, features Martha with Bob Burns. They were together, unforgettably, in "Waikiki Wedding," and the winning combination continues. John Howard plays the leading romantic role. Music for mountains is, it seems, a specialty and will be written by the composer of the hit song of "Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

Martha's career being thus inaugurated, now is rolling along toward a bright and shining future. She is the salt of the screen. She gives us the homely down-to-earth comedy that drowns sham right out of pictures. Success has come to her and a real welcome from the movie fans. Her whole five feet four and one-half inches is thrilled and her china blue eyes look out upon a kinder world than she has ever before known.

However, you somehow know that all those years of pinching and scraping while on the road have taught her the true value of a dollar and if she wants to splurge a little right now at the first you know it's only the little girl in her showing off a bit . . . the little girl that she missed being while she was busy doing three and four shows a day . . . and surreptitiously stealing toast from parrots. So . . . the next time you're in a picture house and you hear an outburst of laughter faintly reminiscent of a wounded water buffalo, don't grab your hat and make for the nearest exit . . . it will only be Martha Raye, Hollywood's ravingest comedienne, "CARRYIN' ON LIKE MAD."

LOVE KEPT WAITING

When Two Are In Love They Are Two In A Hurry.

TO YOU, maybe, it is just New York's municipal building down at City Hall. If you are a tourist you crane your neck up at its lofty façade or stand in its porch and look between mammoth columns at the green of City Hall park, with the Woolworth tower in the background. If you are a male New Yorker, maybe you hurry in to beg off jury duty. But if you are a woman and young, or even not young but hopeful, those great pillars mark the portals of Romance, for it is in the Municipal building that you will find the Marriage License Bureau.

On a mild and lovely spring afternoon Torchy Blane, a mighty cute little blonde with starry eyes, went dancing up the steps to the Marriage License Bureau.

She wore a neat little blue spring suit to which she had pinned thirty-five cents worth of fresh violets. She had tricky little new pumps, but last spring's hat, and she had in her purse two dollars borrowed from a fellow reporter on the Morning Herald because she believed in the old adage for brides, "Something old and something new; something borrowed and something blue."

When Torchy went quick-stepping into the pleasant reception room of the license bureau she found that Steve was not there. She sat down to wait, watching the other blushing couples applying for tickets to heaven; watching the door for Steve.

Sometimes Steve was not on time. A man can't be a police lieutenant with a brilliant career before him and always be on time. Torchy, who was the ace girl reporter for the Morning Herald, knew that. She didn't hold his tardiness against Steve. It was nice to sit there and think about him.

He was all man, was Steve McBride!

Secretly Torchy thought him an Adonis for beauty, though another girl might have said he looked hard. Well, he had to be hard to make a good police lieutenant. And he had to be a fanatic about his job. Torchy was a fanatic about her own job and they understood each other. She knew Steve loved her and she knew that she loved Steve and, after all, that's what counts when two people want to get married.

While Torchy sat at the license bureau and dreamed of Steve, the City News ticker in the Morning Herald office rattled off a flash: *Milton T. Devereaux, senior partner Devereaux and Allister's exclusive jewelry store, murdered . . .*

Maxie Monkhouse, the city editor, turned from the tape yelling "Torchy!"

"She ain't here. She went out to buy a marriage license," an office boy explained.

Maxie's hand passed shakily over his apoplectic face. "Treachery, that's what it is," he whispered hoarsely. His arms waved. His voice rose.

"I took her on this staff when she didn't know a murder from a blessed event. I made her the smartest reporter in this cock-eyed town. How does she repay me? Runs out to marry some bourgeois boob and spawn a kennel of brats!" He grabbed the telephone. "Get me the marriage license bureau before I lose control of myself."

Devereaux and Allister's was an institution so famous it had no need to put even a name plate beside its door. It was a landmark, like the Empire State and Rockefeller City, a store at whose gray sandstone façade out of town visitors stared as they stared at St. Patrick's cathedral.

Within these doors, guarded now by a

big flat-footed cop named Gahagan, the usual hushed quiet had become the tense, frightened stillness of tragedy. Milton T. Devereaux had been shot while he sat at his desk in his private office.

Lieut. Steve McBride, summoned hastily before he could keep his date at the Marriage License Bureau with Torchy Blane, was questioning witnesses. Chief among them was Guy Allister, the junior partner. Allister had been at lunch at The Globe, a nearby chop house, when the tragedy happened. He was the only person beside Devereaux who had a key to the alley door through which the murderer entered, and he had a perfect alibi. He had brought the alibi with him in the person of Sonny Croy, a young man about town whose father owned the Star-Telegram.

"This is one case I'm going to handle all by myself," Steve McBride said complacently. "I'm not going to be up to my neck in crazy newspaper reporters every time I turn around!"

He turned around as he said it and paused. His face began to burn. Standing in the doorway was a reporter—the girl he had meant to marry that afternoon, Torchy Blane. Torchy looked cool and unruffled.

The wedding violets were still pinned to her coat.

"What are you doing here?" Steve growled in a menacing aside.

"I'm afraid I mistook this place for the Marriage License Bureau," Torchy smiled with the sort of sweetness that can corrode burnished steel. "Listen, I waited two hours for you!"

"Well, this case broke. I couldn't make it. Murder and marriage don't mix—"

"So?" said Torchy scathingly. "You put murder before matrimony!" She wasn't taking that, not even from

Steve McBride. And yet she loved him! She loved him right now so much her heart was bursting with it. Only this was not the time to give way to love. There was a job to do, a murder to solve, a whale of a big story to ferret out!

Torchy paused only long enough to add for the good of Steve's soul, "I'm through hanging around license bureaus while you're galloping around with your nose to the ground chasing crime waves."

The life of a girl newspaper reporter in Manhattan is full of strange coincidences. For instance, at exactly the hour when she expected to leave the Marriage License Bureau on the arm of Lieutenant Steve McBride, Torchy found herself looking for clues in the alley behind Devereaux and Allister's store, and both she and Steve had forgotten matrimony for mystery.

"If you had a line on the gun—" Torchy began helpfully.

"Yeah," Steve growled. "And if we had the killer's address and telephone number—"

Torchy was talking to herself. "Well, if I'd just killed a man and was coming out of there with a gun in my hand, I might



THE CAST

Torchy Blane Glenda Farrell
Gabagan Tom Kennedy
Lucien Croy Gordon Oliver
Ila Sayre Marcia Ralston
Col. Higgam Harry Davenport

Lt. Steve McBride . . . Barton MacLane
Hughie Sprague Hugh O'Connell
Guy Allister Joseph King
Maxie Monkhouse . . . Raymond Hatton
Clifford Vance Emmett Vogan

have ditched it . . . in here." She indicated the first hiding place at hand, the end of a rainspout. She thrust her small hand into it and paused, her face such a picture of surprise that Steve yelped at her.

Slowly Torchy withdrew her hand and it clutched a Luger automatic pistol to which was attached a silencer. One shot had been fired from it recently. It was the murder gun.

Half an hour later Steve drove a department car through traffic. Steve's mind was miles away from the problem of dodging taxis and watching for red lights. Torchy, beside him in the front seat watched that abstracted face a little wistfully. Didn't Steve even give a thought to their date at the Marriage License Bureau?

"I spent fifty-five cents on a taxi," she reminded him. "The violets cost thirty-five cents. And I borrowed two bucks from Hymie in case you forgot to pay for the marriage license. Two dollars and ninety cents! If I'd put my money on a horse, he might have showed!"

Steve glanced at her as if she were a stranger. "I've got a hunch that Luger gun's a cold potato," he murmured. "A check up will probably show it wasn't even bought in this country—"

"Oh thank you, judge," said Torchy with sweet sarcasm. "Only six months for talking to myself!"

"So far this case is just a headache," Steve went on, unheeding.

"Would it help you any to know that Sonny Croy had a quarrel with Devereaux yesterday?" Torchy asked casually.

Torchy had picked up that bit of gossip around the store. Croy, she learned, had gone to Devereaux, the old family friend, to borrow a lot of money. Devereaux not only refused, but lectured the young rotter. There was a violent row.

Steve gasped and turned the car about. Torchy had the darndest way of picking up hot tips, then springing them on him in that smug, tantalizing manner!

"Hey, where are you going?"

"To the Globe Chop house to check up a couple of alibis."

It was at the Globe, just across the alley from the store, that Guy Allister and Sonny Croy said they sat at lunch at the time Devereaux was killed. The headwaiter there checked their story readily, but Torchy, sniffing around with her healthy young interest in a broiled steak, picked up a menu that turned out useful.

Spread out flat, the two sides of the chop house menu showed pictures of the two hemispheres. Torchy found the menu in the booth where Allister and Croy sat. On the blank space of the card somebody had pencilled the figure \$250,000 several times. Then the unknown scribbler had indulged in some calculations, subtracting \$38,000 from \$50,000. Also a pencil line had been drawn across the maps of the hemispheres, starting at Newark and marking out a complete trip around the globe.

"Why, it's a round the world trip," Steve exclaimed.

"It's a round the world flight," Torchy cried. "There's a big airport in everyone of those cities. Looks like Allister and Croy were going bye-bye."

They questioned the waiter. Yes, Mr. Croy had drawn that pencil line across the map. Also Mr. Croy had been absent from luncheon table for at least ten minutes just at the time of the murder.

The department car raced Steve and Torchy to the cozy little love nest where Sonny Croy lived with a night club singer. They were both home.

"You had a row with Devereaux," Steve thundered. "Because he refused to loan you money—which you neglected to mention—"

While City Editor Monkhouse, Managing Editor Vance and Col. Higgam, Publisher, stared in amazement, Torchy told them her hunch. "I believe Lucien Croy killed Devereaux," she stated excitedly. "If you'll let me follow him I'll bring back the proof."

"What of it," Croy snarled.

"Plenty! Next day Devereaux is knocked over and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gems stolen from his safe. Just before the killing you were writing this same figure on a menu card. On top of that, you mapped out a long trip for yourself—around the world. You've come through with some pretty smooth alibis, Croy, and if you're smart you'll clean the slate while you still have a chance."

Croy stared at him, then at the menu. The surprise in his face looked genuine. Then he chuckled. The chuckle became a whole hearted laugh.

"All right, you asked for it," he gasped. "You're just a big, dumb flatfoot. You've been making a fool of yourself ever since you butted in here and now I'm going to finish the job." He grabbed a newspaper and spread it open at a page display. "I suppose you can read easy words? Well, spell that out!"

The paper was a copy of the last edition of the Star-Telegram, the sheet Croy's father published. It announced that Sonny Croy was to race around the world by the air lanes.

"I was illustrating my trip to Allister," Croy sneered. "Those figures you were worrying about were calculations regarding advertising contracts we're going to grab as a result of my little jaunt."

Steve McBride's face was red when he and Torchy left Croy's. "I was right the first time," he growled. "It's a case of murder and robbery by a professional jewel thief. I let you lead me off on a wild goose chase and what happens? I make a monkey out of myself!"

"Why, Skipper," Torchy cried, wide-eyed.

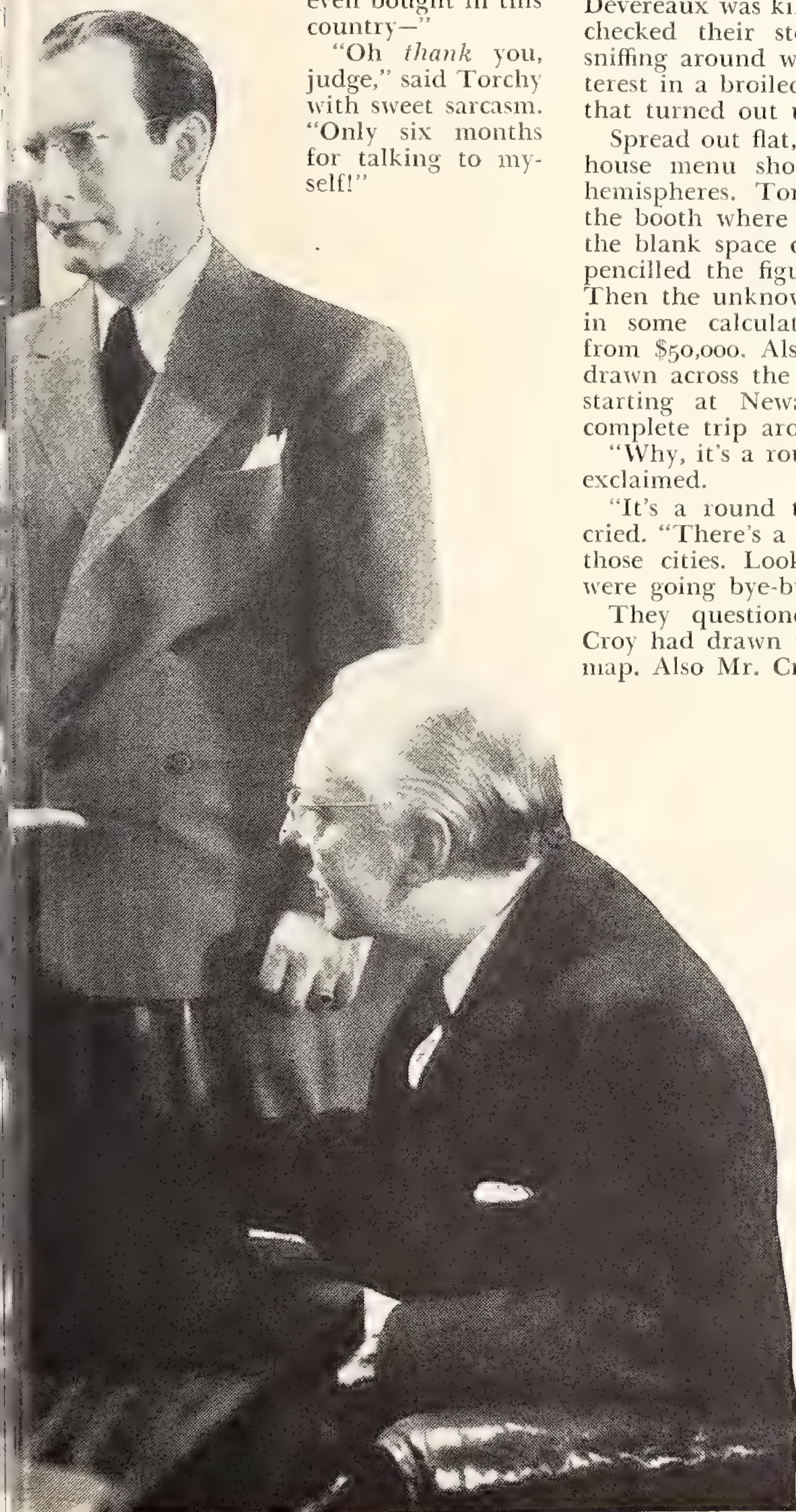
"And no funny cracks, either," said the aggrieved man. "From now on I handle this case alone."

Torchy looked meek, as any fiancée should on such an occasion. But inside she was making plans of her own. Another idea had dawned on Torchy. Steve might claim the murder was done by a professional as much as he liked. Torchy was playing a hunch that Croy did it. Yes, Croy did it and the flight around the world was *not* to escape, it was Croy's chance to unload two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of stolen diamonds some place where they could not be tracked back to him!

There was just one way to prove Torchy's theory, that was to catch Croy. She went to the publisher of The Herald and suggested they enter her for the coming flight around the world to beat the time of Sonny Croy of the Star-Telegram. Her plan succeeded.

The liner taxied down the field, circled, took the air. Steve stood watching its lights dwindle and vanish into the night sky. Torchy was on it—his girl! She was flying off into the unknown. Into perils, maybe. Murder mysteries didn't count with him now. The strict discipline of duty was forgotten. His lips moved in a little prayer for Torchy.

And from the window of the plane Torchy looked back, watching the airport lights vanishing in the gloom. She wasn't thinking about murder mysteries or a race around the world. She was thinking of





Lieut. McBride touched Croy with an accusing finger while Torchy watched the expression of bravado on the face of the suspected man.

Steve. The big roughneck!

Later, in Honolulu, Torchy made two discoveries about Sonny Croy.

While the other round the world racers, including Gahagan the flatfoot, were at the Chamber of Commerce reception, Torchy slipped into Croy's hotel room and did a little ransacking. She discovered that there was a secret compartment in the bottom of Croy's traveling bag. But there was nothing in the tray!

Also, Torchy found, torn up in a waste paper basket, a cablegram from London:

DEAL SET FOR DELIVERY OF GOODS FRANKFORT

The message was signed by A. L. Torey.

Torchy's heart leaped when she found that. "Delivery of goods!" That meant that Croy would meet this Torey in Frankfort and hand over the stolen diamonds!

Torchy trotted down to the telegraph office and informed Steve of her find adding, "Who's loony now?" And Sonny Croy, returning from the party, discovered Torchy's lipstick in his room. It had dropped from her handbag while she ransacked.

From that time on Croy was fighting and any means that came to hand suited him. He doped the engine of the plane to Hanoi in which the others were following him. The plane made a forced landing, but good luck saved their lives. From there on Torchy was behind, but not far behind, and hanging on with the vindictive vengeance of a girl reporter scorned.

From Alexandria to Athens, to Brindisi, to Rome, to Frankfort the air liners sped and now Torchy was gaining again. Croy was only a few hours ahead of her. It was at Frankfort she hoped to catch Sonny Croy selling the stolen diamonds to the mysterious A. L. Torey.

Torchy raced into the hotel at Frankfort and ran head on into the arms of a surprise—none other than Lieutenant Steve McBride of the New York police. For the moment the race was forgotten. Steve, the old roughneck! She clung to him, half hysterical with joy.

"I came to get Sonny Croy," Steve explained rapidly. "Came over by boat. Remember Sonny's girl friend? She got sore at him and spilled the whole thing. She accused him of the murder in a signed confession."

Torchy and Steve, united once more, caught Croy in his hotel room. Once more luck was against them. Just as Steve was escorting Croy to the Frankfort police came a cablegram from the commissioner in New York. Croy's chorus girl had admitted that her accusations were pure spite work and the confession a lie. Steve was ordered home at once.

A puzzled girl reporter and a glum police lieutenant boarded the Hindenburg,

bound for America. Both felt now that Sonny Croy was guilty of killing Devereaux, but it looked as if they could never prove it. As for Croy, he came aboard the Zeppelin wearing a broad grin.

The huge dirigible soared upward and the shores of Germany began to slip behind them. In the lounge Steve and Torchy paused near a German frau and her husband who were reading their newspaper aloud. They learned that in Frankfort, just a few hours before, a notorious jewel thief named Alexander Kuttori had been found murdered in his lodgings at 101 Linden Strasse.

Alexander Kuttori!

Something about that name clicked in Torchy's mind. "A. L. Torey . . . Alexander Kuttori . . . why, it might be the man who sent Croy that cablegram! She mentioned it to Steve. They went together to Croy's stateroom and when Croy did not open at their knock, forced the door. Sonny Croy lay huddled on the floor, dead. The room had been ransacked. The bag with the secret compartment lay in the midst of the confusion.

"Kuttori was the man Croy was going to sell the Devereaux diamonds to," Torchy gasped.

"Then whoever knocked over Kuttori did it to get the stones," Steve reasoned.

"But wait! Supposing Croy decided to kill Kuttori and keep the money and the diamonds, too?"

Steve stared at her, digesting the idea. "Then whoever murdered Croy was after the same thing. I guess they got the stuff, all right."

"Maybe they didn't," Torchy thought,

remembering the secret compartment in the bag. She opened it. Hidden away she found a fortune in emeralds and rubies.

"But those are not the Devereaux diamonds!" Steve groaned. There was tense silence as once more they readjusted their theories to the facts. Steve broke out suddenly, "Torchy, you had this figured backwards. Croy wasn't going to turn over any stolen gems to Kuttori. He was going to pick some up! It would have been a cinch to bring these in. Customs wouldn't bother anybody in a world race!"

"But Croy didn't have any money to deal with Kuttori! Everybody in town knows Croy was broke. He promised to pay all his creditors when he got back from this trip." Torchy thought it over again and saw the light. "He was acting as somebody's agent on this deal."

"And Croy was just the type to double cross the guy he was working for. That's why he got killed, Torchy!"

As they turned out of the room to notify the commander of the murder aboard, a steward brought Torchy a radiogram. Torchy had asked the Frankfort police to check on the number of the murder gun and now her long shot brought home results. The gun had been sold in Frankfort. The purchaser, of three years ago, was Guy Allister of New York.

"Allister is the man who hired Croy to buy gems," Torchy gasped. "He staged a fake diamond robbery to account for what he had stolen from his partner. He had to kill Devereaux to cover up. He killed Croy for double crossing him."

"But Allister's in New York—" Steve began. He whirled on the steward with a question. Yes, Mr. Allister was a passenger on the zeppelin.

Before they could reach him, Allister was no longer aboard the Hindenburg. Warned by the activities of Torchy and Steve, the murderer had strapped a parachute to his shoulders and leaped from the ship. The sweetheart detectives were just in time to see that parachute catch in the steel framework of the cat walk, ripping open. Allister's helpless body shot headlong down to destruction.

Torchy shuddered away from that terrible sight, burying her pallid face against Steve's big shoulder. Steve's arm held her fast, giving her comfort and love. For them the race was over; the mystery solved.

Still clasped in Steve's arms, Torchy's thoughts turned back from mystery to matrimony. She remembered the Municipal building in Manhattan and its towering pillars that mark the gateway to romance.

Suddenly Torchy was very impatient to return to her own home town and to begin married life with Steve McBride.



Ila Sayre turned disgustedly from Lucien Croy. She believed him guilty and resolved to have nothing more to do with him.

REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN

CALL IT A DAY

A CHARMING INTERLUDE IN BRITISH FAMILY LIFE—W. B.

HERE is one of the gayest comedies of the year. Adapted from a New York stage success of last year, and brilliantly directed by Archie Mayo, it is guaranteed to pull you right out of the dumps.

The plot deals with a day in the life of an English family—the first warm day of spring—and how the sap begins to rise. Olivia de Havilland, the elder daughter, gets very definite ideas about the artist who is painting her picture. Bonita Granville, the younger daughter, goes off in a poetic flight over Rosetti (she was just recovering from Shelley), and Peter Willes, the son, who has been planning to run away falls in love with Anita Louise, the girl next door.

The father, Ian Hunter, who has been happily married for twenty-two years, and who is rather a sober sort of fellow, suddenly becomes involved with an actress with a reputation from here to there. The youngish mother, played by the lovely Frieda Inescort, is almost swept off her feet by the dynamic wooing of Roland Young, who has just returned from India.

But as night comes on the family return to their respective beds, none the worse for their fancies, and call it a day. Each part in the picture is a gem all its own, with everybody so good that no one can steal a scene. Besides the family there are Alice Brady, funnier than ever, Walter Woolf King, Peggy Wood, Beryl Mercer, Una O'Connor and Elsa Buchanan. The spring-struck Hiltons are well worth your time and money.



Olivia de Havilland, Peter Willes, Ian Hunter and Bonita Granville in "Call It a Day."

WHITE BONDAGE

LIFE IN THE DEEP SOUTH—Warner Brothers

THIS is rather second rate melodrama based on the conflict between the southern crop-sharers and the plantation owners. The crop-sharers get desperate because of false scales and crooked bookkeepers, so they plot to take by force what belongs to them.

Jean Muir plays the granddaughter of one of the militant tenants and her loyalties are torn between her rebel sweetheart and her growing love for a young reporter from the outside who is trying to straighten out the mess. Gordon Oliver plays the reporter, and Howard Phillips the young tenant.

MARKED WOMAN

THE DRAMATIC EXPOSE OF ANOTHER RACKET—W. B.

BETTE DAVIS returns to the screen in this rather sensational, and exceedingly violent, exposé of the "hostess" racket in the big cities. Those of you who followed the Lucky Luciano case know just where Warner Brothers got its ideas for its latest topical picture.

Bette plays the part of a hostess in a high class "clip joint" which is owned by Edward Ciannelli, who, as *Johnny Vanning*, brings to the screen one of the most menacing racketeers we've had in many a day. Other hostesses in the joint are Lola Lane, Isabel Jewell, Mayo Menthott and Rosalind Marquis.

They're a cagey lot, those girls, for they realize only too well that if they know too much their bodies will be found in the river. And that's just where Bette's innocent little sister is found after an ill-advised visit to *Vanning's* penthouse.

Bette goes to the district attorney, and the terrorization begins. The dramatic highlight of the picture is when you hear Bette behind closed doors being beaten and tortured by *Vanning's* mob. You can't be a sissy and take strong stuff like that. And by the way, it isn't a picture for the kiddies.

TIME OUT FOR ROMANCE

LOVE IN A TRAILER—20th Century-Fox

MICHAEL WHALEN and Claire Trevor are again teamed in this amusing comedy, which concerns a runaway bride who hitch-hikes her way into the heart of a young man, who is driving a caravan of new cars to California. Things seem a bit confused occasionally but the dialogue is bright and sparkling, and Michael Whalen and Claire Trevor are quite pleasing. Also giving good performances are Joan Davis, Bennie Bartlett and Chick Chandler.

MURDER GOES TO COLLEGE

IT'S EXCITING WHEREVER YOU FIND IT—Par.

THERE'S just no telling where you'll find murder these days. It used to be down in the tenderloin when mother was a little girl, but now it seems it has moved way uptown to the mortar boards.

The professor of a certain college, it is discovered, is the brain trust for the numbers racket mob, and he is murdered right there in the ivy-colored walls of his dear old alma mater. There are four suspects in the building at the time, each one supplied with a logical reason for bumping off the poor old prof.

Lynne Overman, as a free lancing detective, moves in and eventually clears up the mystery—having a lot of fun for himself

all the time. Also on the college campus are Roscoe Karns, a reporter on a binge, Larry Crabbe, a flashy gangster, and Marsha Hunt, Astrid Allwyn and Harvey Stephens. One of the better murder mysteries. And a bull's eye for Lynne Overman.

LOST HORIZON

DON'T MISS THIS—Col.

THE beautiful and idealistic novel by James Hilton comes to the screen as one of the most spectacular and impressive pictures ever made. Directed by Hollywood's Wonder Boy, Frank Capra, it stands shoulder to shoulder with "The Good Earth" as a marvel of production. They will tell you that Columbia spent more than two million dollars on it, and you can well imagine it, for never before have you seen such breathtaking photography; the dream-like beauty of Shangri-La, the magnificent horror of the snowslides, and the aerial views of the icy mountain peaks of Tibet will haunt you for many a day.

Hilton's story of man's flight from struggle and greed to contentment in a world of fantastic beauty is probably familiar to all of you, as it has been a best seller for several years. It will please you die-hards to know that Robert Riskin, who did the adaptation for the screen, has lost none of the beauty of this inaccessible Utopia described by Mr. Hilton in such detail, and has changed the original story as little as possible.

Ronald Colman is of course perfect as Robert Conway, the British attache, who longs for escape from the weariness and problems of the world. It is his most outstanding performance. Excellent, too, are



Joan Blondell and Fernand Gravet. It is the Frenchman's first picture in America and launches his career with a bang. (Below) Roscoe Karns and Lynne Overman in "Murder Goes to College."

Thomas Mitchell and Edward Everett Horton as the business man and scientist who, after much grumbling, find peace and happiness in Shangri-La. The part of the missionary has been changed to that of a tubercular woman of the streets and is splendidly played by Isabel Jewell. John Howard, as Colman's brother, and Margo, as the Russian Maria, are the two malcontents.

Sam Jaffe is the High Lama and H. B. Warner the inscrutable Chang. Jane Wyatt is the young girl who has read Colman's books and has selected him as the right man to carry on the tradition of Shangri-La. All are flawlessly cast. Aside from its philosophy, the picture is crammed with entertainment. It's a "must see" by all means.

MAYTIME

THE MUSICAL WE'VE ALL BEEN COUNTING ON—M-G-M

YOU'VE been waiting for it, and here it is at last, the romantic team once more of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, singing away for dear life in a most exquisite and lavish production. Both Jeanette and Nelson are destined to rise to new heights of fame and popularity after this picture, for never have they sung so thrillingly beautiful.

Jeanette is so lovely in her close-ups, even with her mouth open hitting high C, that she fairly takes your breath away. And Mr. Eddy, girls, has never been better photographed. The picture has one of the most glorious musical scores you'll ever have the good fortune to hear, and if there's a drop of sentiment in your blood stream you'll go pleasantly mad over "Sweetheart," as sung by Jeanette and Nelson. Together they also sing, "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny," "Santa Lucia," and "Czaritzza" (an operatic sequence based on Tschaiakowsky's Fifth Symphony).

Jeanette goes it alone with "Les Filles de Cadiz," an aria from "Les Huguenots" and excerpts from several favorite operas. Nelson does a comedy song called "Virginia Ham and Eggs" which is very gay. But it is the old sob number "Sweetheart—Will You Remember?" that really gets you.

The plot is told in flashback (and I could live without flashbacks), opening in 1905 on a Continental May Day. Tom Brown and Lynne Carver, two young things, are having a lover's quarrel because Lynne wants to go to America and pursue an operatic career. Jeanette, as a nice old lady, advises Lynne to stay with the man she loves, and tells her the story of her life. She was the great prima donna, Marcia Mornay, who in 1865 sang at the court of Louis Napoleon. She, too, met a young American student (Nelson Eddy) in Paris



in the spring and fell madly in love with him—but it was too late. She had her career, and she was engaged to the man who had made it possible, the famous maestro, Nazaroff (John Barrymore).

The lovers part but meet again at the New York Metropolitan seven years later—a meeting that ends in tragedy. Barrymore, though having Ariel trouble all through the production, gives a superb performance as the menacing Nazaroff. Also excellent are Hernan Bing and Rafaela Ottiano. You'll probably go crazy about it.

QUALITY STREET

A SPLENDID ADAPTATION OF BARRIE'S PLAY—RKO

THEY'LL tell you that Katharine Hepburn is slipping. That "A Woman Rebels" was in the nature of a swan song for our Katharine. But don't believe a word of it. In this whimsical play of Sir James Barrie's, which several generations have loved with a warm sincere love, Hepburn gives as beautiful a performance as you may ever hope to see.

She's even better than she was in "Little Women" and "Alice Adams," and the Hepburn fans who have become sort of apathetic of late will now come scurrying back with renewed enthusiasm. And what competition she has in this picture—the stiffest any star has been faced with in a long time—but with it all "Quality Street" is her picture, which speaks well for the Hepburn ability.

She plays, of course, Barrie's favorite heroine, little Miss Phoebe of London of

1805 when ladies were really ladies, and about the only fun they had was furtive peeks from their windows. You know the story, how just as she thinks she has a man he goes away to the Napoleonic wars for ten years and upon his return doesn't recognize her because she has become a faded schoolma'am.

But he pays dearly for this, because Miss Phoebe proceeds to masquerade as her niece, and is such a gay mad young thing, flirting so outrageously, that not only the good doctor but all the officers fall for her. And then, when she has him just about ready to propose she learns that it is Miss Phoebe, the schoolma'am, he loves all the time.

Franchot Tone is excellent as the dashing Dr. Brown. And too much praise cannot be given Fay Bainter as the elder sister, Susan, Estelle Winwood as the leader of the snooping Willoughbys, and Cora Witherspoon as the maid who has an eager eye for a uniform. A very satisfying picture.

THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL

A CAPTIVATING COMEDY—IWB

FERNAND GRAVET, of Paris and points East, makes his Hollywood debut in this bit of delightful whimsy, and, judging from the women in the preview audience, it's going to be a mad-for-Gravet year. Monsieur Gravet has just what it takes. I am glad to report that he has a six year contract.

In his first American picture Gravet plays Alfred, an ex-King in Paris who once ruled two million people but now rules only two, the *Duchess Anna* and *Count Humbert* (Mary Nash and Edward Everett Horton). He has seen everything and done everything and is so bored with it all—so he just takes a bottle of brandy to bed with him at night and is well on his way to becoming a dipsomaniac. The doctor advises him to get a girl, a girl who, for a change, will let the ex-King do the chasing.

The Duchess and the Count decide that Joan Blondell, one of the entertainers at the Folies Bergeres, is just the one to rouse Gravet out of his lethargy. Joan is American, and very amusing. All kinds of amusing situations develop that will keep you in hysterics, especially the scene in the restaurant where the ex-King, unrecognized, argues over the dinner check with Louis Alberni, a postman.

This is the best part John Blondell has been given in many a picture and she is splendid as the American girl who is at first indifferent, and then anything else but. Could it be co-incidence that Fernand Gravet at times, particularly in his naval uniform, looks very much like a certain ex-King who also loved an American girl?

23½ HOURS LEAVE

HARKING BACK TO THE WORLD WAR—Grand National

A MERRY little story about love and gay goings-on in an American cantonment during the first years of the late war. Just as you guessed, if you are one of the older generation, this picture was once made in 1919 and was one of the most successful of the comedy war pictures. Douglas MacLean played the lead and made quite a name for himself as the flirtatious young sergeant who bet his pals that he would be asked to breakfast by the general—and was.

But time marches on, so they say, and now it is Douglas MacLean who produces the picture and Jimmy Ellison (remember *Buffalo Bill Cody* in the "Plainsman"?) who plays the young sergeant. Terry Walker, a newcomer to the screen, plays the general's daughter and Paul Harvey is the irascible general. Jimmy sings several songs, including "Good Night, My Lucky Day."

**YOUNG
MRS.
ROCKEFELLER
PILOTS
A LOW-WING
MONOPLANE**



MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., of New York and Allenhurst, is an aviation enthusiast. She favors jodhpurs, wind-breaker, and close-fitting helmet. Flies a low-wing monoplane. Has had several thrilling experiences in the air. "I've been caught in heavy fog," she says. "That's enough to shatter anybody's nerves. My first thought, when I put my feet on firm ground, was to smoke a Camel. Smoking Camels eases up my nervous tension—sets me right again. I can smoke all I like—and they never tire my taste. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel'—and fly a thousand!"



THE CORINTHIAN ROOM at the Hotel Pierre. Mrs. Rockefeller in the foreground. When she entertains, Camels go with every course. Mild and delicate, Camels accent flavors in food. They also help digestion, increasing the flow of digestive fluids, building up alkalinity. Camels are overwhelmingly popular at the Pierre, as at other famous restaurants. Mrs. Rockefeller says: "When I give a dinner or after-theatre supper—whether here or at home—it's Camels that I serve."

*A few of the distinguished women who prefer
Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia	Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston	Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston	Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia
	Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York	Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago	Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, Pasadena
	Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

**FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE . . .
SMOKE CAMELS!**



*Costlier
Tobaccos*

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

"Worth stopping for!"



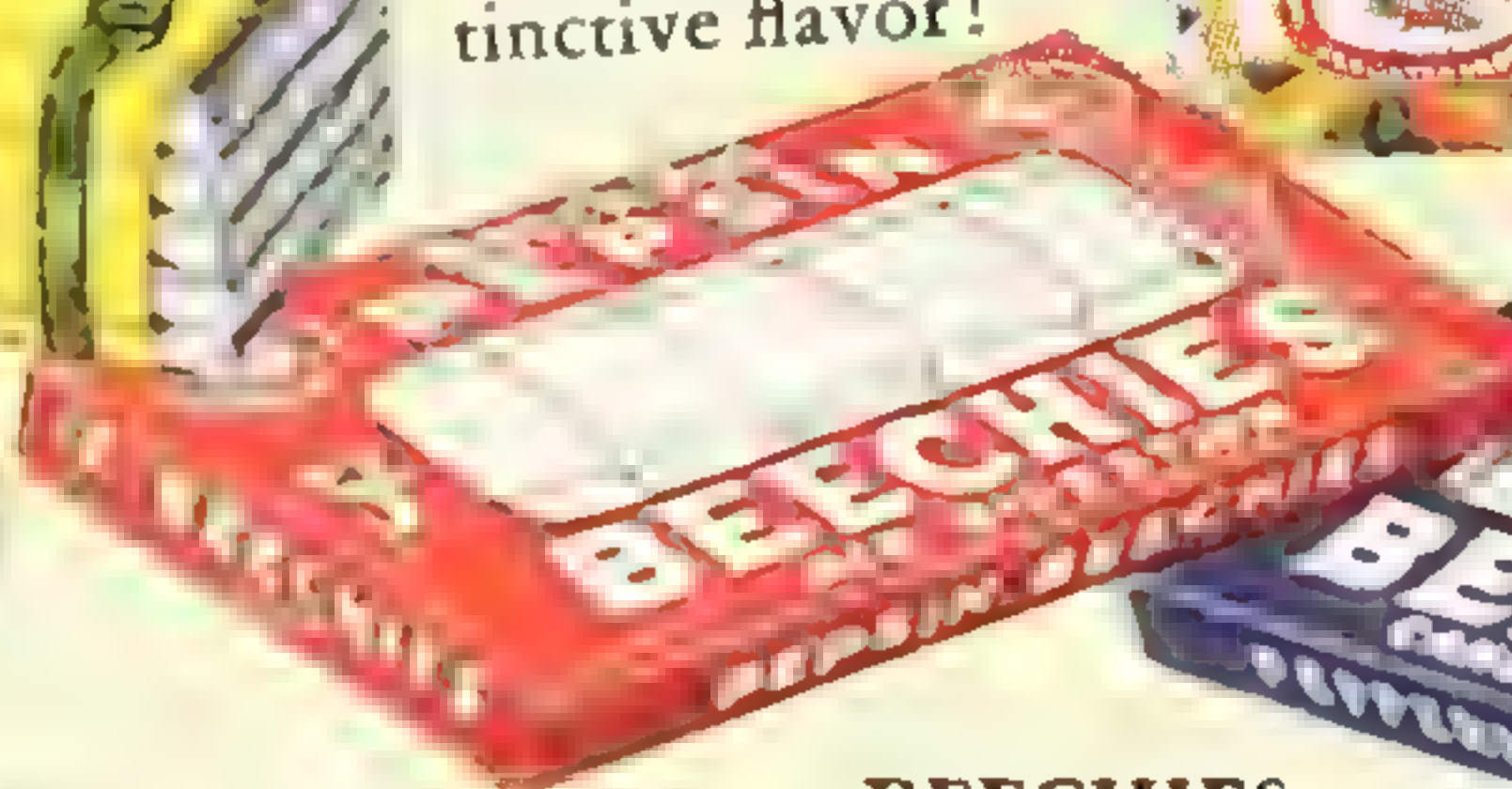
BEECH-NUT GUM and CANDY



SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel... 3 rings of performers
... clowns... animals... acrobats... elephants
... music 'n' everything! Now touring the
country. See it when it visits your city.



ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum
that aids mouth health and
helps fight mouth acidity.
"Chew with a purpose."



BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating
... doubly delightful that way!
Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.



Try Beech-Nut Candies
in your favorite flavor.
Fruit Drops, Luster Mints, Spice or Assorted.



You can taste the difference Quality makes

Alas! The Poor Players

[Continued from page 61]

proud of Bob Burns. The bazooka-playing comedian, who advertises his home state in his radio and screen comments, has decided to put his gratitude into more concrete form by establishing a free camp-ground in the Ozark Mountains. As the spot Bob has in mind is not on a main highway, he will build a road to make it accessible to motorists. Pretty swell of Bob, we think.

Young Robert Cummings, Paramount hopeful, who stormed the screen via an

acquired English accent route a few years ago, is bewildered by his fabulous luck. A few weeks ago he learned that supposedly worthless gold mining stocks, left him by his father, had a market value of over a million dollars—\$1,600,000 to be exact. His fortune, which he shares with his mother, Mrs. Ruth K. Cummings, represents an investment in gaudy stock certificates which were bought by his father before the latter's death. The initial investment repre-

sented \$80,000 about twenty years ago, the life savings of a Joplin, Missouri physician. The turn of fortune came from the sale of the corporate properties in Nevada, properties which recently were proved to be gold bearing and were sold for twenty million dollars, of which the Cummings received a twelfth.

Seems like Midas sort of picks his Hollywood favorites from the mid-western states. There's young hero William Hall who made a name for himself in "Magnificent Brute" and "Flying Hostess." Though Hall was born in New York much of his life has been spent with an uncle on a farm in Kansas. Recently the uncle passed away leaving the farm to Hall, and all of a sudden—what do you think? Hall finds a fortune in oil right on the place! At present the property is involved in some litigation, but Hall expects to have that ironed out soon. Just what he will do with his expected fortune has not as yet been determined, but he says that he will spend it in some way that will not only make him happy but will bring comfort to others as well.

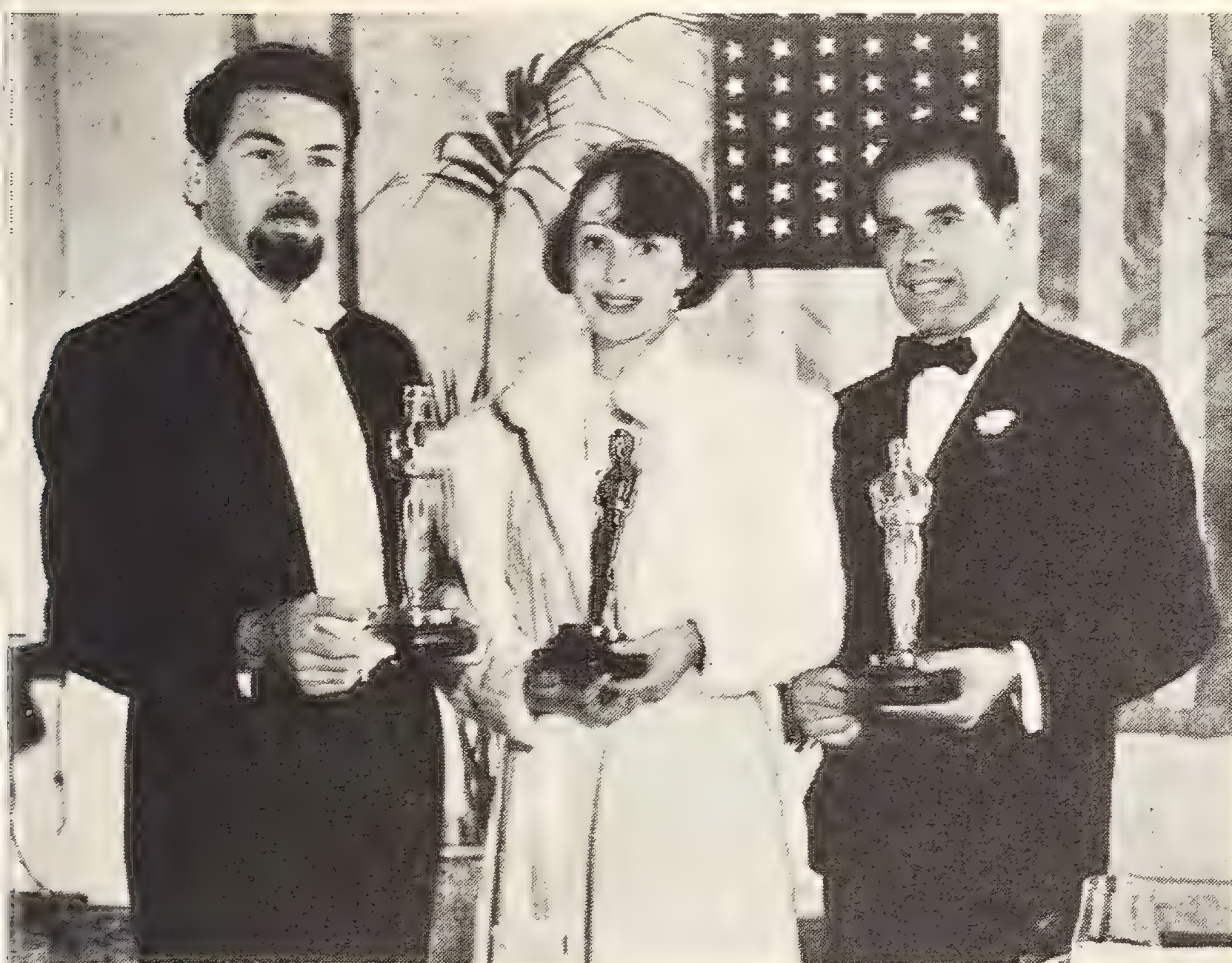
Another inheritance that added brilliance to a promising screen career sometime ago was the neat sum of \$200,000 which Grace Bradley was reported to have received from her grandfather, a manufacturer. Rosalind Russell's father, a prominent judge of Waterbury, Connecticut, left Rosalind and her mother a tidy sum, while word came a few days ago that Lola Lane is one beneficiary of a huge fortune left by an uncle who amassed it in copra trade in the Malay.

Though King Midas still rules over a far-flung dominion it looks as if he spends much time hovering over Hollywood. No doubt his magic hand has had a great part in bringing about the new Golden Age in the Famed City. The year 1936 returned the entire motion-picture industry to the place it enjoyed before the depression, and in artistic attainment far surpassed any previous period. Nearly all of the film companies are again reaping real profits and all are on a better financial footing than at any time in their respective histories.

But Hollywood cannot reap the benefit alone, for individuals here are fleeting; they are gone before we know. All act as blind instruments toward a creation that in the end becomes immortally lovely to all.

Hollywood's fortune indeed becomes our heritage.

The Thrill That Comes With Success In Hollywood



Each year the Academy of Arts and Sciences awards honors to the most deserving of Hollywood. 1936 awards were won by Paul Muni, Luise Rainer and Frank Capra, director.

This Movie-Made World

[Continued from page 35]

has aroused a universal thirst for information regarding the post-Civil-War period in the development of the West.

Hard-boiled Hollywood has been, and will be, directly responsible for these brainwaves of interest in the making and the growth of America. Is that a good thing, sociologically speaking, or not? If a knowledge of the past is of any value in educating people to solve the problems of the present and the future, then it is a very good thing indeed.

When the late Irving Thalberg, one of

the authentic geniuses of the picture business, decided to star his lovely wife, Norma Shearer, in a movie version of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," I doubt whether he had any idea that he would be making life easier for thousands of high-school and college English teachers throughout the U. S. A. and elsewhere. But that is what happened. When "Romeo and Juliet" was produced as a picture, people of all ages, who formerly thought that Bill Shakespeare was a football player, rushed to their own or to public libraries and began to absorb

the immortal poet's lyric thought and singing lines. Teachers had no difficulty in assigning "Romeo and Juliet" to their pupils for required reading. Again, Hollywood had opened the floodgates of one of the world's great sources of beauty, so that common men and women—and children—were moved to quench their thirst at the Shakespearian spring.

If a wide acquaintance with such beauty and wisdom tends to make for a better world, and I think it does, then chalk up another credit for the picture makers of

TANGEE

the Years Away



WATCH TANGEE'S Color Change Principle bring your lips glowing freshness of youth. Tangee isn't paint, can't give a "painted look". From orange in the stick it changes on your lips to soft blush-rose. Paris says, "Paint is out of harmony with today's fashions". Also use Tangee Rouge for cheeks and achieve perfect color symphony.



SEE HOW Tangee Lipstick's special cream base soothes and softens lips while you sleep... Use Tangee Lipstick at bedtime... it is one cosmetic that need not be removed at night. Tangee doesn't rub off, and never smears bed linens. Try Tangee: 39¢ and \$1.10. Or send the coupon below for Tangee's 24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set.



PAINTED



TANGEE

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



"MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
Powder Desired

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ SU57

Hollywood.

That leads us to some of the lighter phases of our subject, which is an estimate of the changes which Hollywood is effecting in our national life. Earlier in this paper I mentioned the bath-tub as an element of interest in some primitive Hollywood classics. Mr. Cecil B. DeMille in his earlier days was the outstanding impresario of the great bath-tub scene. His glorification of American plumbing is a part of the saga of Hollywood. It is one of its stock humors. Yet one of the most prominent male stars of Movieville, Mr. Warner Baxter, insists that Mr. DeMille's dramatization of the bath-tub has created a revolution in the construction of European hotels. In Europe a decade ago, states Mr. Baxter—and all travelers of that period will agree with him—it was next to impossible to get a hotel room with bath. Now it is easy. Historians, Mr. Baxter feels, will credit this ablutionary victory of the movies.

"I don't think," said Mr. Baxter, more seriously, when questioned for his opinion on the Hollywood influence, "that we have to draw graphs to demonstrate that the motion picture is the greatest propagandizing force the world has ever known. It is a simple fact that American-made pictures have introduced American standards of living all over the world. The things we take most for granted, such as electric lights, sanitary plumbing, heated houses, good cheap clothes and low-priced automobiles are brought to the notice of other people in other lands who have always considered these American necessities as fabulous luxuries. Now they are beginning to demand these things for themselves, and out of that demand they will create a new world for themselves, just as we have done. I understand that, due to the influence of American movies, Japanese girls, for instance, have taken to the American way of kissing. That may strike us as amusing. But amusing or not, it means a profound change in the customs of an ancient people, and American pictures, without in the least meaning to do so, have brought about that change."

One of Mr. Baxter's pictures—the "Road To Glory"—in which he starred with Fredric March and Lionel Barrymore, induced a tremendous public reaction in favor of the picture, which was a bitter indictment of war. In this case, it cannot be said that Hollywood created the sentiment against war. The sentiment was there. What this particular picture did was to discover and crystallize that sentiment, which proved to be so strong that Twentieth Century-Fox dropped instantly its plans to make a picture of the present Spanish Civil War, to be called "The Siege of the Alcazar." The preliminary announcements of that proposed picture brought a flood of protests, which indicated, among other things, that there was a strong feeling against Fascism in this country. Thus, as in the case of the gangster pictures, when more war pictures are made they will be carefully written and edited to emerge as anti-war propaganda. That is all to the good, so far as America is concerned.

As I write these words, Twentieth Century-Fox is making "Slave Ship," with Warner Baxter, Wallace Beery and Mickey Rooney, which may easily turn out to be a document in favor of added tolerance and understanding of our colored citizens. Mind you, its producers are hoping that it pulls 'em in at the box office. But the message of sympathy is there, implicit in the picture, and that, too, is all to the good. The element of profit is no detriment to the sociological value of a picture. The more people who see it the more money it makes, to be sure; but also, the more people who see it the greater the good it does, if there is any seed of good in it.

Twentieth Century-Fox is about to put

forth a modernized version of "Seventh Heaven." Obviously its sponsors expect that this sentimental story of love, faith and courage will gather in the shekles as it did in its original version. But listen to what Mlle. Simone Simon, who is to play the role of Diane in the picture, has to say about it. "I have tried to put into this character," she says, "all the hatred and dread of war that I learned when I was growing up during the aftermath of the last terrible war in my native France. I hope this story will bring some cheer and hope to those who despair because the world is again torn by wars and the threat of wars." Well, we shall see. But at least there will be no glorification of war in "Seventh Heaven," not as long as Mr. Zanuck is up and about the studio. And give Republic Pictures, an independent company, a hand for "Larceny on the Air," which warns the public against certain patent medicines.

Again turning to the lighter and brighter side of the picture business, it seems to me that the manufacturers of winter-sports goods, who apparently have been having a banner year, should make a slight genuflection to Miss Sonja Henie, the charming girl who is world's woman champion skater and who zoomed to stardom in her first picture, "One In A Million." I am not so naive as to suggest that Miss Henie is responsible for making America suddenly ice-conscious. But certainly by her appearance on the screen she has, as she herself says—"translated to the public the beauty and rhythm that I feel ice-skating has for those who love this glorious sport." To quote her further: "The camera, by means of close-ups, gives audiences a chance to see and notice the technique of skating which they never could see in such detail by attending an actual exhibition. To me, skating is poetry in motion, and I have had great joy in presenting my own enthusiasm for it to thousands of movie goers who would otherwise not feel the thrill of this sport I love."

Let cynics observe that Miss Henie's art is not essential to human progress. I say it is, and I say that the more girls who see her pictures and take to skates (I mean ice-skates) the fewer will be the girls leaning against bars and crowding us men out of our natural habitat. For that matter, it would be better if more men and boys took to ice-skating. They'd have less time to in-



Acme

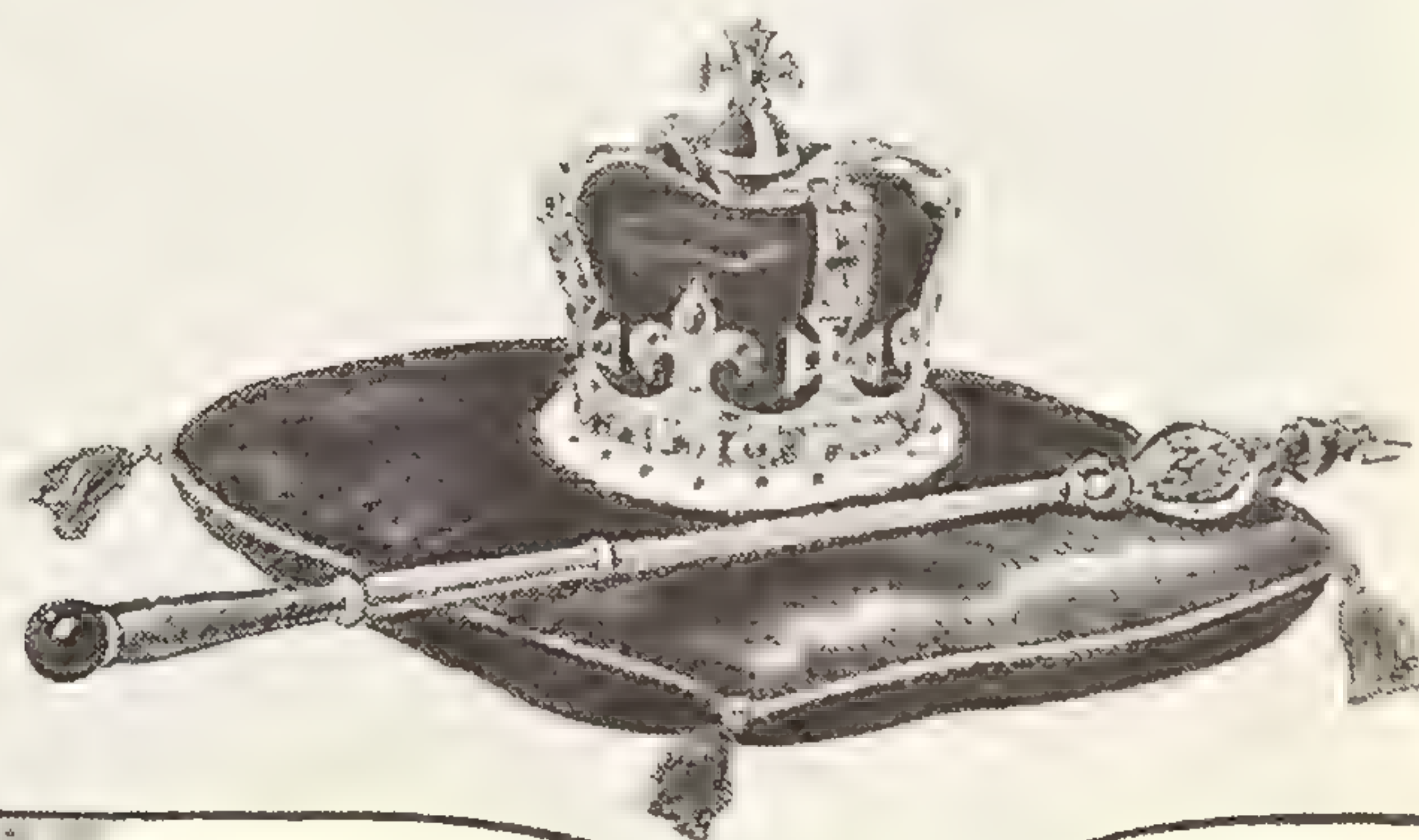
Sonja Henie, whose first picture established her as a successful Hollywood star.



Britain's Coronation

AWAKENS NEW INTEREST IN
TITLED BRITISH BEAUTIES

*Duchesses, Countesses
Viscountesses and Ladies
guard
their Loveliness
the Pond's way*



The Duchess of Leinster
CENTER TOP

The Countess Howe
LEFT CENTER

The Viscountess Milton
LEFT BOTTOM

The Viscountess Dunwich
LEFT TOP

The Lady Barbara Gore
UPPER RIGHT

The Lady Helena Fitzwilliam
BOTTOM

WHEN BRITAIN'S great pageant takes place, the beauty of her high-born women will play no small part in that pageantry.

Over and above their beauty of line and feature, the world will pay tribute to the fragile, transparent beauty of their exquisitely cared for skins.

Could you ask these high-born beauties how they care for their delicate skins, you would be impressed by the number who simply answer—"Pond's."

Duchesses, Countesses, Viscountesses, Ladies are among those who say they guard their skins' beauty with Pond's. Pond's is the largest selling cream in England and in all the dominions!

Here is the method English and American beauties use:

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning—(and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Send for **SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE**
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 7SS-CE, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

he loves
ardent color...
he hates
lipstick
parching!



Yes, he likes bright lips...they look expressive and responsive.

But how his admiration chills, if lips are dry and rough. Parched lips are old lips!

Remember, then, your lipstick has *two* duties. It must bestow thrilling color. It must protect you from Lipstick Parching.

Coty's new lipstick, the "Sub-Deb," does just that. Because of a new softening ingredient, "Theobroma," it keeps your lips smooth and soft, dewy as a fresh petal. Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in 5 ardent and indelible shades, 50¢.

"Air Spun" Rouge is another thrilling Coty make-up discovery! Cyclones blend colors to new, life-like subtlety and smoothness. In shades that match "Sub-Deb" Lipstick, 50¢.

COTY
SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.



vent poison gas and other devices to murder their fellow-men. Personally, I'm strong for Miss Henie and her art.

Also I implicitly believe Miss Carole Lombard when, in response to a question as to the effect of the movies on women's clothes and conduct, she said: "There is no doubt about it. Women in general are governed very largely in their dress and make-up by what they see on the screen. Not only that, but in their behavior and manners they reflect instinctively the actions of their favorite film actresses." This undoubtedly is true; and it explains why the guiding geniuses of Hollywood are so excruciatingly careful not to let one of their costly female stars do anything, say anything or wear anything in a picture that would cause her to lose face with her public. These precautions sometimes are ludicrous; but they are always understandable. If a great woman star were to wear an unbecoming head-dress, utter an unbecoming speech or perform a disgraceful action on the screen, it would finish her as a performer and cost her studio a king's—or rather a queen's ransom.

I was talking the other day with Paul Muni, who is not only, in my opinion, the greatest actor in Hollywood, but also a man of sensitive mind and comprehensive intelligence. Muni, wearing a full beard and the uniform of an officer of the French Flying Corps, had just come from the set of "The Woman I Love," in which picture he is co-starring with Miriam Hopkins. We sat down in his dressing room on the R-K-O lot, and I asked him for his frank opinion on the ethical and sociological value of Hollywood's out-put today. Here is what Muni said, and you can take it from me that he spoke from conviction:—

"Let's be honest and admit, to start with, that a producer's first thought, in considering the making of a picture, is for the box office. All right. It so happens that frequently truth is not only stranger, but more dramatic, than fiction. The producer finds a story in the headlines of his morning paper that strikes him as being intensely dramatic and interesting. He decides to make a picture based on such a story. He believes that it will be good box-office.

"He assigns the story to an associate producer, who assigns a writer—perhaps three writers—to work on it. And these men are not cheap literary hacks.

"Let's see what happens when the script is finished. It is submitted to the producer, who likes it but thinks it is a little too 'strong' in spots. He says: 'The public won't like this' or 'this will never get by the Hays office.' So, bit by bit the script is softened and sweetened and consequently weakened. This compromise is regrettable but it can't be helped. The producer knows that a vast proportion of his potential audience is composed of chil-

dren, as well as of people mature in age but not in mental stature. So the picture is revised, and revised again, until it is only a shadow of its former robust self.

"But see what happens when the picture is shot. In spite of all that revision and voluntary censorship, something of the original truth comes through in the finished film. The unconscious desire of the producers and the writers to project that truth has survived even their own attempts to emasculate it. And when the picture is released, it is the truth—the actual drama of the living fact—that makes the picture a success. The public, in spite of its own fear of grim reality, has responded to that truth with the result that the picture is just what its producers had hoped it would be—a box-office hit. And that starts a cycle of pictures with a grain of truth in them, which in turn produces an effect on the public that is sociologically constructive.

"Yes, in spite of all its obvious faults and its unavoidable commercialism, I think that Hollywood has done its share in combating the ills and exposing the injustices of our times. In fact, I often think that moving pictures exert more influence for good than our conventional institutions of education. Our schools and colleges are guided largely by the life of the past. They are under no particular compulsion to make that life interesting. The movies, on the other hand, above all else *must* be interesting, whether the lessons they teach are drawn from the pages of history or from today's newspaper headlines. Without meaning to compare the two institutions, I believe that the picture business has more vitality and therefore more influence on contemporary society than all our schools and colleges put together."

What Paul Muni did not say was that his famous picture: "I Am A Fugitive From A Chain Gang" started this whole new trend of socially-conscious films. But that is characteristic of Muni. He happens to be a modest man, as well as a great actor.

There is a saying in Hollywood that the picture business is everybody's business. That is a true saying. You, the public, get the pictures that you demand; you get them by personal letters to the studios, by the records of your everyday dramas as revealed in the newspapers, by the trends of your needs, your ambitions, your struggles to survive and prosper. In return, the movies attempt to depict your victories and your defeats, both past and present, in such a vivid and universal form that you are able to see something of your social progress as in a great public mirror; and are beneficently guided by what you see.

May that wide mirror of the screen become clearer and more truly revealing as the partnership between Hollywood and the American people increases in strength, in conscious intimacy and in intelligent understanding.

Underworld vs. Hollywood

[Continued from page 39]

reported the matter, sensibly, to the police who tried to lay a trap for the threateners. Eddie bought himself an armored car, hired a bodyguard, went nowhere except to the studio and home again. His prompt recourse to the law apparently frightened his menaces because nothing more was heard from them.

It wasn't the first nor the second time that Eddie had been threatened. Once, when he was making a personal appearance tour, sinister gentlemen visited his dressing room and asked him to "pay off"—or else.

Eddie sent passes to his show to the local gang leader and in return for this courtesy, he enjoyed the doubtful privilege of having two armed guards, recruited from the local "gang," accompany him whenever he moved abroad in that city!

Sometimes these apparently dangerous episodes have their amusing angles. Charles Bickford, who is pretty tough himself, told me that he received threatening letters from a group which wanted him to pay for "protection" for his various enterprises, which included a filling station, a shop or

She thought it was "Another Woman"



... till her Doctor told her
the Truth about
Intimate Feminine Cleanliness

"MY HUSBAND is cruel," she told the doctor. "He no longer loves me."

How mistaken she was! It was just because he *did* love her, and *couldn't* be cruel, that they had been drifting apart. How could he tell her that *she* was the only "other woman" in the case . . . that *she* had changed, in one important way, from the girl he had married?

Often wives fail to realize that after marriage there is a special obligation to be dainty and fastidious. The more tender love is, the more easily it may be bruised by "little" neglects, that are so hard to put into words.

Many family doctors—and many husbands, too—know that one of the enemies of happiness is the wife's neglect of intimate cleanliness at all times. One can talk about superficial things like clothes,

or complexions. But not of intimate things like feminine hygiene.

If you have been seeking a method of feminine hygiene that is wholesome and cleansing, ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. For more than 50 years this scientific preparation has been the choice of many doctors, and millions of women.

Among many good reasons for this are these six essential qualities which "Lysol" disinfectant provides—



Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

SILVER SCREEN

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. NON-CAUSTIC... "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle in action. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is active under practical conditions... in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY... "Lysol," because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" vanishes promptly after use.
6. STABILITY... "Lysol" keeps its *full* strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK Products Corp.,
Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A. Dept. 5-S.
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS," with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright 1937 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

10-25 LBS. GAINED WITH NEW 3-WAY TREATMENT



Posed by
professional
model

- 1 Rich red blood, necessary to properly nourish and build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by this new discovery where iron is needed.
- 2 A healthy digestion which gets ALL the good out of your food requires an adequate supply of Vitamin B. This new discovery supplies this precious element.
- 3 Normal, regular elimination to remove poisons and thereby promote health and growth requires adequate Vitamin B. This is the third important purpose.

SKINNY? New Quick Way Gives Thousands Solid Pounds **FAST!**

WHEN thousands of skinny, friendless people have gained pounds of solid, normally good-looking flesh with this new triple-acting treatment, it's a crime for thousands of others to remain thin and unattractive. Actually, with this quick new body-builder, you may not only gain weight, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep and popularity.

Scientists recently discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite, and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. The finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, whole yeast and other ingredients in pleasant little tablets.

If you, too, need these elements to aid in building you up, get these new triple-acting Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal. Soon you feel like new.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, these new Ironized Yeast tablets should aid in building you up in just a few weeks as they have helped thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 265, Atlanta, Ga.

two and, for goodness sake, a pig farm!

"I threw the letters in the waste basket," Charlie told me. "But I got a permit to carry a gun, and I bought the gun. One evening when I had been working in Culver City I was invited to the home of a friend and I attempted to take a short cut on a little-frequented road. Suddenly a car loomed out of the darkness and cut across my path. A man leaned out. I drew my gun, laid it across the top of my car door, leaned out and said, 'Scram! Scram quickly . . . or I'll shoot!' A few minutes later I arrived at the home of my friends and found them listening to a police broadcast. 'A dangerous criminal is at large,' said the broadcast. 'People who stopped a car on a road near Culver City, to ask directions, were threatened by a ferocious looking man who brandished a gun!'"

"The ferocious looking gun brandisher was me," Charlie grinned. "I must have been a little apprehensive, or I wouldn't have looked so ferocious. But I don't mind telling you that I didn't like those letters that I had been receiving."

Then there was the grocery salesman who ingratiated himself with a group which included Pat O'Brien, Bill Gargan, Frank McHugh, Guy Kibbee and some others. If people would buy in quantities, he asserted, he could sell to them at wholesale prices. All he asked was an order and a small down payment. He wrote down his orders, received his initial payments—and hasn't been heard of since.

Y'know, I wish sometimes that some of the men were a little bit more like some of the women. Mrs. Pat O'Brien (Eloise) owns a dress shop down on Wilshire Boulevard. Mrs. Pat was visiting the shop one day when a difficult customer was trying on frocks. She kept sending the salesgirl to look for more things, and suddenly the salesgirl cried to Mrs. O'Brien, "Why, she's gone! She's gone and she still has on the dress she was trying on when I left her!"

"Oh, she has!" quoth Mrs. O'Brien. "I'll see to that." She peered through the door, spotted her quarry, pursued her down the Boulevard and caught up with her just as she was preparing to enter a car. Then and there, Mrs. O'Brien required the high-handed young woman to step out of the stolen frock—right on the corner of Wilshire and some street or other. When the lady had stepped out, three more frocks were revealed . . . dresses which she had concealed under her arms.

Mrs. O'Brien doesn't know what became of the girl. She left her standing on a prominent corner, clad only in her step-ins!

The business of selling telephone numbers is a minor racket in Hollywood, and the reason why stars must change their numbers every month or so. Doctors' assistants, dentists' assistants, department store salespeople, ice men, discharged servants . . . any number of gentry can make a neat sum by selling these numbers or addresses to salespeople and the ever-present criminals.

Blackmail—pure and simple blackmail—is the thing that most actors fear most. Richard Dix once bought some handker-

chiefs from a young girl who said that she was "working her way through college." Subsequently, the girl's mother threatened to have Dix haled into court for contributing to the delinquency of a minor, although Dix had only seen the young woman briefly at his door. Quick work on the part of the studio and the police revealed that (1) the girl was not a minor, (2) the mother admitted plotting to extort money from him because she believed that he could not afford to fight such a suit in view of the publicity involved, (3) that the only crime that Dick had committed was to buy and pay for the handkerchiefs the girl was selling.

Los Angeles is justly proud of her record of No Major Kidnapping and no really important losses through extortion plots, despite the important people and the large incomes which are more the rule than the exception within her gates . . . and despite the constant menace of the avid Underworld.

Special Investigator John McDonnell commented to me: "The reason that you do not hear more of these matters is that the majority of them are nipped in the bud . . . that is, these activities are halted while they are still in the planning stage and before they become accomplished crimes."

David Harris, who threatened Freddie Bartholomew and Jane Withers, walked into police headquarters and gave himself up, voluntarily, realizing that he had started something which he could not finish. He was sentenced to twenty-five years' imprisonment with no delay whatever.

The sixteen-year-old Nebraska farm boy, Sterling V. Powell, who sent threatening letters to Shirley Temple's parents in August, 1936, was apprehended that same month. The twenty-two-year-old grocery clerk, Frank Edward Stevens, of Atlanta, Georgia, who threatened Shirley in August, 1936, was apprehended in September of the same year.

J. E. Snider, who sent an extortion note to Mrs. Will Rogers on June 13, 1936, was arrested on June 19.

And so it goes. When one of the country's most powerful gangs moved into the vicinity of Los Angeles in 1932 . . . one of the most high-powered gangs in the country . . . the police quietly moved them out within a few months. A year or so later another gang moved in and set up headquarters in a strategic spot just outside the city. Before you could say, "Boo!" even if you had wanted to say it, the coppers had advised them to scatter . . . and they had scattered.

"Los Angeles and Hollywood are topographically fortunate," Mr. McDonnell went on to say. "Criminals cannot make their escape westward because of the Pacific Ocean. And the limited net-work of roads leading to the East are closely and heavily patrolled. Your major criminal is trapped before he starts, so far as escape is concerned."

"Despite the money here . . . only stupid criminals will attempt to collect it!"

Ed Sullivan Says:—The Screen Is Not True To Life!

[Continued from page 29]

in sport. The success of the racing picture, "Broadway Bill," resided in the important fact that Mark Hellinger built his fine and exciting movie around the actual racetrack story of "Black Gold," the Kentucky Derby winner who broke his leg at New Orleans and was buried on the racetrack. "The Prizefighter and the Lady" was the only fight picture that was a fairly approximate

story of the ring.

If these things which I know emerge on the screen untrue to life—if the screen gangsters are phoney; if the night club stories are not true to night life; if newspaper movies are full of errors; if moving pictures about sport are constantly inaccurate—you can assume that the moving pictures make similar blunders in other

MAKE YOUR TEETH shine like the stars!

"Calox gives teeth the whiteness and brilliance the screen demands. It deserves its popularity with the stars."

Fred Macmurray



When Hollywood hints—it pays to listen! Try Calox today.

OUT IN HOLLYWOOD, where a "starry" smile is worth more cold cash than anywhere on earth, they found out how Calox makes teeth *sparkle*! So it's *Calox* in the dressing rooms of many famous stars! *Calox* for the last important brushing before the picture is "shot."

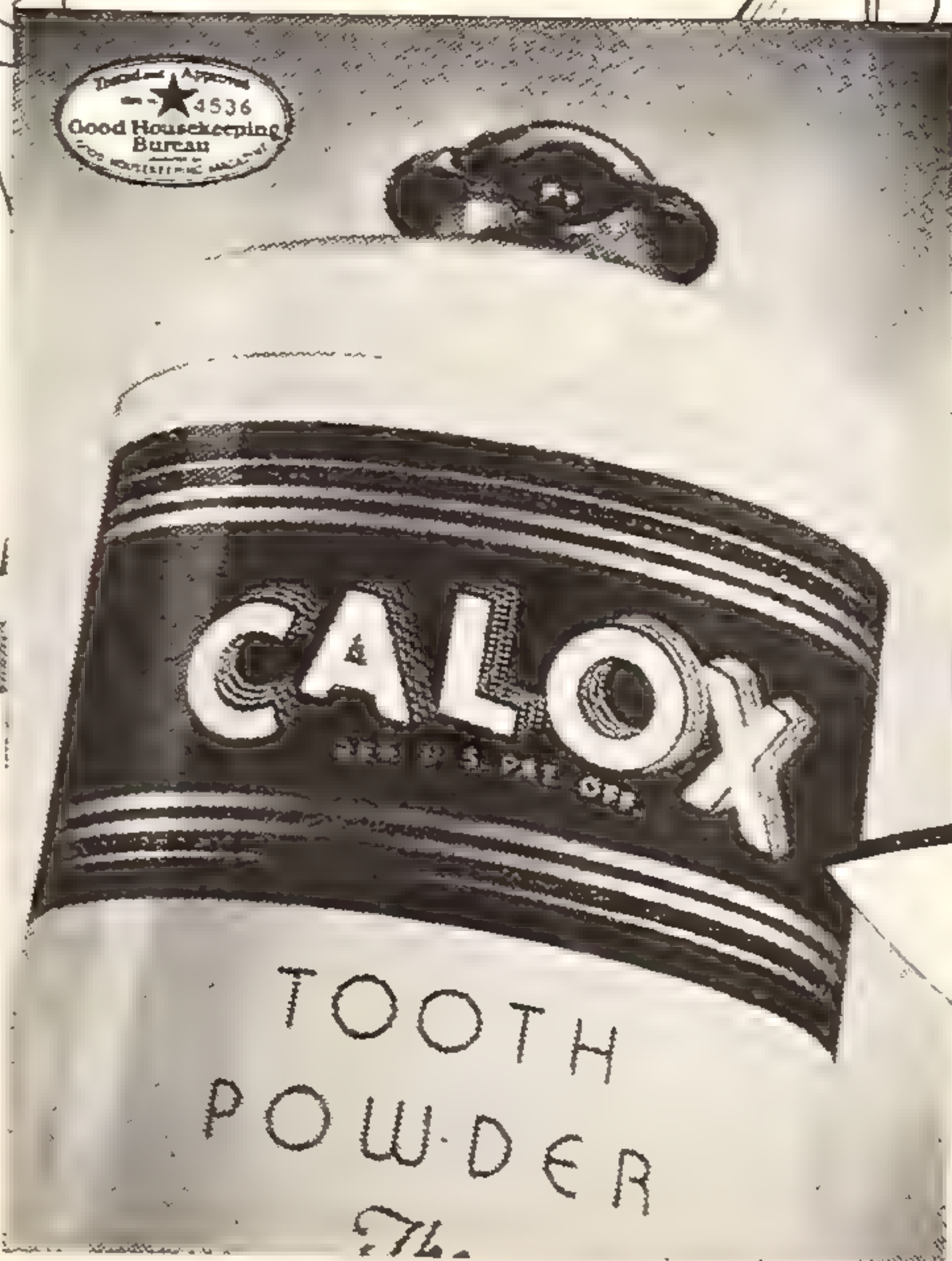
Would a brighter smile improve your personality?...help you socially? Then use the dentifrice that has been tested in the greatest "Personality Laboratory" in the world...in Hollywood.

Use Calox Tooth Powder. Use it twice daily. Wake up the *natural* brilliance of your teeth!

COUNT THE REASONS FOR CALOX!

Calox is fine and soft...cleanses safely. And *doubly* assures cleansing by releasing live *oxygen* in the mouth. Oxygen is Nature's own purifying agent. Calox helps neutralize mouth acids...tends to strengthen gums. And it is as carefully made as a prescription by the famous drug house...

McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC.



CALOX
FOR TEETH THAT
SHINE LIKE
THE STARS'

FRED MacMURRAY in a scene from his new Paramount picture, "SWING HIGH, SWING LOW." See this picture at your local theatre—notice his smile...But don't wait to make YOUR teeth spick and sparkling! Start Calox-care today!



Two comedians of great ability in "Shall We Dance?"
Edward Everett Horton and Eric Blore know that when
a comedian laughs you don't, when he is mad you do.

stories that they produce so blithely.

In a picture I saw not long ago, the hero was in a night club with his girl. They ate and drank and then he discovered that he had left his wallet home. The minute he told this to the movie waiter, the headwaiter came over and started to abuse him, and then called two strong-arm guys over to pummel him. This was the movie director's idea of what would happen, in real life. As a matter of fact, in such a case, the headwaiter in a reputable cafe would take the patron's name and address and tell him to send a check

the next day. There would be no embarrassment.

For the big pictures, such as "Romeo and Juliet," Hollywood hires a professor from Cornell University, grounded in Shakespearean tradition, to see that the finished product is nothing to be ridiculed, and they hire experts in period costumes to prevent an error in the garb which the performers wear. They are rewarded, for this painstaking effort, by the plaudits of the world. But in pictures about Broadway and sport and doctors and ships, the movies blunder along.

I am a great movie fan, and yield to no one in my sincere admiration for the great job that the movie-makers turn in, month after month, but it seems to me that movie directors could do a better job of matching reel life and real life. For instance, I'm fed up to here with William Powell's pajamas. Not that I have anything against the particular brand of pajamas which he wears, you understand, or that I am opposed to Powell occupying them, but in picture after picture, we see Powell arising from bed in the morning and his pajamas are as neat and unruffled as though they'd just come back from the tailor's pressing machine. Now, in real life, pajamas don't react in that particular fashion. They get wrinkled and mussed, one pajama leg climbs up your shin and when you get out of bed in the morning, you look as though the Notre Dame football team had done a job of messing you up. But not William Powell. He must sleep with his pajamas in a plaster cast.

It seems to me that movie directors, in presenting this cockeyed portrait of a man awakening from a sound sleep, are deficient in a sense of realism and that audiences resent it. One of the greatest scenes in "Dodsworth" was when Walter Huston, in his underwear, walked into the hotel living room and asked his wife to locate his trousers. There was a delighted roar from the audience at this seeming trifle, but the audience roared because this was an actual incident, and they recognized it as something out of their own lives and daily experiences.

Girls have told me, in Broadway night clubs, that they resent the movie heroines who, like William Powell, step out of bed in nightgowns that haven't a wrinkle in them. The girls go beyond this: they want to know how it is that these movie heroines get up in the morning with every curl in place, and with a street makeup

FLASH!
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!
Let **ARTHUR MURRAY**, World's
Most Famous Dancing Instructor,
teach you the New Dance Steps
FREE!

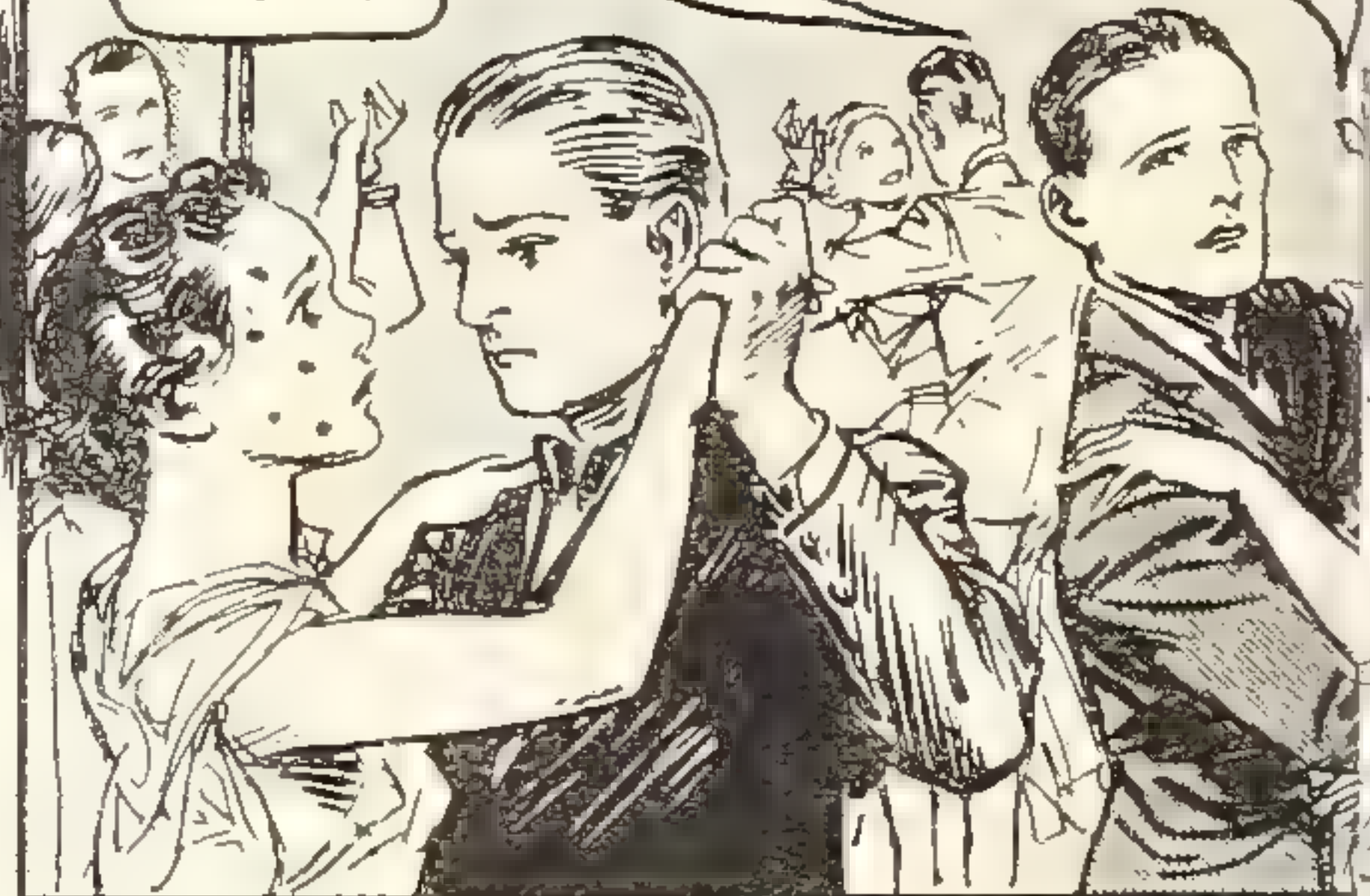
IT WOULD COST \$5 EACH PRIVATE LESSON TO LEARN THESE
STEPS IN ARTHUR MURRAY'S NEW YORK STUDIO...



BEGIN NOW

TOO BAD HOW
AL ALWAYS
GETS STUCK
WITH THAT
SISTER OF
HIS...

HER FACE SURE
SIGHT-WONDER
SHE DOESN'T
FLEISCHMANN'S
FOR THOSE PIN



4
WEEKS
LATER
PEG
SENDS
HER
FILLED-IN
CARD
FOR THE
ARTHUR
MURRAY
DANCE
BOOK

FEW DAYS LATER

LOOK, AL - I CAN
DO IT NOW - THIS
ARTHUR MURRAY
BOOK'S WONDER-
FUL! MY I'M
HAPPY!

YOU LOOK IT
KID - AN' SAY
THOSE YEAST
CAKES SURE
FIXED YOUR
FACE UP FINE



PEG'S THE BELLE
OF THE BALL TONIGHT,
ISN'T SHE?

SHE'S A MIGHTY
SWELL LITTLE
SISTER, IF YOU
ASK ME



already applied. "If I go to bed with even a little makeup on," one chorine pointed out, at the Paradise, "I get up in the morning with the makeup smeared all over my face. But not the Harlows and the Loys and the Crawfords. They awaken looking as though they'd stepped out of a handbox."

That isn't the half of it. How often have you seen a movie heroine, about to retire for the night in a picture, ever take off her makeup with cold cream? Have you ever seen a movie heroine, awaking in the morning presumably, go to the bathroom for a cold tub? Have you ever seen her wash her teeth? Those things never happen in reel life. The heroine gets up unwrinkled and unruffled, with makeup already on and she is ready for the day.

These things are not to be confused with the movie boners of which confrere Sidney Skolsky writes. These are typical instances of the movies' refusal to present things on the screen as they occur in everyday life. Motion pictures, for some curious reason, steer clear of the homely little facts of everyday life, and in so doing they miss the opportunity of a lifetime to score with the movie patrons.

How many times have you been bored to death with the typical musical picture plot of the understudy who replaces the star on the opening night, and achieves a sensational success? If it is a dancing picture, the star breaks a leg for the purpose of the plot. If it is a picture about a singer, the star loses his or her voice so that the understudy can step into the rôle. I've been around Broadway for a long time but this has never happened once in real life. If the star breaks a leg, or the singing star loses his voice, the critics and the columnists get a wire from the producer of the show or the publicity agent, informing us that the show has been postponed and that our opening night tickets will be honored



Keye Luke and Warner Oland. They play father and son in "Charlie Chan at the Olympics."

at the later date.

In "The Big Broadcast," you will remember that Shirley Ross, the girl singer, disappeared before the radio broadcast. That was the big punch of the plot, remember? As always happens, however, she got back to the studio just in the nick of time. So far, so good. These things conceivably could happen. BUT, and it's an important BUT

—although she had not rehearsed her songs, she raced into the studio and without even consulting the orchestra leader, she sang an involved orchestration. In real life, the band in the radio studio would not have had the music on their racks because they didn't know what song she intended to sing; and more important, no band in the country could have played a tune arranged

to Clear Up Your Skin! Make Yourself a Swell Dancer! **GO PLACES!**

COULD YOU HEAR—
I CAN'T BEAR IT—
GOING HOME

AW—DON'T BE A NITWIT, PEG—
LISTEN, MAYBE SHE'S RIGHT
WHY DON'T YOU TRY YEAST?
THEY SAY IT'S REALLY **SWELL**
HOW IT **CHASES PIMPLES**

NEXT DAY

HERE Y'ARE, SIS—NOW
GET BUSY—YOU'RE
S'POSED TO EAT **3 OF**
THESE YEAST CAKES
EVERY DAY—ONE
OR TWO'S NOT
ENOUGH

OK—I'LL DO
IT—AL—WHAT'S
THAT CARD IN
YOUR HAND?

GEE, PEG—IT'S PRETTY NIFTY!
IT'S A **FLEISCHMANN DANCE**
CARD, SEE—AN' IF YOU **SAVE**
YEAST LABELS, PASTE 'EM
ON IT, AN' SEND IT IN—YOU
GET A **SWELL NEW DANCE**
BOOK BY ARTHUR
MURRAY

HOW PERFECTLY
GRAND—I'LL START
WITH THOSE LABELS
RIGHT
NOW!

**BE TO ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THIS
FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD—IT'S FREE**

into it, boys and girls!
miss this chance to get
UR MURRAY'S excit-
of **DANCE LESSONS**.
the latest steps! Pictures,
s make every step easy!
an't buy this book! The
WAY to secure one is by
labels from Fleischmann
akes! Ask your grocer
EE Fleischmann Dance
paste the yeast labels
it in.

If your grocer has no Dance Cards,
you can get the book if you
paste 81 labels on a piece of
paper, or mail them, in an en-
velope, with your name and
address to Fleischmann's Yeast,
701 Washington Street, New
York City. (This offer holds
good until August 31st, 1937.)

(Details of securing Dance Book differ slight-
ly in states West of Denver and in Canada,
see newspapers or ask your local grocer.)



"Keep it up faithfully," says Dr. R. E. Lee, well-known physician, "and Fleischmann's Yeast will help clear up ADOLESCENT PIMPLES..."

● After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This disturbs the whole system. The skin gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out!

Fleischmann's Yeast has proved a great help in clearing up a pimply skin. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Eat 3 cakes every day—plain, or in a little water, a cake about 1½ hour before each meal.

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HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE POWDER PUFF *Autographed* FOR YOU



JOAN BENNETT
Walter Wanger—
United Artists Star



ANN SOTHERN
R. K. O. Star



JOAN MARSH
Paramount Star

ON HOLLYWOOD dressing tables—where only the finest beauty aids are chosen—you'll find these dainty Screen Star Powder Puffs. They're soft as down, with extra-long silken velour fibres to hold your powder where it belongs—on top. That's why make-up goes on so easily, and so evenly. Look for the autograph of your favorite star on the ribbon. At leading chain stores 5c

FREE A beautiful photograph of your favorite screen actor or actress—size 8 by 10 inches—will be sent you absolutely free, for five wrappers from Screen Stars Powder Puffs. Don't wait—act now!

SCREEN STARS *Powder Puffs*



GAIL PATRICK
In Paramount Picture,
"Her Husband Lies"



FRANCES LANGFORD
M-G-M Star



IDA LUPINO
Paramount Star

so difficultly without a thirty-minute or sixty-minute rehearsal.

The movies can retort that this is a legitimate license which they exercise; but is it? Wouldn't it be a lot easier for them to stick to facts and save their face with hundreds of thousands of people who are familiar with the mechanics of radio? There is a right way, and a wrong way of doing things: the movies believe apparently that the wrong way is the right way, and they are silly.

As a newspaperman, one of hundreds of thousands of newspapermen, I am sick and tired of the careless and inaccurate pictures of newspaper offices which the movies present. In every picture, you have the star reporter strolling into the managing editor's office and bawling the life out of the boss. My God—do the movies really believe that happens? The managing editors of every newspaper I've ever worked on were the best newspapermen in the shop. That's why they got the job. No reporter in the office would dare sass them back, because the managing editor would know more about the story in hand than any reporter on his staff. But in picture after picture, you have the reporters telling off the managing editor, working when they please, turning up with Page 1 stories whenever the mood seizes them and, in general, conducting themselves like Dick Merriwells. Every reporter, of course, is pictured wearing a slouch hat. Perhaps Walter Winchell, in "Wake Up and Live," will give the screen a real picture of newspaper life, but I doubt it. The movie tycoons, and I'll bet 100 to 1 on it, have converted him into their conception of a newspaperman, and he'll commit all the silly things which he often has roasted in print. We'll see.

In "Women of Glamour," the plot of the story concerns itself with the struggles of Virginia Bruce, a model who works for \$2 a day, and complains of the poverty she must endure. At night, however, when the gorgeous Bruce girl gets dressed for a party, she is wearing gowns and furs that would knock your eye out. On \$2 a day?

One of the most ridiculous things I've ever seen in flickers cropped up in "The Irish In Us." Jimmy Cagney, little more than an amateur boxer, in this picture fought ten rounds with the welterweight champion of the world. Cagney hadn't even trained for the fight, but jumped into the ring at the last minute and not only fought a great fight, but had the world's champion on the floor several times. This is such an asinine conception that a former sports writer must control his laughter. The greatest amateur fighter in the world wouldn't last a round with a professional ring champion, because the gap between the ring amateur and the ring professional is greater than the gap between a high school baseball player and a big leaguer. However, the movies blandly set this ridiculous thing down on celluloid and expect you to credit it as a possibility.

Truth is stranger than fiction, of course, but the movies have used this as an alibi too many times, to cover their own slipshod methods. Let the movie-makers turn to life and study the things that normal people do in normal life and under pressure, and then mimic the actual record, rather than trust to the imagination of a writer or a director.

The movies, for instance, would have turned thumbs down on a script which pictured the King of England giving up his throne to marry a 40-year-old American divorcee. But in real life, the King forfeited his throne and went into exile. It just shows what Hollywood can learn from the pages of everyday life, because people don't behave as the movie directors think they behave. In real life, a Baltimore queen turned a king into a duke, and even Houdini couldn't do that.

When ladies are dressing is a good time to
enjoy DOUBLE MINT gum!
Helps beautify lips

When at the Grocery, include ½ doz. pkgs.



Fine Figure Frenzy

[Continued from page 31]

at that. He is abstaining from all smoking, cocktails, coffee, and tea for this whole month in order to become more buoyant. Refraining from all your favorite minor vices will give you Spring streamlines! Dorothy Peterson fasts one day a week, but in comparison what's that?

Jean Harlow and Joan Blondell are under contract to rival companies, but even though they are merely on bowing acquaintance they are engaged in the identical tactics. It seems that nearly everything they eat insists upon turning into fat, and to Joan, at least, there's nothing more heavenly than candy bars. They're her big temptation! Both enjoy a moderate amount of outdoor exercise, but they have to diet to be lusciously easy on the eyes. With the Messrs. Powells (boy-friends with similar names is another bond) hankering to sample the waves at Malibu, these two J's are busily persuading themselves that candy is poison and cake a horrible suggestion. When they must lose a trifle quickly they cut out starches, but in a safe way.

Here is Jean Harlow's four-day diet, which she adopts to lose six pounds in that space of time:

Breakfast for Four Days: Black coffee, orange juice (after the coffee).

Lunch for First Three Days: 2 broiled lamb chops, 2 tomatoes with salt and pepper, black coffee, 1/2 grapefruit.

Dinner First Night: Sirloin steak (broiled), 2 tomatoes, black coffee, orange juice (taken after meal).

Second Dinner: 2 broiled lamb chops, 1 dish of spinach, 1 hard-boiled egg, 2 tomatoes or cucumbers, black coffee, orange juice.

Third Dinner: Scrambled egg, 2 tomatoes, fruit jello, black coffee, orange juice.

Fourth Lunch: 1/2 fried chicken, 2 tomatoes, black coffee, orange juice.

Fourth Dinner: 2 broiled lamb chops, 2 tomatoes, black coffee, orange juice (always taken after eating).

At the end of four days Jean eats as usual, which is cautiously. Her doctor prescribed this and if you are in good health and wait two weeks before repeating it there should be no ill effects.

According to Margot Grahame, it's not what you eat, but how much. She speaks



International

George Rupert, Chief Naturalization Clerk, administered the oath to Marlene Dietrich when she signed the blank declaring her intention of becoming a citizen of the United States.



IF SHE'S COMING OVER —I'M GOING OUT!



BUT YOU PROMISED TO TEACH JEAN THAT NEW DANCE STEP. THAT'S WHY SHE'S COMING!

THAT WAS BEFORE I KNEW SHE DIDN'T READ THE TOOTHPASTE ADS!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME LATELY, DOT? RAY'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO ACTS AS IF I HAD BAD BREATH OR SOMETHING!

SAY, WHY NOT TALK TO DR. MASON ABOUT BAD BREATH, JEAN?

MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.

THEN—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

I'M AFRAID MY BROTHER HAS FALLEN FOR YOU, JEAN!

YOU BET I HAVE! AND IN A BIG WAY!

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And tests also prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth*. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating foam*, removes the *cause*—the decay-

ing food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!



2273
Good Housekeeping Bureau

20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much,
35¢



A NEW LIFE for YOUR HAIR

Dull, cloudy hair can spoil the effect of the loveliest makeup, the most attractive ensemble. While a Golden Glint Rinse magically transforms every hair shade—even the most youthful—with sparkling freshness and new beauty. Adds the tiny sunshine tints and delicate overtones that are the natural heritage of Youth.

BROWNETTES, BRUNETTES, BLONDES and all in-between shades find it as necessary to a smart appearance as lipstick and rouge. The only rinse flexible enough to accurately highlight your individual hair shade without changing its natural appearance. The exact shade and highlight you require. Not a dye, not a bleach. Millions are using it regularly.

Golden Glint Rinse package contains two rinses; Golden Glint Shampoo package contains one fragrant cleansing shampoo, one rinse. At all cosmetic counters. THE PRICE IS SMALL, the EFFECT PRICELESS.

Test it FREE—write Golden Glint Co., Inc., Dept. 505, Seattle, U.S.A. for Rinse Sample (Offer expires July 1, 1937).

GOLDEN GLINT
BRIGHTENS EVERY SHADE OF HAIR



"Ugly Complexion" Denies You

Life's Thrilling Moments Poslam Gives Real Help

• Disagreeable surface pimples and ugly blotches caused by irritation are so embarrassing just when you want to look your best. Stop worrying about your complexion! Use Poslam a short time, AT OUR EXPENSE, and you will be amazed by the rapid improvement. Used successfully for thirty years to relieve surface pimples of acne and minor irritations of the skin. IT MUST BE GOOD to have stood this test. Poslam is a concentrated ointment that penetrates the outer layers of the skin and soothes irritation thereby aiding nature to bring back your skin's loveliness. Don't delay, get Poslam from your druggist today, only 50c or let us prove to you free what Poslam will do for your skin.

FREE PROOF SAMPLE

Make this amazing test. Free. No cost. No obligation. Send today for generous trial size of Poslam. Simply mail your name and address to:

Sample Desk 2-R, Poslam Co., 254 W. 54th Street, New York, N. Y.

with considerable authority, for she's been required to gain and lose for certain rôles and so she votes for diet as the essential factor in figure control. No one is more of a food connoisseur than Grace Moore, but she has ordered her chef to cease his fancy concoctions because she prefers her new slimness. Grace, incidentally, has the double-chin threat to contend with. She patted firmly and patted again until she had regained the lovely chin of youth.

Alice Faye's prize legs might come entirely from her dancing, but they don't. Alice has to show them in musicals so she faithfully takes two pet exercises for fifteen minutes every morning. She sits in a chair with her legs straight out in front of her, then crosses them alternately, keeping them stiff and being sure they rub well together as they cross and uncross. Afterwards she stands erect and brings the right leg up quickly, the knee towards the chin (and don't meet it with your head!). She places a rough towel under the bent knee, holding the ends of the towel in each hand, and pulls the towel from side to side beneath the knee. She stretches the leg out straight and runs the towel—still pulling it from side to side—right down the leg to the ankle, and then up to the knee again. She alternates until she's been equally kind to both legs for the required time. Dixie Dunbar, however, is extremely partial to an arm and hand exercise, originated by herself.

The new figure Mary Carlisle possesses can be credited to a snappy game of ping-pong every day, and to no sweets. Whereas Anne Shirley swears (figuratively, to be sure), by tennis.

Barbara Read is the most energetic of all the stars—she goes in for hurdling. Whew! Some exercise. And Doris Nolan does a bit of Russian squatting—not to kill time, either. Girls in their early twenties, with a

fondness for sleeping late, can find their Hollywood counterpart in Ann Sothorn. This Ann hates to be routed out of bed and refuses to be. When she's sufficiently enthused she plays a corking game of tennis; but she trusts to massages and restrained diets to keep her figure. She's the one star who says, frankly, that she'd enjoy a whale of a meal—but doesn't dare indulge in one! The naturally slim damsels, like Bette Davis, don't have to do anything but avoid nervousness and resultant loss of weight. Bette's notion is that a horse is all one needs; she dons informal riding clothes and heads for a stable in the San Fernando Valley and invariably eats as she pleases.

Clark Gable rides in the Valley when he isn't cantering with Carole, and that is keeping him in condition. Dick Powell stirred out of his winter lethargy by merely walking a few miles a day for the first week. Then he batted a tennis ball against a wall and swam leisurely for another two weeks. After which he was ready for his current tennis and water polo tournaments.

Bing Crosby has bought a rubber suit to wear under his tennis garb and he is playing a set every morning in the hope that the special suit will melt away excessive flesh. George Raft has taken to no methodical exercise—the very idea bores him.

Ginger Rogers has never been on a reducing diet in her life. She has always eaten what and as much as she wishes. She declines to devise any exercises, never gives her figure a conscious thought. Ginger's platform is that you'll gain your Spring figure by visualizing yourself in ideal form. Just convince yourself you can't be anything but right. But who'd ever have thought that vivacious blonde got that way so simply? And how far is my will-power going to get me? More brain cells or a bar-bell in the style of Taylor and Tone? Boy!

They Met in Ketchum

[Continued from page 59]

her meals served in her room, she takes her make-up off immediately after she arrives in the Lodge, and sits around reading until bedtime in sports pajamas. She likes to talk over the set gossip of the day with Romaine, the script girl, and Jane, her hairdresser. On mornings or afternoons when she isn't working you can find her skating on the rink in front of the hotel or skiing on one of the nursery slopes.

But if Claudette is aloof at the Lodge at night she is anything else but on the set the next day. You'll usually find her sitting on a camera box because there are only a couple of studio chairs on the location and somebody else always seems to get there first. Of course, the first sign an actress has of stardom is when she is presented with a studio chair on the set with her name printed on the back of it. That means everybody else scram. But the chair presented to Claudette in the snow country had "Miss Taylor" (who the dickens is Miss Taylor?) printed on the back of it. It isn't because she resents Miss Taylor on it that she doesn't sit in it; she simply doesn't have a chance.

Sharing the camera box with her you will find most anybody, but it will more than likely be Peewee, the prop boy, or Winifred, her colored maid, who loathes locations with a fine and beautiful loathing. When lunch is served she sits with the rest of the company at a long table in an improvised shack, and after thawing out her feet at a stove the likes of which you haven't seen since you left the backwoods, she eats heartily of baked beans, strips of fat pork, and things that she wouldn't dare

eat in her own dining room, Claudette being the fastidious type when it comes to food.

Most of the picture is being made on a location set in the Sawtooth Mountains (several miles from Ketchum) where Paramount has erected the replica of a little Swiss village—church, hotel, skating rink, and everything. But you must have sun for these exteriors, and as Nature in Idaho this time of year has a deplorable habit of snowing when you least expect it to, the "hotel" with its false front has been made into a sound stage for interiors.

The toboggan scenes, which play an important part in the picture, are being made on the top of Dollar Mountain, which is so high that you are lucky to be able to breathe when you get there. The Harri-mans have equipped Dollar Mountain with a ski lift which is quite the cutest thing you have ever been on. You just grab hold of a moving chair, and sit and relax, while the lift takes you to the top of the mountain. Imagine a whole movie company being transferred by ski lift—not to mention all the equipment. So they work hard all night, "the goats" do, and get all the sound equipment on top of Dollar Mountain in preparation for the thrilling bob-sled scene, and Miss Colbert and the Messieurs Douglas and Young, and all the rest of the cast and crew, are given a five-thirty call for the next morning. And what happens? It snows. Inches and inches of snow. They came to Ketchum for the snow, real honest to goodness snow, but it seems they can't work when it snows.

It's all a little maddening and confusing

—and the movie people are beginning to show the strain. For the first two weeks Ketchum was a big lark, and snow just too marvelous for words, especially to the native Californians in the company who had never seen the real thing before—but now, what with five weeks gone and more to come, snow is beginning to be a bit of a bore, and the company in toto is casting wistful glances at the transportation manager's office.

Oh, no, they don't want to hurt Mr. Harriman's feelings, Sun Valley really is a grand place, but after all you can get awfully tired of Baked Alaska when it is served as a steady dish. Well, heated stage life on the Paramount lot would be sort of nice again. Claudette is actually writing letters, something she hasn't done in ten years, and signing them "Admiral Byrd." That just kind of gives you a rough idea.

Projections: Madge Evans

[Continued from page 37]

Maybe both. And of course, loving books as she did, she would naturally be the president of the literary society and write a paper on Edna St. Vincent Millay whose every poem she already knew by heart.

The Evans' apartment was soon over-run with catalogs. Madge had sort of known all the time, but just the same it hurt dreadfully the day her mother sadly explained to her that boarding schools were for girls with wealthy parents. She went to the New York public schools and she never wore a uniform. The tragedy of youth.

One summer, as a sort of a present for studying hard, Mrs. Evans took Madge to England to meet all her relatives. (Both Mr. and Mrs. Evans had been born in England.) It was an exciting trip for Madge and she got a big thrill out of the English relatives, as well as out of the young men in the boat who said such flattering things and danced so divinely, but she was restless and eager to get back to New York. Madge began to hate the fact that she had been a child star, with a fine and beautiful hate. Today she never mentions it. She regrets it almost as much as sitting on that cake of soap. "If I could do something important as an adult I guess I couldn't mind so much about being a child star," says Madge, "but until I do, I mind, dreadfully." Ah me, it's the curse of the child prodigies. Can't you just see Nathalie Crane lying awake in her bed at night wishing to high heaven that she had never written "The Janitor's Boy"?

But there was one producer who did not say to the girl at the switchboard, "Madge Evans? The former child star? Tell her I'm not in." Genial, kindly William A. Brady (Alice Brady's father) who had directed baby Madge in her early pictures was all for giving her a chance to make good on the stage. He gave her sincere and enthusiastic letters of introduction to the right people, and soon afterwards Madge was summoned to the office of George Kelly for an interview.

Mr. Kelly gave her a part in his new Broadway play, "Daisy Mayme," and in her first legitimate rôle Madge received praise from the New York critics who evidently didn't give a damn whether she was once a child star or not. George Kelly soon became a saint in the Evans household. He had given Madge her "start." Saint Kelly and Madge are the best of friends in Hollywood today. Funny thing about Madge, although she was brought up in a veritable hot-bed of insincerities, affectations, and

Romance never came her way



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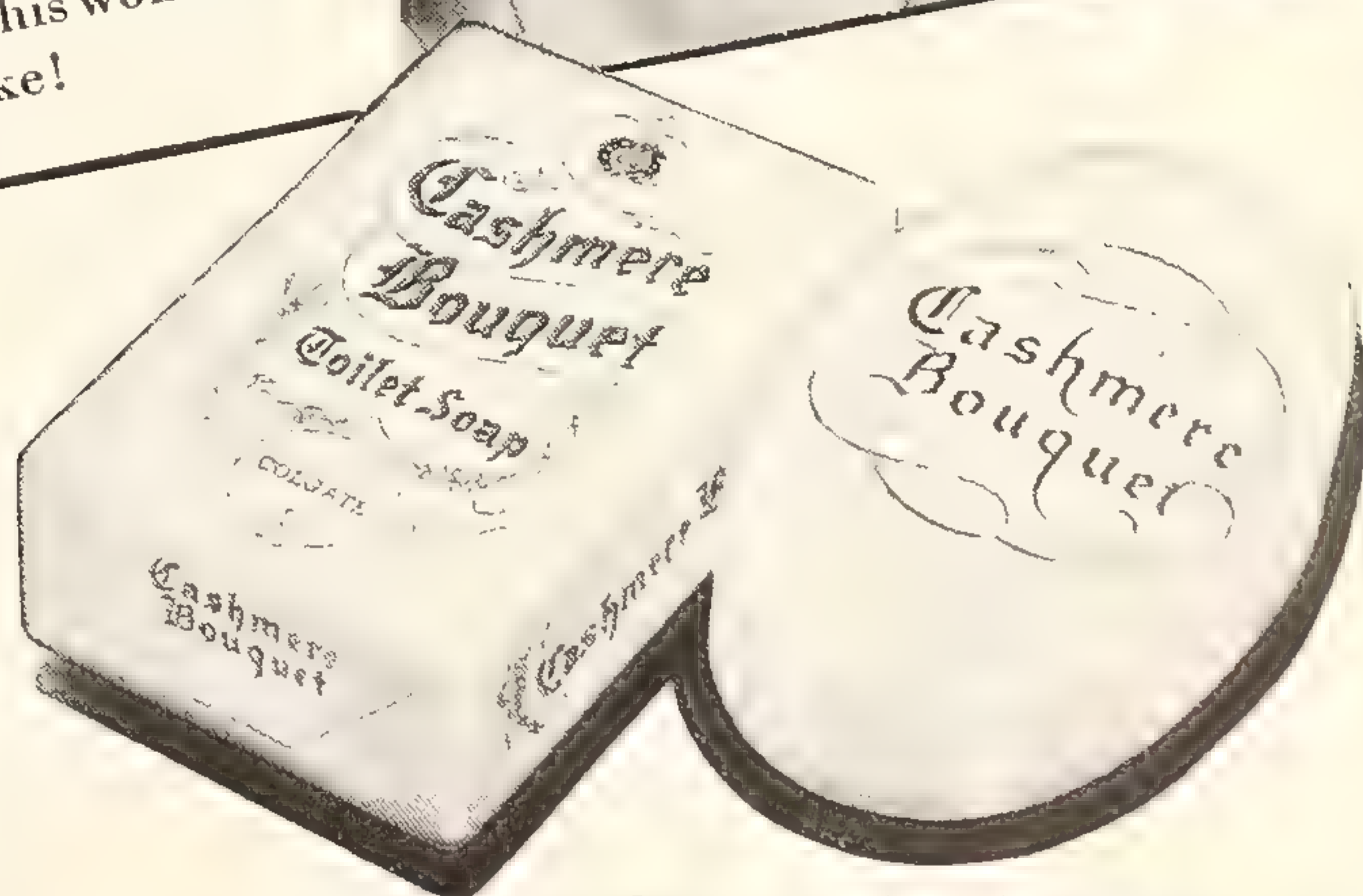
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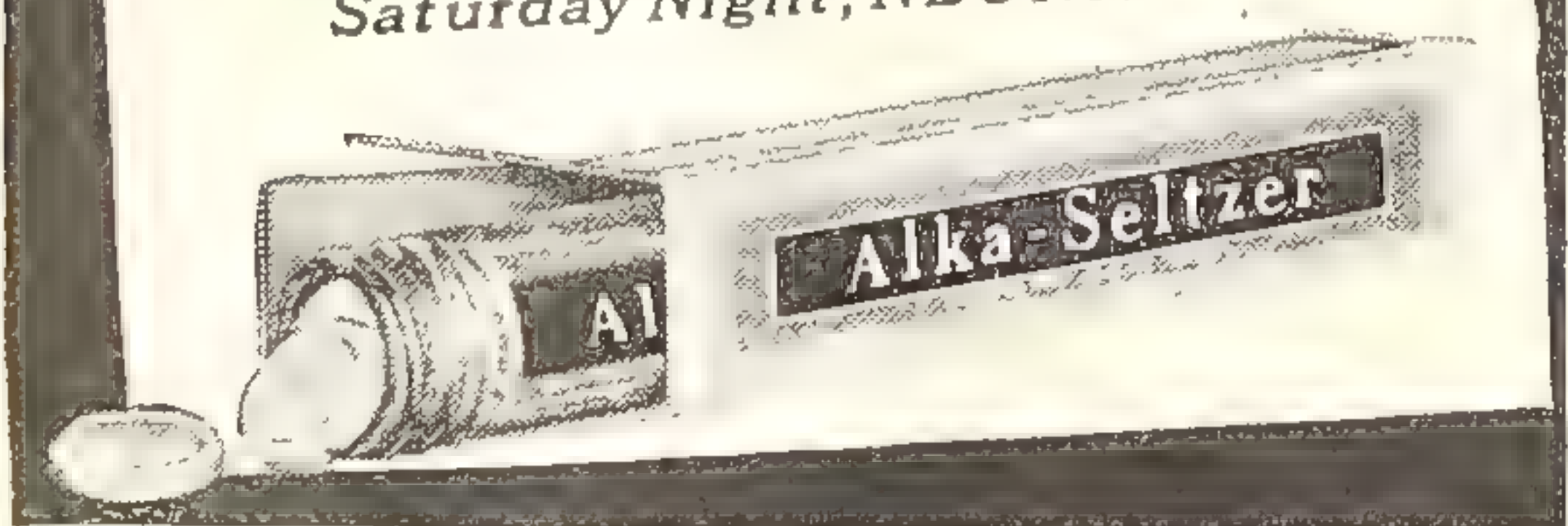
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disloyalties, loyalty has become a fetish with her. Once you have done her a favor, once you have proved yourself a friend when she needs a friend, she never forgets. And vice versa.

It was while she was playing in "Philip Goes Forth" that an M-G-M talent scout spied her and before she had time to decide whether she was doing the right thing or not she was on the Santa Fe headed for Hollywood once more, and for the lead opposite Ramon Novarro in "Son of India."

She is going into her sixth year in Hollywood now, she is still under contract to M-G-M, and her one ambition is still to become a great actress—but she gets awfully depressed about it at times. Especially those times when Metro slips her a lemon like "Murder in the Moonlight." No one ever sees Madge when she gets depressed. She doesn't believe in inflicting her problems upon other people. So when she is hurt and unhappy she takes baths. She is a bathtub crier of the worst sort.

During "Murder in the Moonlight" she practically lived in the bath-tub when not at the studio. Even her mother began to doubt that soap was making her eyes so red. But I am delighted to report that during, and since, "Piccadilly Jim" Madge has been more or less content with one bath a day. And soap doesn't seem to get in her eyes any more.

If you ever invite Madge to dinner you can count on her being amazingly prompt; she is adored by all Hollywood servants. But don't serve her boiled meats or ice cream. There is something about boiled meats that is revolting to her, and ice cream she cannot take, even in the name of etiquette. Of course, if you want to make her perfectly furious, though she won't show it, not even for a second, just say when she passes up the ice cream, "I don't blame you for not taking it, dear, it is fattening, isn't it?"

After dinner you have a problem on your hands with Madge. She doesn't play bridge. And she doesn't like games though she will play under duress. What she does like to do is talk. She is a brilliant conversationalist on any subject you care to dig up, but particularly on international affairs, plays and books. (If she knows you awfully well she will "dish" the Hollywood gossip.) And then you will discover to your consternation that Madge is a sentence interrupter. She rarely waits for you to drop a period, much less finish a story, before she has interrupted you and taken over the conversation. "Nothing infuriates me so much as to have some one interrupt me," says Madge. "But I interrupt other people all the time. My annual New Year's resolution is to keep quiet while other people are talking. It goes the way of all New Year's resolutions."

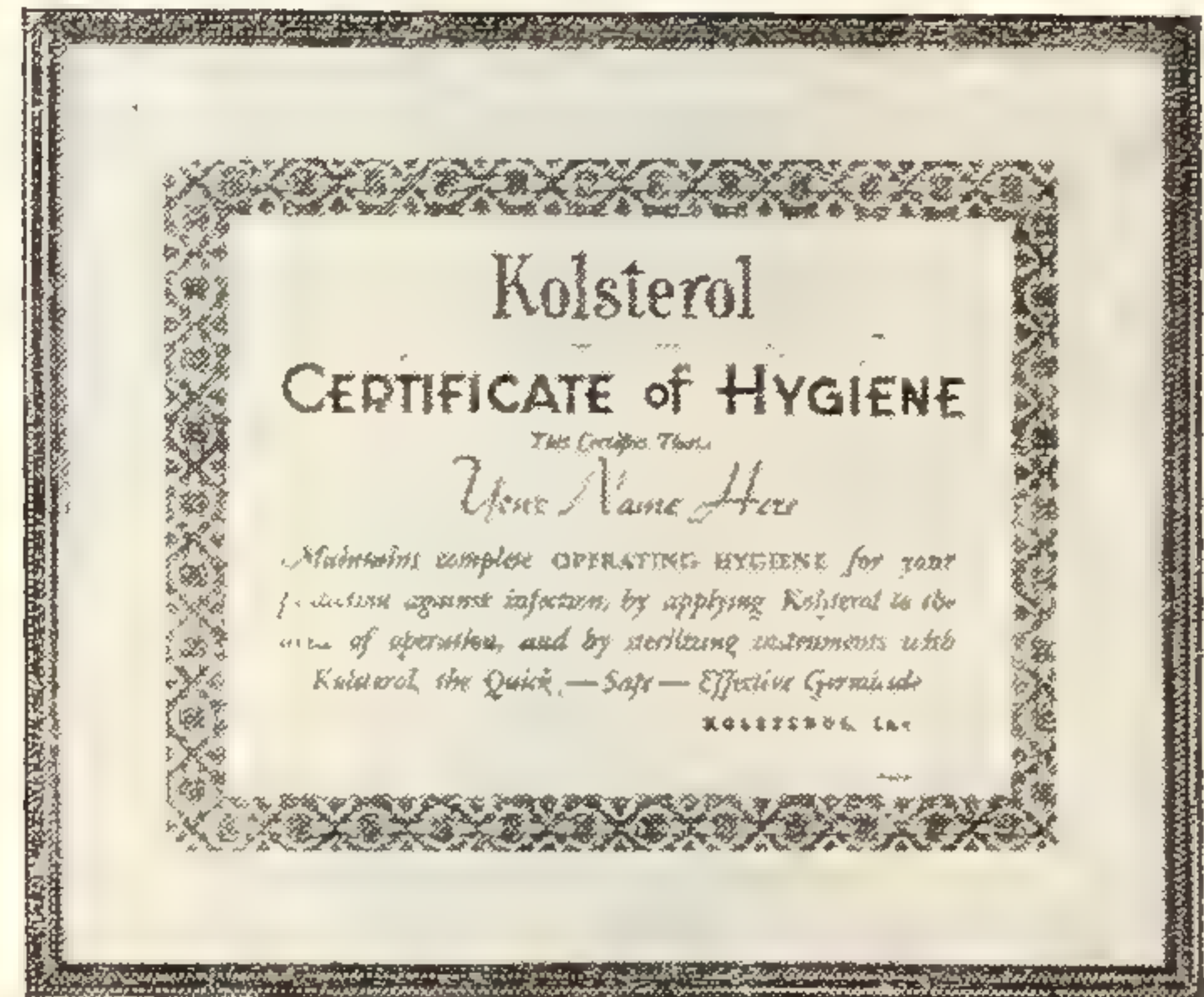
If you want to make a lasting, favorable impression on her, just say, "Madge, you look divine in bangs." That wretched creature has the most terrific bang complex I have ever seen on any female. Her best friends tell her that she looks like hell in bangs (sometimes we say Madame Dracula instead of hell), and even horrible people will shout at her across the studio lot, "Oh, Madge, why don't you come out from underneath!" But she never gives up. She has worn bangs in pictures sixteen times and has yet to have someone tell her that they were becoming.

Next to bangs she has a madness for queer little pancake hats, kicked over one side precariously, or pushed back so far that they look as if they were falling off her head. Whenever Madge goes shopping her mother knows that she will come home in one of these crazy creations. But at least she isn't unreasonable about her hats as she is about her bangs. If the dogs do a double takum (movie talk for surprise) when she

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*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

enters the living room, and they always do, she decides that that gay bit of nonsense is not for the likes of her. She looks best in swagger things which she wears in a saucy and what-the-hell manner. Her allure is at its best when she is smartly tailored. O. O. McIntyre has often commented on this in his column.

Madge lives in Beverly Hills, in a large house, with her mother and brother, Tom, and six dogs, Scotties and Pekes, who go through a terrific yapping every time anyone enters the house. No, not every time. To their dying shame, there wasn't a squeak out of the entire lot the night a bold young man in a mask entered by the garden door and held up a dinner party Madge was giving. Mimi, who threatens me with death and destruction every time I set foot in the house, did not so much as open his eyes while Madge and her guests were being looted. I shall always hold that against Mimi. Such favoritism I find extremely annoying.

Tom Gallery is Madge's constant escort around Hollywood, and when she isn't working they can be seen several nights a week at the fights, concerts and previews. Madge hasn't many close friends for the excellent reason that she doesn't want many close friends. Una Merkel is her best friend. The friendship started six years ago when Madge, suffering agonies with her inferiority complex, was being given a cold and cruel initiation by the other players on the Metro lot. Una was the only little girl who said, "Let's eat lunch together."

Madge, that wretched creature, has the most godawful pride I have ever seen. She wishes to reach the ultimate goal of success in Hollywood by her own efforts. Fancy that. Why she's stark mad with pride. She has never "cashed in" on any romance publicity and she absolutely refuses to stoop to any of those cheap little tricks of space-



Ralph Forbes, Mrs. Forbes (Heather Angel) and George O'Brien talking shop over the luncheon table.

Acme

grabbing, such as appearing every night at the Trocadero with something tall, dark and handsome who tangoes beautifully and has the brains of a bird.

When her friends suggest that it might help her in a business way to go to the Clover Club with a producer or director occasionally Madge merely laughs and says, "Do you remember Dorothy in Anita Loos' *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*? Dorothy was very anxious to get on the stage but it seemed to be the consensus of opinion that Dorothy couldn't act. Now Dorothy had a very wealthy gentleman friend who told

her that the reason she couldn't act was because she hadn't lived. So Dorothy lived. But imagine her disappointment the next day when she discovered that she was just as bad an actress as before." So Madge's friends long ago gave up urging her to "live."

Madge wants to earn everything herself. "I'm afraid it's just plain vanity," says Madge. "If I ever do succeed as an actress I want to be able to say, and truthfully, Baby did it." She is playing the game the hard way, but it can be won that way. It only takes longer.

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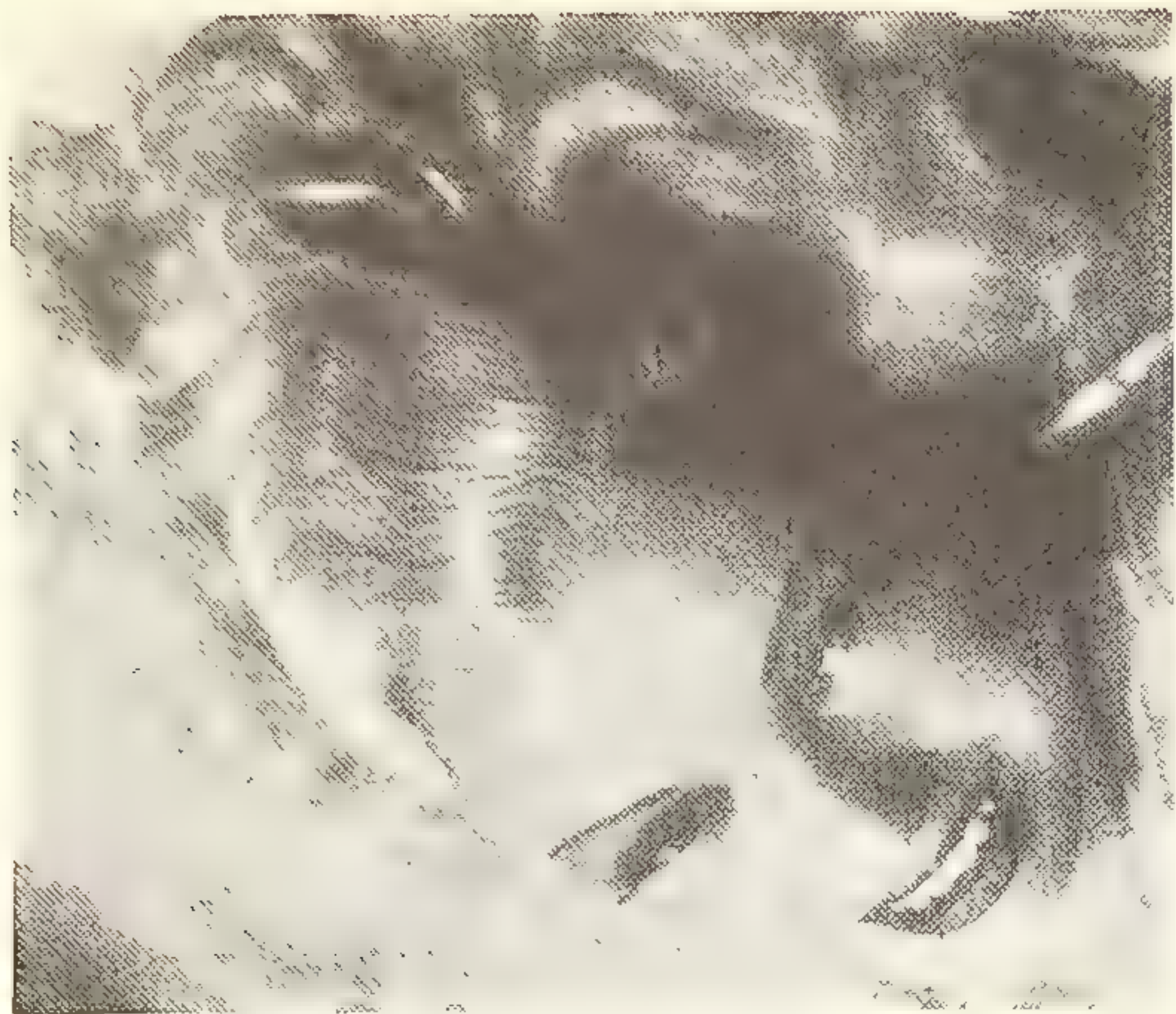
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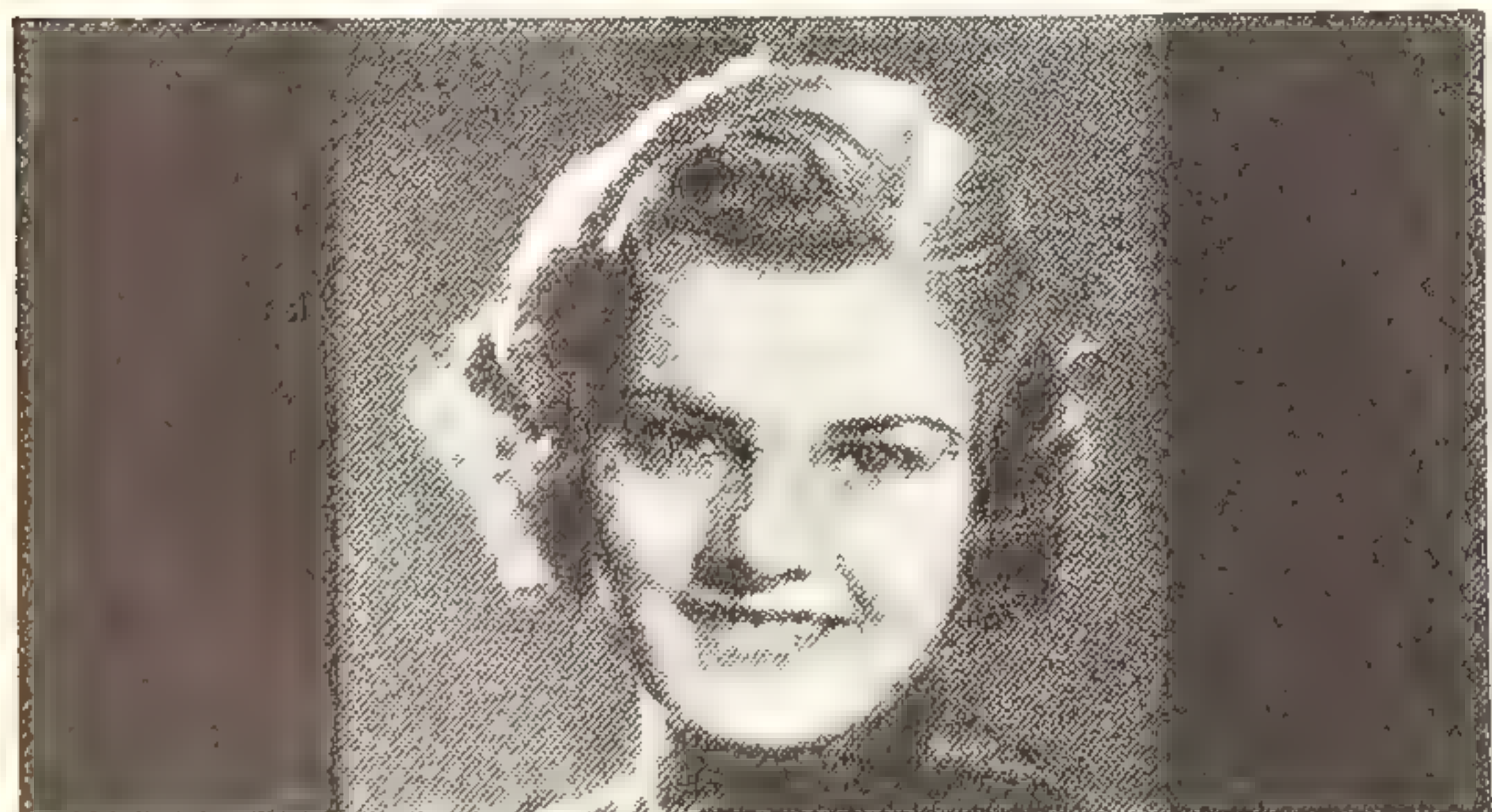
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Aileen Pringle, a star of the silent days, returns to the screen. Frank Morgan at right.

Tags Of The Stars

[Continued from page 57]

"The Royal Family," title of the stage play supposed to deal with them, has clung steadfastly to the Barrymores—Lionel, John and Ethel.

Tod Browning, mystery director, is known as "Edgar Allan Poe."

Now we come to Schnozzie-Wozzie. Sweetie-Pie, Lovey, Muggums, Googie and Oakie-Doke. Otherwise, reading from left to right—W. C. Fields, Gary Cooper, Director Otto Lovering, Charlie Ruggles, Gracie Allen and Jack Oakie—just a few of the most prominent victims of the nickname movement in Hollywood.

The fad for dizzy diminutives and pusillanimous pet names has reached alarming proportions in the film colony, and the system your favorite movie stars use to nickname one another is absolutely unhampered by rhyme or reason!

For instance, brawny, barrel-chested Charles Bickford has become "Ducky" to playful intimates. And Baby LeRoy is "Commodore."

An impish assistant director who worked with Marlene Dietrich on "Garden of Allah" dubbed her "Pony."

Carole Lombard tagged bronzed Gary Cooper "Sweetie-Pie." And the name "Schnozzie Wozzie" was hung onto W. C. Fields by Rochelle Hudson. The name, of course, refers to the bulbous Fields' nose.

Matronly Alison Skipworth is "Skippy" to everybody. Harold Lloyd, to a good many, is "Winkle." George Burns dubbed his teammate, Gracie Allen, "Googie," and Mary Boland thought up "Muggums" for Charles Ruggles. Gertrude Michael and Herbert Marshall call each other "Gert" and "Bart." And even Ernst Lubitsch has a nickname—"Lubby"—brainchild of Jeanette MacDonald.

Virginia Bruce's nickname is "Briggsie" and the reason undoubtedly is because her true last name is Briggs and not Bruce at all. Bruce was merely picked at random from a telephone book when she was first starting her screen career.

A number of years ago Janet Gaynor's schoolmates nicknamed Laura Gainer (that was her name then) "Lollie," and whether she wanted the nickname or not it has always stuck to her.

Then there's that world-famous nickname of Bing!

A small school boy in Spokane, Washington, astride a broomstick horse, daily shouted "Bing! Bing!" louder than any other kid in the city as he played his favorite outdoor game of cowboys and Indians. Thereby he won his nickname of "Bing," which today is the trademark of the radio singing screen star, Bing Crosby. It is much more distinctive than Harry L. Crosby, which is his



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Marmola Prescription Tablets contain the same element prescribed by most doctors in treating their fat patients. Millions of people are using them with success. Don't let others think you have no spunk and that your will-power is as flabby as your flesh. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure rightfully yours.

real name, he believes. He won't tell you his middle name because he hates it. (It's "Lillis!")

Virginia Weidler is so shy and timid for a little eight-year-old maiden that they all call her either "Little Herring" or "Minnie Mouse." Around the studios, that is—at home, she's "Ginny" and always has been since a tiny baby.

Charles Butterworth, for some reason or other, seems to have contracted the nickname of "Oleo" and does he hate it! As a matter of fact, he very much dislikes his whole name. If he had it to do all over again, Charles sadly admits, he would change the whole works for something shorter and sweeter!

Though the name he now has is of a proud Welsh lineage, it has made him the butt of jokes and puns that are both outrageous and repetitious. The worst of them goes something like this: "If So-and-So is worth so much, how much is Butterworth?" That sort of thing makes poor Charlie seethe. Too, his multi-syllabic surname is too long for theater marquee purposes. Due to its length alone, he knows that when his new picture is shown he will be billed as "C. Butterworth" or "Chas. B'worth," if at all! However, all things considered, he can stand just about everything but that "Oleo"!

They nicknamed Freddie Bartholomew "Tiger" during the filming of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and Freddie is still trying to find out why.

And Freddie's friend, 11-year-old Kenneth Wilson, who played with him in "Captains Courageous," is known far and wide as "Curly."

Warner Oland, who is still immortalizing the clever Charlie Chan on celluloid, is invariably called "Charlie" by work-ellows on the set because they have come to identify the famous actor with his equally famous character creation.

Bob Burns, whom many claim is the only actor ever likely to take the late Will Rogers' place on the screen, actually is named "Robin Burn." So someone, of course, just had to nickname him "Birdie!" Anyhow, he is having the courts add an official "S" to his name and shorten "Robin" to "Bob" officially.

Herbert Mundin, comedian par excellence, is called "Tommy" by his friends. The name stuck to him after he had played two consecutive roles in which his stage name was "Tommy."

Jane Withers is known to a lot of people as "Pepper," and Oliver Hardy is known to thousands as "Babe." Likewise, Stan Laurel is widely heralded as "Babyface."

On account of her reddish hair, Mary Astor is known to practically everyone as "Rusty."

James Gleason's nickname is "Jag" because those are his three initials. By the same token, Otto Kruger is called "Okay" and Hal Mohr, the noted photographer-husband of Evelyn Venable, is nicknamed "Ham"! And Ken Maynard carries the nickname "Kim"—after a Kipling character that was one of his favorites as a boy.

Gloria Stuart is called "Lefty" because she's left-handed.

But Shirley Temple seems to have cornered more nicknames for herself than anyone—for on the 20th Century-Fox lot she is known to various folks as "Dimples," "Bright Eyes," "Shrimp," "Baby Doll," "Curly Top," "Cuddles," "Peanut," "Sweetheart" and "One-Take Temple"! And that's enough nicknames for any one wee girl!

EDWARD G. ROBINSON is able to express himself in the language of the deaf and dumb. And so a group of deaf and dumb visitors were highly thrilled the other day when the star offered to show them about the Warner Brothers lot.



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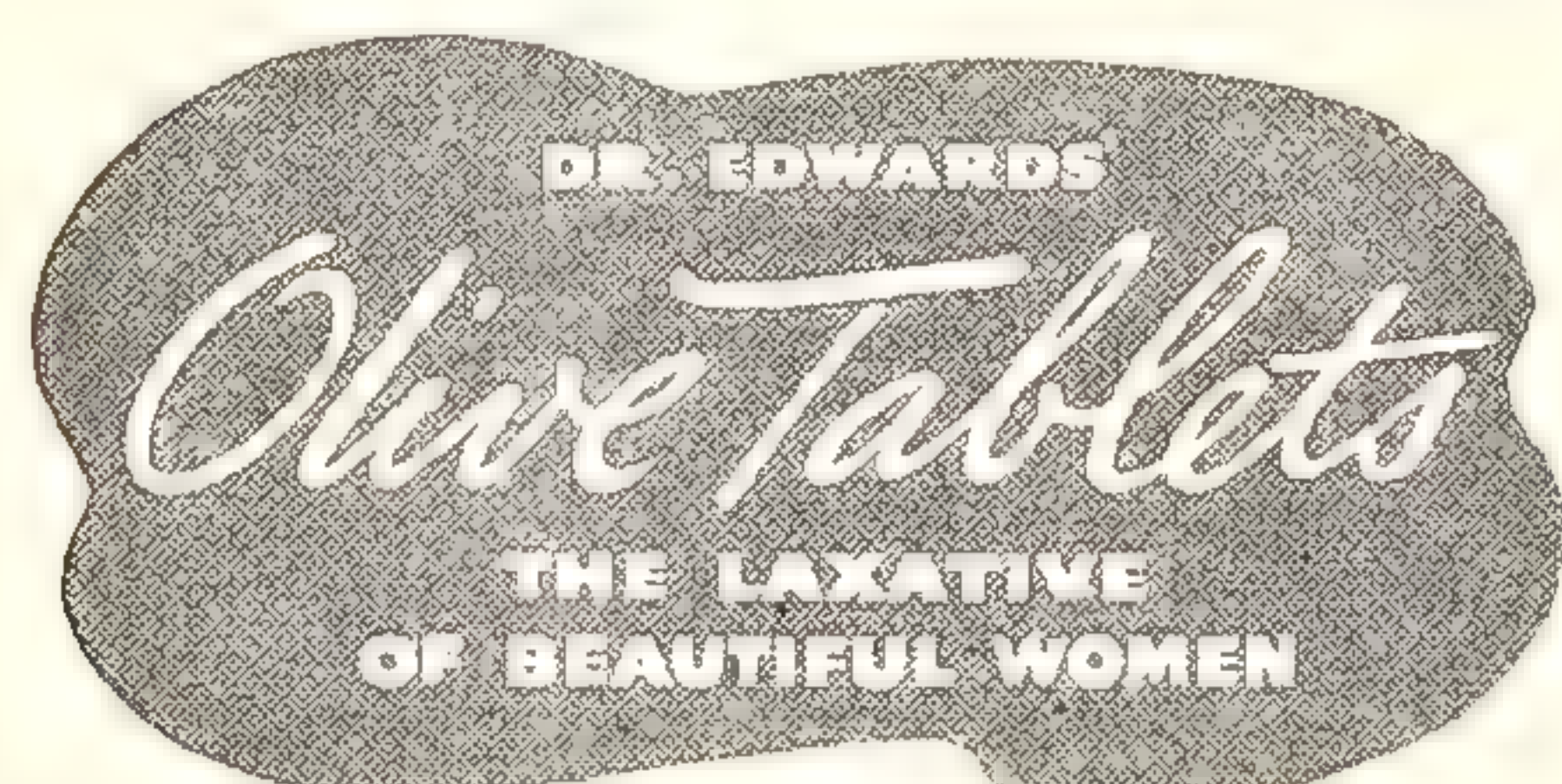


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NAME

ADDRESS



Royal Horseguard

[Continued from page 28]

We sat chatting in a small sitting-room, just off the large living-room, and davenport and chairs were covered with gay-colored chintz. Both rooms bore an air of being well lived in, and a cheerful atmosphere seemed to pervade the place.

"You know," he continued, flipping a gray-clad leg over the arm of the davenport, "if anybody even suggested, as recently as seven years ago, that I would be on the screen today, living here in Hollywood and getting the bang of my life out of acting, I would have told him he was a bit blooey. London was my home, and I wouldn't have left it, except to travel, for the whole state of California. And here I am, a naturalized American—at least, I have my first papers—and I've never been happier in my life.

"Going back a bit—you don't mind, do you?—by all rights I should be in the British army today. Of course, I may not have remained there, but that's something else again. It was like this." He lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply. We might have been in his London club, for in his rapid speech he still is the Britisher, despite all efforts to erase trace of an accent.

"I was an officer in the Household Cavalry—that's the King's bodyguard, you know—had been for two years, in fact, when an aunt left me a bit of a fortune. Well, to devote my undivided attention to the spending of that money, I resigned and set myself on a tear.

"I was only about twenty-one, but during the period I had been in the Guards I had developed a fondness for the high living expected of that corps, so I experienced no difficulty in falling in with that sort of life. Wherever there was excitement and anything to do, whether in England or on the Continent, there was I, eager and willing to join in. To make a long story of cheer and unbounded pleasure a short one, at the end of ten months I had gone through my inheritance and wound up in London practically broke. The night I took Estelle Brody to dinner I had exactly \$52.20 to my name, and no prospects of a job.

"I had met theatrical people only casually prior to knowing Estelle. The set I traveled with never gave them a thought. They were entertainers, people inside theaters and movie studios. Outside, they didn't even exist. Estelle and I had struck up a friendship, through mutual friends, and she was the only actress I had ever even been out with.

"'Why don't you try the screen, old boy?' she inquired; when I told her my plight. 'Oh, now,' I replied, 'I've never had any ambitions along that line. What do I know about acting, anyway?'

"'Enough,' she told me. 'Come out to the studio with me tomorrow and we'll see what can be done.'

"The following day I met her out there, and as luck would have it I stepped into a good part in 'The Flying Scotsman.' At fifteen pounds a week, if you please. The money was a Godsend, and I was on salary for a number of weeks. It was one of those parts that any young man would have been good in, a 'natural' that couldn't miss. As a result, I received excellent notices, and I figured I was all set to go on."

One day, as he was lunching in the Savoy Grill, a gentleman accosted him and introduced himself as J. Robert Ruben, vice-president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

"Are you by any chance a screen actor?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," replied the world-weary Mister Milland, in as bored a tone as he could muster, "I am."

"We may be able to do a bit of busi-

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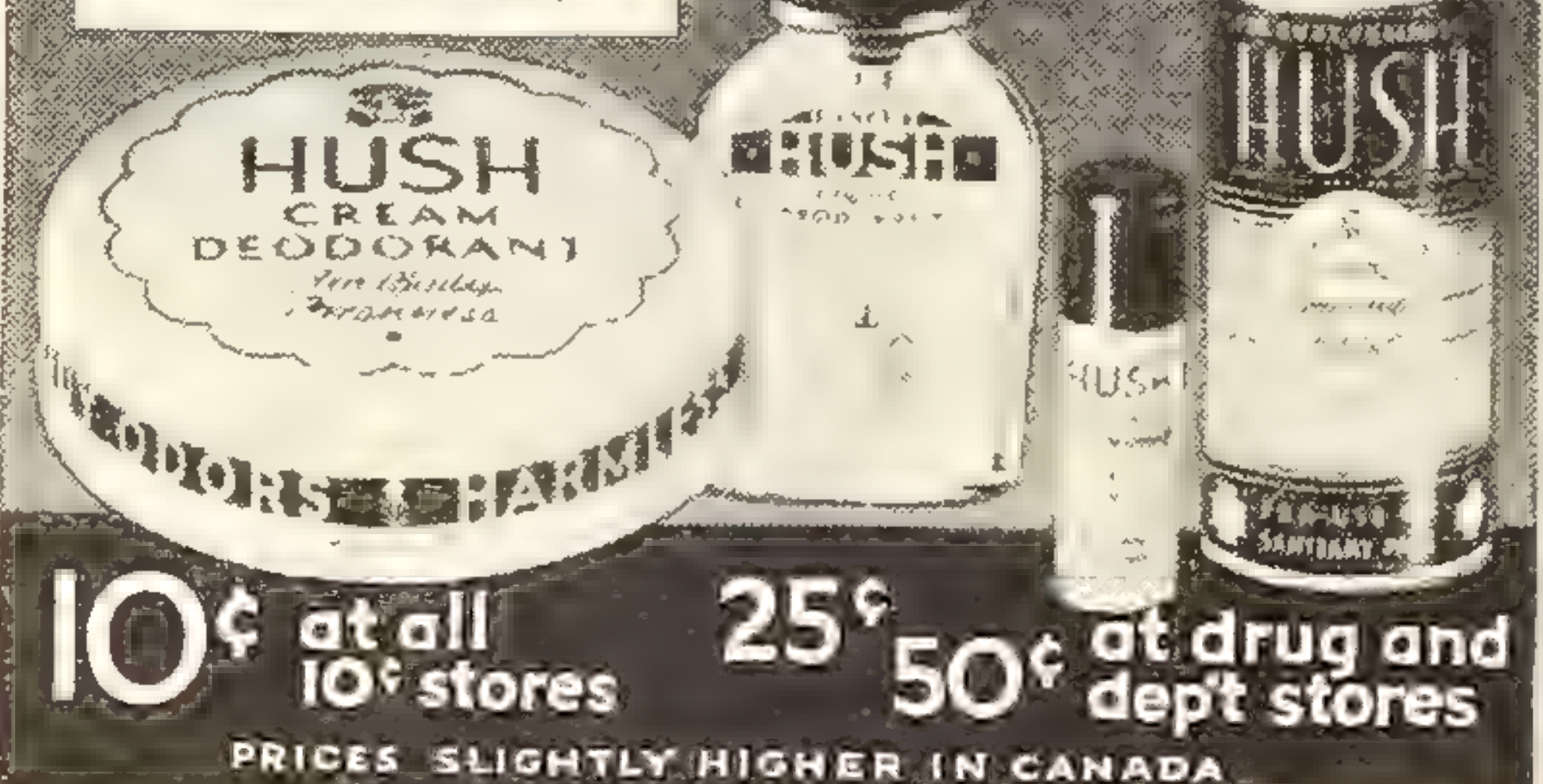


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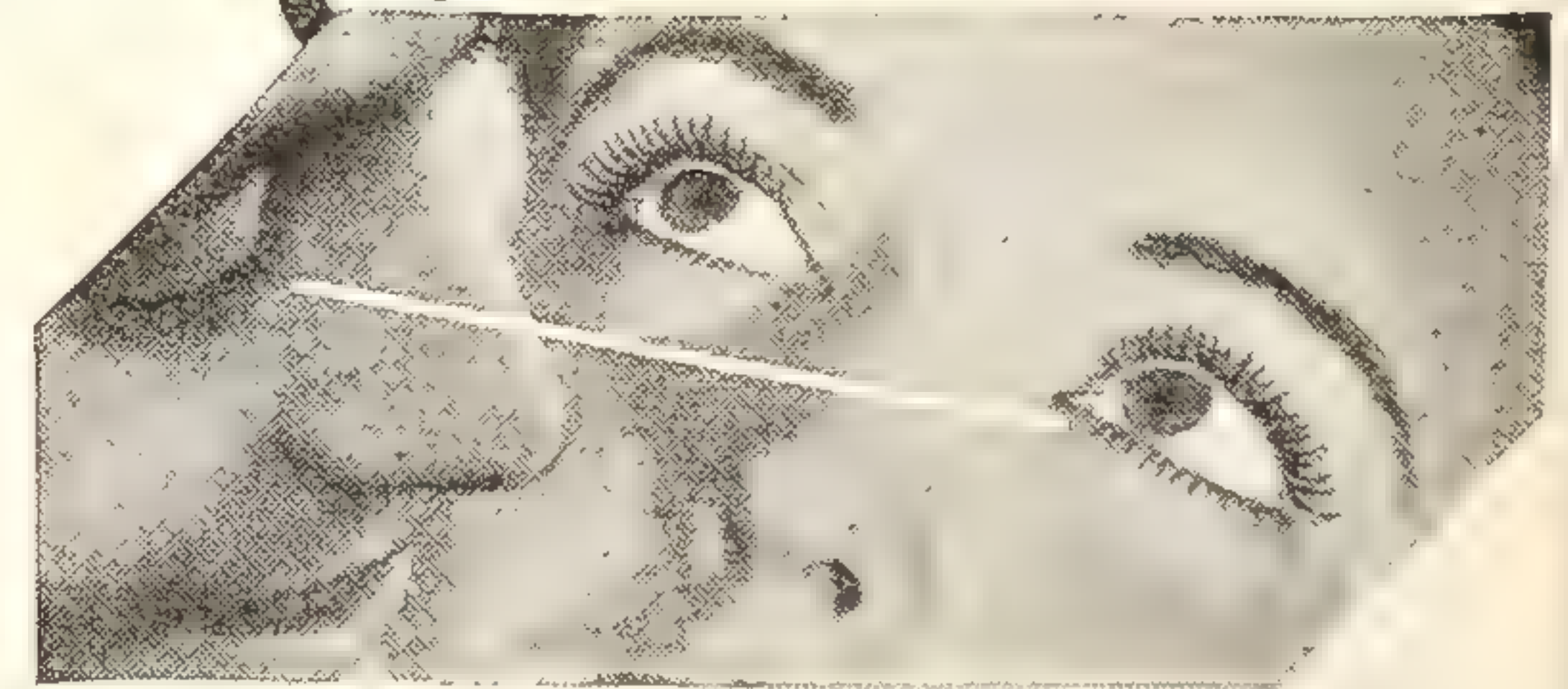
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ness," the American declared. "What have you been in? And where from?"

"I told him I had been in 'The Scotsman,'" Milland says, "and said I might find myself in Hollywood. I remember I merely smiled. It was the farthest from my thought at the time."

The following morning, at nine o'clock, the telephone in Milland's flat jingled.

"Can you come right down to the Goldwyn office?" he was asked.

"I replied that I never got up before eleven," the actor tells, with rather a embarrassed smile now in recollection. They remarked it was too bad they had to get down there in a hurry, then they slapped on some clothes and dashed to their office.

"Ruben was there, as well as the studio manager. There was no time for preliminaries. 'Will you be paid \$150 a week, with expenses?' I was asked."

"When I walked into their office, I had no intention of leaving. Within a few minutes later, my name was on the list, and I was set to leave for Hollywood."

In many respects, Ray Milland has been conducted with as much dispatch as he won that original contract. Surely, his easy-going nature has borne fruit. But there have been times when, for all his good nature, he had to pass him by.

As an example . . . he is now in his eighteen months under contract to Metro, one of the leading roles in Bennett's famous \$30,000 picture, "Bought." By every right he has netted himself featured spots in important productions from the good breaks. What happened? Called him a "find," but Hollywood



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MARVELO

of years and he owns a private license. He recently completed his hundredth hour in the air and will receive his transport pilot's license.

Never suspect, to look at him, that he is one of the world's most expert marks—that he is a crack horseman. In fact, he is one of the few gentlemen riders and who have raced over the Grand National steeplechase course at Aintree without being jostled from the saddle. His horsemanship first won him a place in the Cheshire Yeomanry, a territorial cavalry corps, and later in the ranks of the Household Cavalry. It was while a member of the King's personal bodyguard that he learned to shoot with such unerring accuracy, to box and to fence.

Christmas Milland had a date to spend the holidays with his mother in London, where that much-traveled lady was to be at the time. The commander of the old troop, the Household Cavalry, had invited him to participate, as a member of the Guards, in the impending coronation ceremonies of King George VI. But because of picture commitments, the young man was forced to forego both engage-

ment and his mother, but, g, then, indeed, must success be his. And fame most certainly is his. Milland now. It's a far cry from the town of Neath, Glamorgan, Wales, where he was born, to picturesque London, but Ray Milland has bridged the gap like a Royal Horseguard should. As I believe I mentioned, is a funny

car

o]

tern, and a few others, he dines at Joan and Franchot's house. Then they go to the Trocadero. They dance and dance. With such dance-partners as Joan Crawford and Betty Hutton, you'd think he'd get his fill. But no! He keeps going till the janitors throw him out!

His great love of fun does not affect his business ability. He has a level head and strong shoulders, and knows how to use them. His affairs are handled by a business manager who doles out fifty dollars a week for his living money. He lives modestly in a smallish type apartment. His bills go to his manager and, after they are paid, all surplus is saved or put into sound investments, mostly stocks and bonds of a conservative type.

Nothing is the Alpha and the Omega of his existence. He is trained for nothing and doesn't want to do anything else. In his spare time, he looks forward to; and having babies. But, all reports to the contrary, there is no prospective Mrs. Romero in his future. That's a break for us, girls!

He likes almost everything but shaving. But, it, he hates. But, despite a naturally very hirsute growth, he is always immaculately shaven. Perhaps that's because when he neglects this manly duty, he looks like a monkey peeking through a jungle. Cesar Romero likes to have people consider him a monkey!

Probably all this sounds over-enthusiastic. Truth is, I haven't raved half as much as I like to. You see, I like Cesar Romero. I've seen so many instances of his warm-hearted sympathy. I'm convinced that they can't come any better, and you would be, too, if you knew him only half as well as I do.

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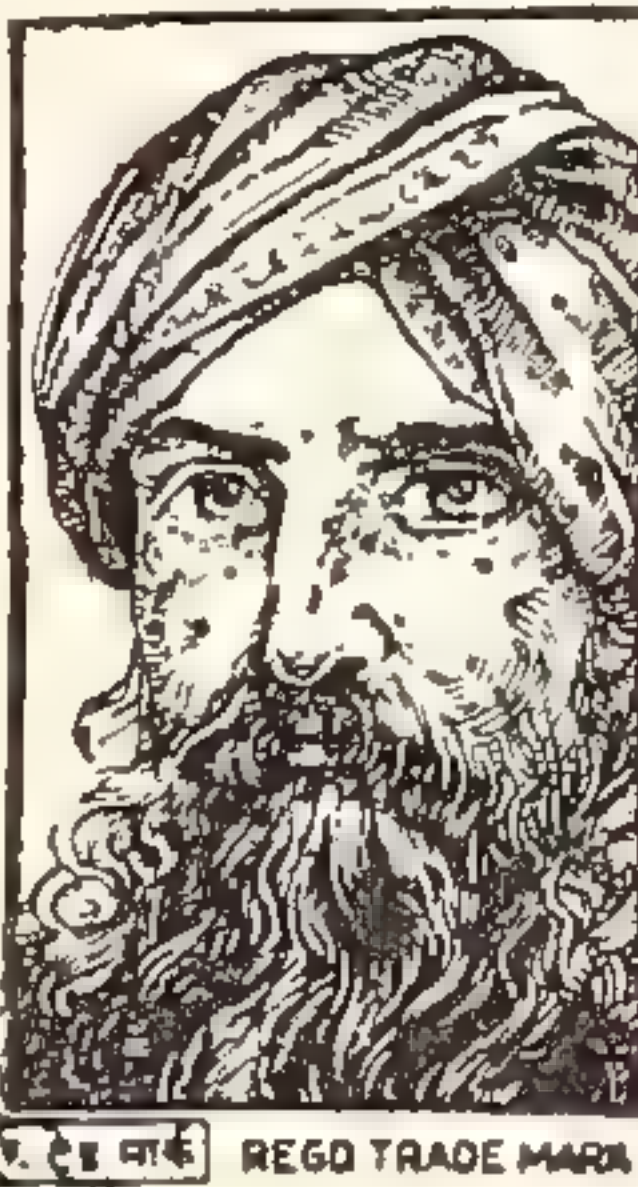
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Don't Cry Over Spilt Milk

[Continued from page 27]

failure. The audition director stopped my exit and asked if I could dance. Dance? Oh, my yes! A gleam of hope came to me. I removed my galoshes, still damp from the slushy streets, and went into my very best steps. You'll say this couldn't happen, but it did—in the middle of a routine I slipped and did a perfect swan dive into the footlights!

"Thank heaven for the pertinacity of youth. I picked myself up and blithely remarked, 'Well, this seems to be my big day.'"

A heartsick girl went home that day to report failure. A grim refrain racing through her brain—"Don't cry over spilt milk! Don't cry over spilt milk! Don't—don't—cry—"

The phone rang. Zelda Sears, author of the show for which the audition was held, was calling.

"My dear child," she said, "you've made a great hit. Mr. Savage not only admires your spunk, he thinks you're quite a comedienne."

So Jeanette MacDonald made her Broadway debut in Savage's "The Magic Ring." And magic it was for the little red-head. It was the real beginning of the climb on which she reached fame on Broadway and in Hollywood.

So fortune came her way—but she insists she had not overcome the making of mistakes.

"When I came to Hollywood," she explained, "I had the impression one had to conform to a certain pattern to win success in the movies. I thought you had to be seen here and seen there, attend premières, go to the night clubs and that sort of thing. Bored or not by all that going about, I thought it had to be done."

"I've learned I was wrong. And how glad I am to admit that error. I know now that Hollywood is no different from the world at large. The greatest success is achieved by those courageous enough to be themselves."

"Then I made the mistake of worrying over my work. I managed to have such an inferiority complex that during every production I lived under a continual tension. Naturally, I couldn't give my best efforts to a picture, worrying about every detail of my makeup—my costume—my lines—"

"But that's all past. I wasted some time learning but I did learn."

"Fate has a way of settling things in its own inexplicable fashion when we seem at a loss to make our own decisions," she explained. "Many times it's better to let events take their own course rather than fly in the face of fate. They usually turn out for the best."

"I remember a girl I knew who let a love affair ruin her whole life. For years she had been deeply in love with a man who, suddenly, married some one else. The girl felt her world had collapsed. She let herself disintegrate, physically and mentally. She got dowdy, fat, bored with everything. She committed spiritual suicide."

"What would you have done in her place?" I countered.

"I certainly wouldn't have cried about it, or let myself go to pieces." La MacDonald's tone left no question about her earnestness.

"You can recover from a broken heart, just as you can recover from any disappointment, if you let time take its course," she pointed out. "This girl should have

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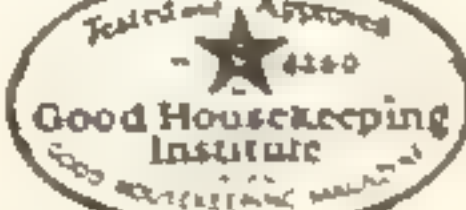
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taken extra pains with her appearance. Studied, made herself interesting. She'd undoubtedly have met a better man.

"I've no patience with girls who are 'wallflowers.' It isn't necessary any more," she announced. "If a girl isn't pretty, she doesn't have to cry about it. She can be interesting, distinctive. Characteristics, features that might be a liability, can be made an asset.

"For instance, when I was a child, I detested my red hair because the kids called me 'carrot top.' I would have loved dark brown or ebony black hair. But mine was red and there was nothing I could do about it. Now I realize, however, that being called 'carrot top' at least singled me out from the rest of the youngsters, made me different.

"All girls have something, regardless how homely they may be, which they can cultivate to their advantage. Attractiveness is a matter of personality primarily.

"It isn't necessary for a girl to pursue a man. Watch the most popular girl in a crowd. She's often a quiet, serenely poised person, deeply interested in others. She lets men find her—she doesn't go on the hunt for them.

"I knew two girls in Hollywood, one pretty and the other, well, attractive. They are great friends, but the plainer one has more dates than her too, too lovely friend. It wasn't always that way. There was a time when the plain girl never had a date unless it was a 'blind' one arranged by Dorothy.

"And no wonder. That was when she was so self-conscious about her lack of beauty that she was literally ridden by an inferiority complex. Then something happened to upset Betty's entire viewpoint and general outlook on life. She found that she could sit in a corner at a party and the men would drift her way. Without realizing it, she looked interesting, appealing.

"I don't mean that a girl who is vivacious should suddenly lose her power of speech or affect a demureness that isn't real in order to gain popularity. What I do mean is that a girl should make the most of her natural qualities, cultivate a pleasant voice, for instance, or develop a flair for style. But most of all, she should be herself, first and always. That's the secret of charm, the art of appearing at ease, master of herself and true to herself.

"If you try to be something that isn't yourself, you're not fooling any one but yourself. Men today want honesty, interest, friendship. Most of all, I think, they want honesty. They'll forego a highly decorative companion for one who can talk intelligently without being boring. One who is interested in what they're interested in.

"Not that you have to have a Ph.D. degree to win a man," Jeanette interposed. "Heaven forbid! If there is anything a man loathes, it's a girl he thinks is smarter than himself! But a girl should have enough intelligence to listen properly and speak wisely. The 'listen' should be spelled in capital letters, for so few girls have enough patience to hear what a man has to say. They like to do all the talking themselves, and that's how they lose their man!"

Suddenly she paused.

"How did I get on to this advice-to-the-lovelorn conversation?"—again her lilting laughter, laughter directed at herself. "What were we talking about? Oh yes, spilt milk.

"Will I spill any milk, make any more mistakes in the future? Heavens, of course! Wouldn't it be awful not to make mistakes? To be right all the time? Dull and finished, somehow.

"Have you ever noticed how quiet and sad wise people are? Not young and gay. Never reckless of consequences. I should

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like to learn from the mistakes I make so that I might be wise and satisfied. But I should like that to be when I am very, very old. Then that wisdom could compensate for not being young.

"Meanwhile, I shall not cry over spilt milk." She stretched her tiny feet toward the fire's blaze, sank her flame-topped head into the curve of her shoulder, looked at me with eyes literally sparkling with mischief.

"Well, not for long, anyway!"

In Search Of His Age

[Continued from page 33]

"I think I sound a little better than I did, but being a Southerner I still drop all my d's and t's. But the worst of it is I photograph so darned young that it makes me mad. Practically all my picture work has been done in juvenile parts, and it's a helluva job to cross the breach from juvenile to character leading man. I get so tired walking through pictures and trying to be myself that I'd like to go and take a jump in the lake."

As Mr. Powell adds an olive to his inner bitterness, you try to reason with him that things can't be as bad as they seem.

"Of course," he reluctantly agrees, "the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence."

You assume it must be pleasant from time to time to get away from Hollywood and go places, as Mr. Powell did when he went to West Point for the making of "Flirtation Walk."

"Pleasant!" he gulps, choking on a radish. "It was all right after I got acquainted with a couple of boys from Arkansas, but will I ever forget my first day there? I went up to West Point with two strikes on me, knowing that soldiers didn't like actors, particularly crooners. So what? I soon found out. Both officers and cadets were stiff as ramrods when they got anywhere near me and just about as chatty as a spiked cannon. Feeling a sudden attack of chilblains, I walked over to a horse show the army was giving. Liking horses, I hoped the horses would like me, even if no one else did. All by my lonely, I leaned against a fence that enclosed them. Just then a New York excursion boat turned loose about four hundred kids. Somehow, they spotted me and made a wild rush. There was no stopping 'em. They came like a high wind, knocking down the fence and stampeding the horses. Was I in a tough spot? For me it was three strikes and out."

Since then surely things have changed for the better, you remark. Radio, for instance.

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[Continued from page 33]

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The Final Thing

THERE is something about New England that a native never forgets. Now the movies have discovered some of the screen material that is to be found in these humble settings, and in the resulting pictures there is a great deal to admire and respect. "Maid of Salem" brings to life the strange people of Colonial days, and "Captains Courageous" tells a story of Gloucester fishermen who still carry on the traditions of life as it has been lived for so many years. The golden codfish that hangs over the speaker's chair in the lawmakers' hall of the State House on Beacon Hill, Boston, is a mute tribute to those hardy souls who now live again on the screens of the country.

The New Englanders had from earliest times tempers to strike and hearts of high courage. Perhaps the shoemakers of Lynn, Brockton and many other towns will come into their own. We have seen the shadowy forms of men plodding along through the snow just as the first grey of morning began to lighten the eastern sky—hurrying to their benches in the shoe factory.

New England men fought the first battles of the War of the Revolution. Some of these men grew up to be Presidents and great statesmen. Great colleges are there and fine writers and artists spring from the chill penury of the little farms scattered over the rocky hillsides.

You will see no hooded legions breaking our laws, neither will you see lynchings nor chain gangs. But you will see in these pictures of New England the counterparts of the men who lived uprightly and died honorably, whose names today are gone with the wind.

* * * *

IF OPPORTUNITY offers, see "The Wedding of Palo." It is a picture made in Eastern Greenland by Dr. Knud Rasmussen and is actually a true record of Eskimo life. There are no Hollywood actors in disguise in this film. The leading lady is *Navarana*, who is quite attractive, at any rate to an Eskimo, and she and all the rest are natives of Angmagssalik, Greenland. Doubtless, if a picture were made of our daily lives by some intrepid Eskimo, and taken to Greenland and shown to his people, they would find it as thoroughly interesting as we have found this picture from the North.

* * * *

RONALD COLMAN'S performance in "Lost Horizon" is a fine, convincing piece of work. We particularly enjoyed those moments when he listened to the inspired words of the High Lama. Colman seemed to see a vision as he heard the voice of the old, old man, and pledged himself to carry on the work and to consecrate himself to the beautiful faith that is expressed in two words "Be kind."

* * * *

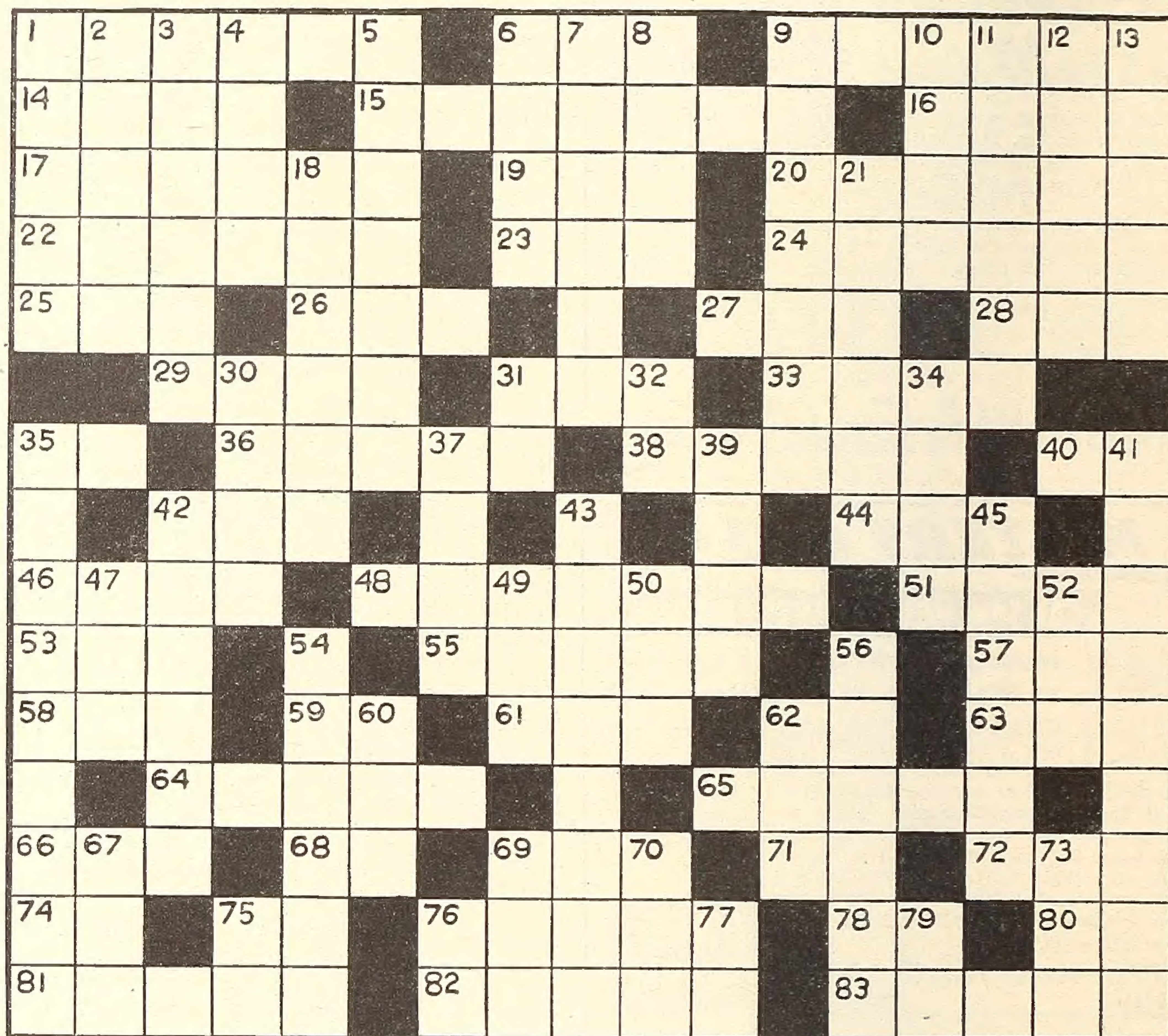
AS I sit here in the study of my Hollywood home, writing these words, I know that from all over the world an army of human beings is advancing on Hollywood. On ships, on trains, on foot, in rattletrap cars and homemade trailers, on horseback and in swift airplanes, this army is converging today on the Film Capital; and though each individual member of it may differ from his fellow in appearance, dress, age or ambition, every one, without exception, cherishes the same dream.

Thus Dana Burnet starts his very interesting article "Ambition's Little City," which appears in June SILVER SCREEN.

Shirley Keen
EDITOR.

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

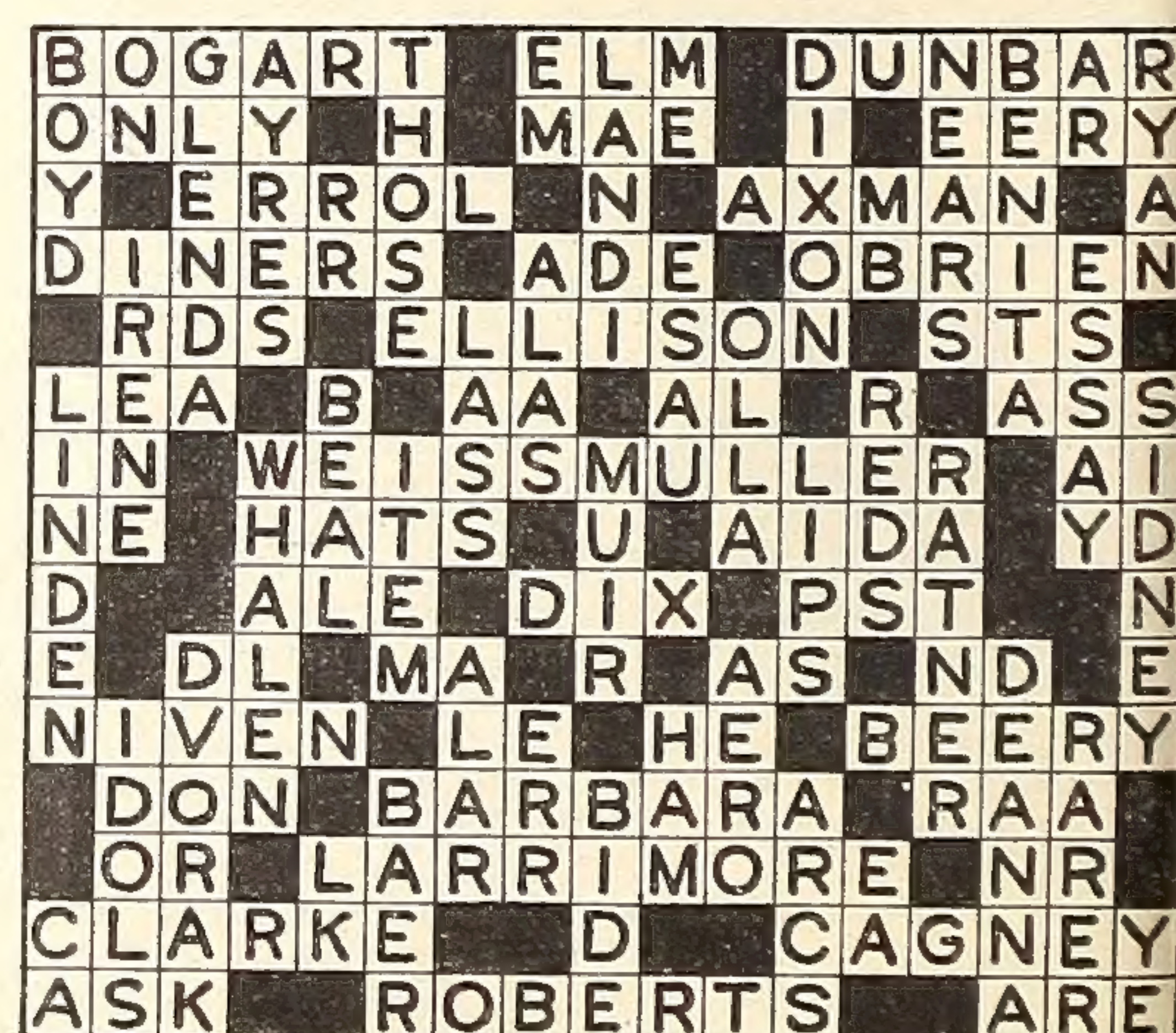
- 1 Mackelvie in "Sinner Take All"
- 6 The one and only bazooka player
- 9 He plays king to Joan Blondell's chorus girl
- 14 Soar
- 15 Clark Gable's latest film
- 16 Preposition
- 17 Cheat
- 19 Contraction of even
- 20 Will next be seen in "Fifty Roads to Town"
- 22 One of the stars in "Maytime"
- 23 Humorist
- 24 One who rules others
- 25 Depot (abbr.)
- 26 Radio Corporation of America (abbr.)
- 27 A distress signal
- 28 Natural metal
- 29 Nero's home town
- 31 Not well
- 33 One who uses
- 35 Masculine pronoun
- 36 Now in England
- 38 Exposed
- 40 Exists
- 42 Atmosphere
- 44 Sweet potato
- 46 Co-stars with Gary Cooper in "Souls at Sea"
- 48 The dancer in "That Girl from Paris"
- 51 Wang in "The Good Earth"
- 53 Six hundred and fifty (Rm.)
- 55 Italian poet
- 57 Kind of cloth
- 58 A relative pronoun
- 59 Since
- 61 Residence (abbr.)
- 62 Jumbled type
- 63 Church seat
- 64 Iron block used for hammering metals
- 65 With Janet Gaynor in "A Star is Born"
- 66 A household pet
- 68 Within
- 69 Barrier to check the flow of water
- 71 Symbol for titanium
- 72 Your (Scot.)
- 74 A Chinese actor (initials)
- 75 Myself
- 76 Humphrey Bogart's sympathetic friend in "Black Legion"
- 78 Morning (abbr.)
- 80 Telegraphic transfer (abbr.)
- 81 With James Melton in "Sing Me A Love Song"
- 82 She is now appearing in "Marked Woman"
- 83 Soon to be seen in "The Prince and the Pauper"

DOWN

- 1 The swindler in "Stolen Holiday"
- 2 A small bay or creek
- 3 Monetary unit of the United States
- 4 South African antelope
- 5 Manuel in "Captains Courageous"
- 6 To make by fermentation
- 7 The cowardly Dr. Endicott in "Green Light"
- 8 Curved or crooked

- 9 What most movie stars have
- 10 Inspires with reverential fear
- 11 The theatrical producer in "Gold Diggers of 1937"
- 12 The upper air
- 13 In that place
- 18 Bedroom window in side of roof
- 21 With Elizabeth Bergner in "Dreaming Lips"
- 30 Leave out
- 31 That is (abbr.)
- 32 Measure of weight (abbr.)
- 34 Kind of cheese
- 35 The benign preacher in "Green Light"
- 37 Praise highly
- 39 Competent
- 41 Suzanne in "Stolen Holiday"
- 42 Adrift
- 43 Richards in "Woman Wise"
- 45 The orchestra leader in "Top of the Town"
- 47 Interjection (Ger.)
- 49 Wheeled vehicle
- 50 Army officers (abbr.)
- 52 Born
- 54 "Ever Since Eve" will be her next picture
- 56 The star of "Men Are Not Gods"
- 60 Err
- 62 Mrs. Charles Boyer
- 67 Entire
- 69 Female of the deer
- 70 Entangle
- 73 And so forth (abbr.)
- 75 Measure of distance (abbr.)
- 76 Free Baptist (abbr.)
- 77 Point of compass (abbr.)
- 79 Parent

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



YOUR LIPS ALLURE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPLURE

Irresistible

DO YOU have a dream picture of yourself — lovely, radiant, alluring? You adored and he adoring? Let your dream picture come alive with a perfume as ardent and as irresistible as the real you!

Irresistible Perfume is a perfume made by artists in allure. It does thrilling things to you, and for you. It is the choice of glamorous women everywhere — women who are wise in the ways of perfume and who find romance in life.

Tonight, try Irresistible Perfume, and Irresistible Lip Lure in the exciting new shades. You'll be sparkling, electric, ready to conquer the world and the man! To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Certified pure laboratory tested and approved.

10c at leading 5 and 10c stores



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*After a man's
heart...*



*...when smokers find out the good things
Chesterfields give them*

*Nothing else
will do*